



PRINCIPLES
OF
ELOCUTION;

CONTAINING NUMEROUS
RULES, OBSERVATIONS, AND EXERCISES,
ON
PRONUNCIATION, PAUSES, INFLECTIONS, ACCENT,
AND EMPHASIS;

ALSO
COPIOUS EXTRACTS
In Prose and Poetry,

CALCULATED TO ASSIST THE TEACHER, AND TO IMPROVE THE PUPIL,
IN READING AND RECITATION.

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THOROUGHLY REVISED AND GREATLY IMPROVED

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INTRODUCTORY OBSERVATIONS

TO THE

THIRTIETH AND REVISED EDITION.

THE attention paid to the art of Composition, and the comparative neglect of the sister art of Elocution or Delivery, form a singular anomaly in the system of modern education. That this anomaly should exist in an era so remarkable for refinement and expansion of intellect as the nineteenth century,—that it should exist in a nation among the most enlightened and refined of this refined era, in a nation, too, more systematically employing and relying more on the art of oratory than any other people of modern times,—is not less extraordinary, than at first sight it appears unaccountable. But whatever causes may have contributed to the neglect of an art which formed so prominent a feature in ancient education, they cannot account for the vicious and unnatural style of delivery which so generally prevails, resulting not merely from inattention to the art, but apparently from some other cause of deep and almost universal operation.

There is perhaps no principle more powerful for good or evil than the principle of association. In some cases, in the very familiar one of fashion in dress, for example, its effect is almost immediate. A few days suffice to reconcile the eye to costumes which not only disguise but actually mar the symmetry of the human figure; and we soon dwell, not only without dissatisfaction, but with positive pleasure, upon a style of dress, which at first sight shocks us as unnatural and absurd. And this is purely the work of association. It is with much that we value and admire, with wealth and rank, with youth, beauty, and fashion, that these innovations in costume originate, and, however ridiculous in themselves, they soon become respectable by their connexion with objects, which have a natural or conventional claim to our admiration and esteem. If it were possible for these caprices of fashion to take their rise from the opposite extreme of society, if they were associated in their origin with the squalor and degradation and all the revolting attributes of abject poverty, no length of time would conciliate the eye, or strip them of any portion of their native deformity. Applying this

principle, then, to the art of Elocution, it is evident that the style of reading and delivery to which we have been most accustomed from infancy, and which is at the same time recommended to us by the most powerful and imposing associations, will exercise a decisive influence upon our taste and practice as readers and speakers; and what style is this? Almost before we can articulate we are conducted to a place of weekly worship. There we hear the Scriptures read and expounded, and discourses addressed to us by men for whose character and attainments we are very properly trained to entertain the highest respect, and of any error in whose taste or practice we cannot at that early age even conceive the possibility. Week after week, month after month, and year after year, we listen to the same style of inflection, intonation, and delivery, till at length it becomes familiar to our taste and hallowed to our associations; and yet, after all, this style unfortunately is not always the purest and the best.

Although preaching, as a vehicle of religious instruction, dates its origin from the foundation of Christianity, yet there is no doubt that since the Reformation it has been much more systematically employed by every religious denomination. In England, owing to the decided contrast in character, education, and feeling which formerly existed between the dissenting and the Episcopal divine, their respective styles early assumed an antagonistic form, and by mutual repulsion were thrown into the opposite extremes of fervour and frigidity. The nonconformist, heated with sectarian zeal, and despising that learning and refinement to which he was a stranger, indulged in fervid appeals to the feelings and the conscience of his hearers. His discourses were conceived in a high strain of enthusiasm, and, with much unction and honest earnestness, displayed little taste and less erudition. Conscious of superior attainments, and shocked by the vulgar vehemence of the dissenter, the Church of England divine took refuge in the opposite extreme: studiously suppressing every indication of feeling, he addressed himself to the understanding only, and opposed the weapon of frigid and erudite dissertation to the unlettered enthusiasm of the conventicle; and hence came to be established the opinion with many, that it is gentlemanly to be passive and indifferent, and consequently ungentlemanly to invest

language, either in public or private, with any degree of vivacity. It is doubtless the part of the Christian to repress all improper emotion, as it is the part of the gentleman to moderate and refine even the most praiseworthy and allowable; but that the orator should be expected to move and influence others, by showing that he is himself uninfluenced and unmoved, is as absurd in theory as it must infallibly prove abortive in practice.

The perfect model of this gentlemanly indifference is the North American Indian—he carries the pride of passive grandeur beyond the most fastidious inmate of a court; but he knows its character too well to apply it to his oratory. He is at the same time the most impassioned of speakers, and the most passive and imperturbable of men. Who can bear or forbear like him? When it is necessary to be silent, or unnecessary to speak, no one can exercise more perfect self-control. He listens to language most repugnant to his sentiments or most galling to his feelings without the slightest indication of dissatisfaction or dissent. His passions, however deeply stirred or stung, are mute and motionless. The tempest raging below sends not even a ripple to the surface. He sits in seeming apathy, the statue of himself. But let the time for action arrive, he becomes a totally different being. As rising to speak he casts aside his blanket or buffalo robe to allow freedom to his movements, with it he casts aside the reserve which has hitherto enveloped him. His voice gradually rises into the shrill tones of passion, his eye lightens, the muscles of his countenance quiver with emotion, and his action is wild and energetic in a degree which, to an audience not wrought up to perfect sympathy with the speaker, would appear extravagant and unnatural. But in all this there is no departure from character. There is meaning and method in his vehemence as in his quietude. His object is no longer to control his own feelings, but to rouse the feelings of others, and to effect this he knows that his own must have unfettered scope; and there is no question that in the degree that we feel, and that we ought to feel, expression must be given to that feeling if we intend to make any impression.

These opposite extremes of apathy and overstrained energy have tended to vitiate oratory in England; while other causes, too numerous to specify, have had an injurious effect in the northern part of the island. Owing to a variety of circumstances, much of the

simple and impulsive style of conversation has been banished from the pulpit, and, to a certain extent, from general oratory; and in its stead have been substituted inflections, tones, and transitions, which have no foundation in nature, and, when carried to an extreme, have something so singular to the unperverted ear as to excite a strong sensation of the ludicrous. These remarks, however, are not meant to be of general application.

Many preachers are very slightly infected with these peculiarities, others altogether exempt from them; but they are characteristic of the school, and more or less perceptible in the majority of its pupils. Nor is the present generation of speakers to be held responsible for the blemishes of a style which they have not originated but received, and which none can more strongly condemn, or be more anxious to reform, than many of themselves.

The natural style of enunciation being thus abandoned to the stage, has been subjected to much of the prejudice which, in many minds, arises out of that connexion; and the simple and expressive accents of ordinary life, when accompanied with any degree of vivacity, have been stigmatized as theatrical; and it is to be lamented that the bad taste of some popular preachers, who have carried the extreme dramatic style into the pulpit, has given too much plausibility to the imputation. It would seem however that, from some cause or other, possibly from the difficulty of being simple and direct in a highly artificial state of society, the oratory of polished nations has always had a tendency to fall from truth into artifice and false convention. Cicero dwells at considerable length upon this subject, and, in his favourite style of antithesis, charges the Roman orators with having abandoned nature to the actors. "*Hæc ego dico pluribus, quod genus hoc totum oratores, qui sunt veritatis ipsius actores, reliquerunt; imitatores autem veritatis histriones occupaverunt.*"

But any style of delivery, however objectionable, will derive from association a lustre not its own, when adopted by speakers of extraordinary fascination and power. There is a genius of that lofty and gigantic caste which can dispense with manner altogether, or mould any manner into energy and impressiveness, as his very crutch in the hand of Chatham became a powerful instrument of oratory; and there have been men in Scotland, Dr Chalmers for

instance, and there are at this very time, men so highly gifted, and of such extraordinary powers of persuasion, as to throw a dazzling and seductive halo round the most imperfect manner; and these are of all others the most dangerous models to the student, as he is naturally tempted to imitate, not the grandeur of their genius, which is indeed inimitable, but the mere external medium which that genius has elevated and ennobled. Thus early neglect and defective example combine to place the student of ordinary ability in a very painful and embarrassing position.

At an age when his manner is formed, and the organs of speech are hardened into almost inflexible rigidity, he first discovers that something is wrong; he then applies himself in earnest to the study of Elocution, in the absurd expectation of effacing in a few lessons the habits of years, and of acquiring in a short time the mastery of an art which, from the union it requires of judgment, taste, and feeling, with natural qualifications and mechanical skill, is probably surpassed by none in difficulty of acquisition. Hence, when called upon to speak on the real business of life, he exhibits the humiliating spectacle of a person of mature age employed in the minute and puerile task of attending to inflections, tones, and gestures, and hence, too, that discredit is thrown upon the art, which properly belongs to the unskilfulness of the artist.

The obvious remedy for this would be to commence the study of Elocution at an early age under competent masters, and to carry it on simultaneously with other branches of education. The student's proficiency in the art would thus keep pace with his other attainments, and, when called upon to address his fellow-men, correctness of intonation, ease in action, and general propriety of manner, would come as naturally to him as the manners of good society flow unconsciously from the gentleman, or as grammatical accuracy and all the graces of composition wait unbidden on every movement of the practised pen.

But from the pupil who has been the victim of neglect or erroneous instruction; the painful truth must not be concealed, that he has an arduous though by no means an insuperable task before him—to be better he must be worse. His first steps must of necessity be retrograde, for his only path to improvement leads through the transition state, which is always a state of weakness and de-

formity. Let him labour steadily and perseveringly in private, but cast aside all attention to manner when engaged in addressing an audience—let improvement be the gradual and unconscious result of previous practice. He will thus avoid all appearance of display, and of a puerile preference of the means to the great ends to be attained by them.

Among the different class-books of Elocution which have been long in use, Ewing's Selection has always enjoyed a large share of popular favour; in proof of which we need only point to the number of editions it has gone through, the present revision being the thirtieth. The book, however, has been so long in the hands of the pupil that its contents have lost much of their freshness and interest, and a renewal of the work has been much wished for by the public. In the present edition, therefore, all such extracts as could be replaced by others of equal, if not superior, merit have been expunged. The selections from Dr Blair's Sermons formed a prominent feature in the previous edition, to the exclusion of many great names: their number therefore is now much reduced, to make room for some specimens of the distinguishing styles of Jeremy Taylor, South, Barrow, Chalmers, Robert Hall, Foster, and others. Dryden's unrivalled Ode on the Feast of Alexander, the picturesque and graceful Ode on the Passions by Collins, Campbell's polished and spirited Lyrics, and other pieces, embracing some of the most splendid specimens of the national language and genius, could not have been omitted without greatly impoverishing the collection by robbing it of its choicest ornaments. These, therefore, have not been disturbed, as the whole range of our literature can furnish nothing worthy to supply their place. They have lost much of their novelty no doubt; it is at once the proof and penalty of their surpassing excellence.

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*Different Methods by which the Principles and Lessons
may be successfully taught.*

BEFORE attempting to read the examples on inflections, a thorough knowledge of the two slides, or inflections of voice, (*page 17*), must be obtained. Without a very accurate knowledge of these two slides of the voice, no graceful progress in reading can possibly be made.

The Table of inflections contains thirty lines. After being able to exemplify the slides in the first column, proceed to acquire a like knowledge of the second. This being done, endeavour to read the table backwards; that is, read the 16th line, and then the 1st; the 17th, and then the 2d; the 18th, and then the 3d, &c.; in the last place, read the table across; that is, read the 1st line and then the 16th; the 2d, and then the 17th; the 3d, and then the 18th, &c.

Under the heads of Inflections, Accent, Emphasis, and Pauses, the Rules are printed in *italics*: these, it is understood, will be either attentively studied, or committed to memory by the Pupil, according to circumstances. A single rule may be given out each day as an exercise; the examples under which being read the day following.

The notes and examples under them may be read by the Student immediately after the rules to which they belong; but, by those less advanced, they may be entirely passed over, and not read till a perfect knowledge has been attained of what is of more importance.

In reading the Lessons, the principles should be gradually reduced to practice. Words that require the rising inflection, may, by the Pupil, be marked with a pencil with the acute accent; and such as require the falling inflection, with the grave accent. Emphatical words may be marked by drawing a straight line over them; and where a rhetorical pause is admissible, a mark, such as a comma, may be inserted after the word.

If this process should be thought too tedious, the Pupil may be requested to mark (while the Teacher is reading the Lesson) only the principal inflections: it being always understood, however, that the Pupil has acquired a knowledge of the different slides, and degrees of force of the voice.

The following Rule, to which, though there are many exceptions, may perhaps be of some advantage; the knowledge of it, at least, is easily acquired.

The falling inflection almost always takes place at a period, very often at a colon, and frequently at a semicolon; at the comma immediately preceding either of these points, the rising inflection commonly takes place. When this rule does not hold good, the Teacher can easily point out the exceptions to it.

It must be carefully observed, that every falling, or every rising inflection, does not necessarily terminate upon the same key, or on the same note of that key; neither is every emphatic word pronounced with the same degree of force: for, as various as inflections and emphases are in number, almost as varied should be the manner of pronouncing them

In these, however, and in many other circumstances, whereon the beauty of reading and speaking chiefly depends, the import of the subject, the nature of the audience, and the place the speaker occupies, must all be judiciously considered, in order properly to regulate his pronunciation and delivery.

General Rules and Observations on Reading and Recitation.

1. GIVE the letters their proper sounds.
2. Pronounce the vowels *a, e, i, o, u*, clearly, giving to each its proper quantity.
3. The liquids *l, m, n*, should be pronounced with a considerable degree of force.
4. Distinguish every accented letter or syllable by a peculiar stress of the voice.
5. Read audibly and distinctly, with a degree of deliberation suited to the subject.
6. Pause at the points a sufficient length of time ; but not so long as to break that connexion which one part of a sentence has with another.
7. The meaning of a sentence is often considerably elucidated by pausing where none of the usual marks could properly be inserted.
8. Give every sentence, and member of a sentence, that inflection of voice, which tends to improve either the sound or the sense.
9. Monotones, judiciously introduced, have a wonderful effect in diversifying delivery.
10. Every emphatical word must be marked with a force corresponding with the importance of the subject.
11. At the beginning of a subject or discourse, the pitch of the voice should, in general, be low :—to this rule, however, there are some exceptions in poetry, and even in prose.
12. As the speaker proceeds, the tones of his voice should swell, and his animation increase with the increasing importance of his subject.
13. At the commencement of a new paragraph, division, or subdivision of a discourse, the voice may be lowered, and again allowed gradually to swell.
14. The tones of the voice must, in every instance, be regulated entirely by the nature of the subject.
15. In recitation, the speaker must adopt those tones, looks, and gestures, which are most agreeable to the nature of whatever he delivers :—he must “suit the action to the word, and the word to the action ;” always remembering, that “rightly to seem, is transiently to be.”

TABLE of the TWO SLIDES of INFLECTIONS of the VOICE

1. Did they act prop'erly, or im'properly?
2. Did he speak distinct'y, or in'distinctly?
3. Must we act accord'ing to the law, or con'trary to it?
4. Did he go wil'ingly, or un'willingly?
5. Was it done correct'y, or in'correctly?
6. Did he say cau'tion, or cau'tion?
7. Did he say wise'y, or wise'y?
8. Did he say val'ue, or val'ue?
9. Did he say wis'dom, or wis'dom?
10. Did he say fame', or fame'?
11. You must not say fa'tal, but fa'tal.
12. You must not say e'qual, but e'qual.
13. You must not say i'dol, but i'dol.
14. You must not say o'pen, but o'pen.
15. You must not say du'bious, but du'bious.

16. They acted prop'erly, not im'properly.
17. He spoke distinct'y, not in'distinctly.
18. We must act accord'ing to the law, not con'trary to it.
19. He went wil'ingly, not un'willingly.
20. It was done correct'y, not in'correctly.
21. He said cau'tion, not cau'tion.
22. He said wise'y, not wise'y.
23. He said val'ue, not val'ue.
24. He said wis'dom, not wis'dom.
25. He said fame', not fame'.
26. You must say fa'tal, not fa'tal.
27. You must say e'qual, not e'qual.
28. You must say i'dol, not i'dol.
29. You must say o'pen, not o'pen.
30. You must say du'bious, not du'bious.

The *acute* accent (') denotes the *rising*, and the *grave* accent (') the *falling* inflection.

ON the INFLECTIONS of the VOICE.

Besides the pauses, which indicate a greater or less separation of the parts of a sentence and a conclusion of the whole, there are certain inflections of voice, accompanying these pauses, which are as necessary to the sense of the sentence as the pauses themselves; for, however exactly we may pause between those parts which are separable, if we do not pause with such an inflection of the voice as is suited to the sense, the composition we read will not only want its true meaning, but will have a meaning very different from that intended by the writer.

Whether words are pronounced in a high or low, in a loud or soft tone; whether they are pronounced swiftly or slowly, forcibly or feebly, with the tone of passion or without it; they must necessarily be pronounced either sliding upwards or downwards, or else go into a monotone or song.

By the rising or falling inflection, is not meant the pitch of the voice in which the whole word is pronounced, or that loudness or softness which may accompany any pitch; but that upward or downward slide which the voice makes when the pronunciation of a word is finishing, and which may, therefore, not improperly be called the rising and falling inflection.

We must carefully guard against mistaking the low tone at the beginning of the rising inflection for the falling inflection, and the high tone at the beginning of the falling inflection for the rising inflection, as they are not denominated rising or falling from the high or low tone in which they are pronounced, but from the upward or downward slide in which they terminate, whether pronounced in a high or low key.

THE FINAL PAUSE OR PERIOD.

RULE I.—*The falling inflection takes place at a period.*

EXAMPLES.

1. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona'.

2. The pleasures of the imagination, the pleasure arising from science, from the fine arts, and from the principle of curiosity, are peculiar to the human' species.

When a sentence concludes an antithesis, the first branch of which being emphatic, requires the falling inflection; the second branch requires the weak emphasis, and rising inflection.

Note.—When there is a succession of periods or loose members in a sentence, though they may all have the falling inflection, yet every one of them ought to be pronounced in a somewhat different pitch of the voice from the other.

EXAMPLES.

1. If we have no regard for our own' character, we ought to have some regard for the character of others'.

2. If content cannot remove' the disquietudes of mankind, it will at least alleviate' them.

NEGATIVE SENTENCE.

RULE II.—*Negative sentences, or members of sentences, must end with the rising inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. The region beyond the grave is not a solitary' land. There your fathers are, and thither every other friend shall follow you in due season.

2. True charity is not a meteor, which occasionally' glares ; but a luminary, which, in its orderly and regular course, dispenses a benignant influence.

PENULTIMATE MEMBER.*

RULE III.—*The penultimate member of a sentence requires the rising inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. We were now treading that illustrious island, which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge', and the blessings of religion.

2. Mahomet was a native of Mecca, a city of that division of Arabia, which, for the luxury of its soil and happy temperature of its climate, has ever been esteemed the loveliest and sweetest' region in the world, and distinguished by the epithet of Happy.

* Penultimate signifies the last but one.

 LOOSE SENTENCE.*

RULE IV.—*The member that forms perfect sense must be separated from those that follow by a long pause and the falling inflection.*

 EXAMPLES.

1. Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God; so that things which are seen were not made of things that do appear.

2. By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed; and he went out, not knowing whither he went.

Note.—When a sentence consists of several loose members which neither modify nor are modified by one another, they may be considered as a compound series, and pronounced accordingly.

 ANTITHETIC MEMBER.†

RULE V.—*The first member of an antithesis must end with the long pause and the rising inflection.*

 EXAMPLES.

1. The most frightful disorders arose from the state of feudal anarchy. Force decided all things. Europe was one great field of battle, where the weak struggled for freedom', and the strong for dominion. The king was without power', and the nobles without principle. They were tyrants at home', and robbers abroad. Nothing remained to be a check upon ferocity and violence.

2. Between fame and true honour a distinction is to be made. The former is a blind and noisy' applause: the latter a more silent and internal homage. Fame floats on the breath of the multitude': honour rests on the judgment of the thinking. Fame may give praise, while it withholds esteem': true honour implies esteem, mingled with respect. The one regards particular distinguished' talents: the other looks up to the whole character.

3. These two qualities, delicacy and correctness, mutually imply each other. No taste can be exquisitely delicate without being correct; nor can be thoroughly correct without being deli-

* A loose sentence is a member containing perfect sense by itself, followed by some other member or members, which do not restrain or qualify its signification.

† Antithesis opposes words to words, and thoughts to thoughts.

cate. But still a predominancy of one or other quality in the mixture is often visible. The power of delicacy is chiefly seen in discerning the true merit of a work ; the power of correctness, in rejecting false pretensions to merit. Delicacy leans more to feeling ; correctness more to reason and judgment. The former is more the gift of nature ; the latter, more the product of culture and art. Among the ancient critics, Longinus possessed most delicacy ; Aristotle, most correctness. Among the moderns, Mr Addison is a high example of delicate taste ; Dean Swift, had he written on the subject of criticism, would perhaps have afforded the example of a correct one.

CONCESSIVE MEMBER.

RULE VI.—*At the end of a concession the rising inflection takes place.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Reason, eloquence, and every art which ever has been studied among mankind, may be abused, and may prove dangerous in the hands of bad men ; but it were perfectly childish to contend, that, upon this account, they ought to be abolished.

2. One may be a speaker, both of much reputation and much influence, in the calm argumentative manner. To attain the pathetic, and the sublime of oratory, requires those strong sensibilities of mind, and that high power of expression, which are given to few.

3. To Bourdaloue, the French critics attribute more solidity and close reasoning ; to Massillon, a more pleasing and engaging manner. Bourdaloue is indeed a great reasoner, and inculcates his doctrines with much zeal, piety, and earnestness ; but his style is verbose, he is disagreeably full of quotations from the Fathers, and he wants imagination.

EXERCISES on the preceding RULES.

1. By deferring our repentance, we accumulate our sorrows.
2. Human affairs are in continual motion and fluctuation, altering their appearance every moment, and passing into some new forms.
3. As you value the approbation of Heaven, or the esteem of the world, cultivate the love of truth ; in all your proceedings be direct and consistent.
4. By a multiplicity of words, the sentiments are not set off and accommodated ; but, like David equipped in Saul's armour, they are encumbered and oppressed.

5. Though it may be true, that every individual, in his own breast, naturally prefers himself to all mankind, yet he dares not look mankind in the face, and avow that he acts according to this principle.

6. If our language, by reason of the simple arrangement of its words, possesses less harmony, less beauty, and less force, than the Greek or Latin ; it is, however, in its meaning, more obvious and plain.

7. Whether we consider poetry in particular, and discourse in general, as imitative or descriptive ; it is evident, that their whole power in recalling the impressions of real objects, is derived from the significancy of words.

8. Were there no bad men in the world, to vex and distress the good, the good might appear in the light of harmless innocence ; but they could have no opportunity of displaying fidelity, magnanimity, patience, and fortitude.

9. It is not by starts of application, or by a few years' preparation of study afterwards discontinued, that eminence can be attained. No ; it can be attained only by means of regular industry, grown up into a habit, and ready to be exerted on every occasion that calls for industry.

10. We blame the excessive fondness and anxiety of a parent, as something which may, in the end, prove hurtful to the child, and which, in the mean time, is excessively inconvenient to the parent ; but we easily pardon it, and never regard it with hatred and detestation.

11. The character of Demosthenes is vigour and austerity ; that of Cicero is gentleness and insinuation. In the one, you find more manliness ; in the other, more ornament. The one is more harsh, but more spirited and cogent ; the other, more agreeable, but withal, looser and weaker.

12. Homer was the greater genius ; Virgil the better artist : in the one, we most admire the man ; in the other, the work. Homer hurries us with a commanding impetuosity ; Virgil leads us with an attractive majesty. Homer scatters with a generous profusion ; Virgil bestows with a careful magnificence. Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a sudden overflow ; Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a constant stream.—And when we look upon their machines, Homer seems, like his own Jupiter in his terrors, shaking Olympus, scattering the lightnings, and firing the heavens ; Virgil, like the same power in his benevolence, counselling with the gods, laying plans for empires, and ordering his whole creation.

 INTERROGATION.*

RULE I.—*Questions asked by pronouns or adverbs, end with the falling inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Who continually supports and governs this stupendous system? Who preserves ten thousand times ten thousand worlds in perpetual harmony? Who enables them always to observe such time, and obey such laws, as are most exquisitely adapted for the perfection of the wondrous whole? They cannot preserve and direct themselves; for they were created, and must, therefore, be dependent. How, then, can they be so actuated and directed, but by the unceasing energy of the Great Supreme?

2. Ah! why will kings forget that they are men,
And men that they are brethren? Why delight
In human sacrifice? Why burst the ties
Of Nature, that should knit their souls together
In one soft bond of amity and love?

Note 1.—Interrogative sentences, consisting of members in a series necessarily depending on each other for sense, must be pronounced according to the rule which relates to the series of which they are composed.

EXAMPLE.

What can be more important and interesting than an inquiry into the existence, attributes, providence, and moral government of God?

RULE II.—*Questions asked by verbs require the rising inflection.†*

EXAMPLES.

1. Can the soldier, when he girdeth on his armour, boast like him that putteth it off? Can the merchant predict that the speculation, on which he has entered, will be infallibly crowned with success? Can even the husbandman, who has the promise of God that seed-time and harvest shall not fail, look forward with assured confidence to the expected increase of his fields? In these and in all similar cases, our resolution to act can be founded on probability alone.

* When the last words, in this species of interrogation, happen to be emphatical, they must be pronounced with a considerable degree of force and loudness.

† When the question is very long, however, or concludes a paragraph, the falling instead of the rising inflection takes place.

2. Avarus has long been ardently endeavouring to fill his chest: and lo! it is now full. Is he happy? Does he use it? Does he gratefully think of the Giver of all good things? Does he distribute to the poor? Alas! these interests have no place in his breast.

3. Yet say, should tyrants learn at last to feel,
And the loud din of battle cease to bray;
Would death be foiled? Would health, and strength, and youth
Defy his power? Has he no arts in store,
No other shafts save those of war? Alas!
Even in the smile of peace, that smile which sheds
A heavenly sunshine o'er the soul, there basks
That serpent Luxury.—

RULE III.—*When interrogative sentences connected by the disjunctive or, expressed or understood, succeed each other, the first end with the rising and the rest with the falling inflection. In other words, when or is conjunctive, it has the rising, when disjunctive the falling inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Does God, after having made his creatures, take no further care of them? Has he left them to blind fate or undirected chance? Has he forsaken the works of his own hands? Or does he always graciously preserve, and keep, and guide them?

2. Should these credulous infidels after all be in the right, and this pretended revelation be all a fable, from believing it what harm could ensue? Would it render princes more tyrannical, or subjects more ungovernable? the rich more insolent, or the poor more disorderly? Would it make worse parents, or children; husbands, or wives; masters, or servants; friends, or neighbours? or would it not make men more virtuous, and, consequently, more happy in every situation?

3. Shall we in your person crown the author of the public calamities, or shall we destroy him?

Note 2.—An interrogative sentence, consisting of a variety of members depending on each other for sense, may have the inflection common to other sentences, provided the last member has that inflection which distinguishes the species of interrogation to which it belongs.

EXAMPLE.

Can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progress of improvement, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after

having just looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her inquiries?

Note 3.—Interrogative sentences, consisting of members in a series, which form perfect sense as they proceed, must have every member terminate with that inflection which distinguishes the species of interrogation of which they consist.

EXAMPLES.

1. Hath death torn from your embrace the friend whom you tenderly loved—him to whom you were wont to unbosom the secrets of your soul—him who was your counsellor in perplexity, the sweetener of all your joys, and the assuager of all your sorrows? You think you do well to mourn; and the tears with which you water his grave, seem to be a tribute due to his virtues. But waste not your affection in fruitless lamentation.

2. Who are the persons that are most apt to fall into peevishness and dejection—that are continually complaining of the world, and see nothing but wretchedness around them? Are they those whom want compels to toil for their daily bread—who have no treasure but the labour of their hands—who rise with the rising sun to expose themselves to all the rigours of the seasons, unsheltered from the winter's cold, and unshaded from the summer's heat? No. The labours of such are the very blessings of their condition.

Note 4.—When questions, asked by verbs, are followed by answers, the rising inflection, in a high tone of voice, takes place at the end of the question, and, after a long pause, the answer must be pronounced in a lower tone.

EXAMPLES.

1. Are you desirous that your talents and abilities may procure you respect? Display them not ostentatiously to public view. Would you escape the envy which your riches might excite? Let them not minister to pride, but adorn them with humility.

2. There is not an evil incident to human nature for which the gospel doth not provide a remedy. Are you ignorant of many things which it highly concerns you to know? The gospel offers you instruction. Have you deviated from the path of duty? The gospel offers you forgiveness. Do temptations surround you? The gospel offers you the aid of Heaven. Are you exposed to misery? It consoles you. Are you subject to death? It offers you immortality.

EXCLAMATION.

RULE IV.—*The inflections at the note of exclamation are the same as at any other point, in sentences similarly constructed.*

EXAMPLES.

1. The Almighty sustains and conducts the universe. It was He who separated the jarring elements! It was He who

hung up the worlds in empty space! It is He who preserves them in their circles, and impels them in their course!

2. How pure, how dignified should they be, whose origin is celestial! How pure, how dignified should they be, who are taught to look higher than earth; to expect to enjoy the divinest pleasures for evermore, and to 'shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father!'

3. Behold the reverential awe with which the words and the opinions of the upright and conscientious are heard and received! See the wise courting their friendship; the poor applying for their aid; the friendless and forlorn seeking their advice, and the widow and the fatherless craving their protection!

RULE V.—*When the exclamation, in form of a question, is the echo of another question of the same kind, or when it proceeds from wonder or admiration, it always requires the rising inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Will you for ever, Athenians, do nothing but walk up and down the city, asking one another, What news? What news! Is there any thing more new than to see a man of Macedonia become master of the Athenians, and give laws to all Greece?

2. What! might Rome then have been taken, if those men who were at your gates had not wanted courage for the attempt?—Rome taken when I was consul!—Of honours I had sufficient—of life enough—more than enough.

3. Whither shall I turn? Wretch that I am! to what place shall I betake myself? Shall I go to the capitol? alas! it is overflowed with my brother's blood! or shall I retire to my house? yet there I behold my mother plunged in misery, weeping and despairing.

4. Plant of celestial seed, if dropped below,
Say in what mortal soil thou deignest to grow:
Fair opening to some court's propitious shine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
Twined with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reaped in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows! where grows it not? if vain our toil.
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil.

PARENTHESIS.

RULE VI.—*A parenthesis must be pronounced in a lower tone of voice than the rest of the sentence, and conclude with the same pause and inflection which terminate the member that immediately precedes it.**

EXAMPLES.

1. Though Fame, who is always the herald of the great, has seldom deigned to transmit the exploits of the lower ranks to posterity', (for it is commonly the fate of those whom fortune has placed in the vale of obscurity to have their noble actions buried in oblivion';) yet, in their verses, the minstrels have preserved many instances of domestic wo and felicity.

2. Uprightness is a habit, and, like all other habits, gains strength by time and exercise. If, then, we exercise' upright principles, (and we cannot have them unless we exercise' them,) they must be perpetually on the increase.

3. Sir Andrew Freeport's notions of trade are noble and generous', and (as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not' a great man,) he calls the sea the British Common.

Note 1.—The end of a parenthesis must have the falling inflection, when it terminates with an emphatical word.

EXAMPLE.

Had I, when speaking in the assembly, been absolute and independent master of affairs, then your other speakers might call me to account. But if ye were ever present, if ye were all in general invited to propose your sentiments, if ye were all agreed that the measures then suggested were really the best; if you, Æschines, in particular, were thus persuaded, (and it was no partial affection for me, that prompted you to give me up the hopes, the applause, the honours, which attended that course I then advised, but the superior force of truth, and your utter inability to point out any more eligible' course;) if this was the case, I say, is it not highly cruel and unjust to arraign those measures now, when you could not then propose any better?

Note 2.—When the parenthesis is long it may be pronounced with a degree of monotone or sameness of voice, in order to distinguish it from the rest of the sentence.

* A parenthesis must also be pronounced a degree quicker than the rest of the sentence; a pause too must be made both before and after it, proportioned in length to the more intimate or remote connexion which it has with the rest of the sentence.

EXAMPLE.

Since then every sort of good which is immediately of importance to happiness, must be perceived by some immediate power or sense, antecedent to any opinions or reasoning' (for it is the business of reason to compare the several sorts of good perceived by the several senses, and to find out the proper means for obtaining' them), we must therefore carefully inquire into the several sublimer perceptive powers or senses ; since it is by them we best discover what state or course of life best answers the intention of God and nature, and wherein true happiness consists.

Note 3.—The small intervening members, *said I, says he, continued they, &c.* follow the inflection and tone of the member which precedes them, in a higher and feebler tone of voice.

EXAMPLE.

Thus, then, said he, since you are so urgent, it is thus that I conceive it. The sovereign good is that, the possession of which renders us happy. And how, said I, do we possess it ? Is it sensual or intellectual ? There, you are entering, said he, upon the detail.

EXERCISES on the INTERROGATION, EXCLAMATION, and PARENTHESIS.

1. Would you do your homage the most agreeable way ? Would you render the most acceptable of services ? offer unto God thanksgiving.
2. What shadow can be more vain than the life of a great part of mankind ? Of all that eager and bustling crowd we behold on earth, how few discover the path of true happiness ? How few can we find, whose activity has not been misemployed, and whose course terminates not in confessions of disappointments ?
3. What are the scenes of nature that elevate the mind in the highest degree, and produce the sublime sensation ? Not the gay landscape, the flowery field, or the flourishing city ; but the hoary mountain, and the solitary lake ; the aged forest, and the torrent falling over the rock.
4. Is there any one who will seriously maintain, that the taste of a Hottentot or a Laplander is as delicate and as correct as that of a Longinus or an Addison ? or, that he can be charged with no defect or incapacity, who thinks a common news-writer as excellent an historian as Tacitus ?
5. That strong hyperbolical manner which we have long been accustomed to call the Oriental manner of poetry (because some of the earliest poetical productions came to us from the East) is in truth no more Oriental than Occidental ; it is characteristic of an age rather than of a country ; and belongs, in some measure, to all nations at that period which first gives rise to music and to song.

6. The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find,) Is not to act or think beyond mankind.
7. Where thy true treasure? Gold says, "not in me;" And, "not in me," the diamond. Gold is poor.
8. All this dread order break—for whom? for thee? Vile worm!—O madness! pride! impiety!
9. O the dark days of vanity! while here, How tasteless! and how terrible, when gone! Gone? they ne'er go: when past, they haunt us still.
10. Whatever is, is right. This world, 'tis true, Was made for Cæsar,—but for Titus too. And which more blest? who chained his country, say, Or he whose virtue sighed to lose a day?

SERIES.

The word *SERIES* is here used to denote an enumeration of particulars.

A *Commencing* series is that which begins a sentence, but does not end it.

A *Concluding* series is that which ends a sentence, whether it begins it or not.

The series, whose members consist of single words, is called a *simple* series.

The series, whose members consist of two or more words, is called a *compound* series.

INFLECTIONS ON THE SIMPLE SERIES.

COMMENCING.		CONCLUDING.	
N ^o . of Members.		N ^o . of Members.	
2	1' 2'	2	1' 2'
3	1' 2' 3'	3	1' 2' 3'
4	1' 2' 3' 4'	4	1' 2' 3' 4'
5	1' 2' 3' 4' 5'	5	1' 2' 3' 4' 5'
6	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6'	6	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6'
7	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7'	7	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7'
8	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8'	8	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8'
9	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8' 9'	9	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8' 9'
10	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8' 9' 10'	10	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8' 9' 10'

COMPOUND SERIES.

COMMENCING.		CONCLUDING.	
No. of Members.		No. of Members.	
2	1' 2'	2	1' 2'
3	1' 2' 3'	3	1' 2' 3'
4	1' 2' 3' 4'	4	1' 2' 3' 4'
5	1' 2' 3' 4' 5'	5	1' 2' 3' 4' 5'
6	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6'	6	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6'
7	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7'	7	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7'
8	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8'	8	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8'
9	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8' 9'	9	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8' 9'
10	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8' 9' 10'	10	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8' 9' 10'

SIMPLE COMMENCING SERIES

OF 2 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2'.*—Dependence' and obedience' belong to youth.

3 MEMBERS.†—RULE. 1', 2', 3'.—The young', the healthy' and the prosperous', should not presume on their advantages.‡

4 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2', 3', 4'.—Humanity', justice', generosity', and public spirit', are the qualities most useful to others.

5 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2', 3', 4', 5'.—The presence', knowledge', power', wisdom', and goodness' of God, must all be unbounded.

6 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2', 3', 4', 5', 6'.—Desire', aversion', rage', love', hope', and fear', are drawn in miniature upon the stage.

7 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2', 3', 4', 5', 6', 7'.—Sophocles', Euripides', Pindar', Thucydides', Demosthenes', Phidias', Apelles', were the contemporaries of Socrates or of Plato.

8 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2', 3', 4', 5', 6', 7', 8'.—Wine', beauty', music', pomp', study', diversion', business', wisdom', are but poor expedients to heave off the insupportable load of an hour from the heart of man; the load of an hour from the heir of an eternity.

* That is—the falling inflection takes place on the first member, and the rising on the second.

† In a simple commencing series of three members, the first must be pronounced in a somewhat lower tone than the second.

‡ The noun, when attended by the article, or conjunction, is considered in the series as a single word.

9 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2', 3', 4', 5', 6', 7', 8', 9'.—Joy', grief', fear', anger', pity', scorn', hate', jealousy', and love', stamp assumed distinctions on the player.

10 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2', 3', 4', 5', 6', 7', 8', 9', 10'.
Next then, you authors, be not you severe ;
Why, what a swarm of scribblers have we here !
One', two', three', four', five', six', seven', eight', nine', ten',
All in one row, and brothers of the pen.

SIMPLE CONCLUDING SERIES

OF 2 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2'.—The spirit of true religion breathes gentleness' and affability'.

3 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2', 3'.—Industry is the law of our being ; it is the demand of nature', of reason', and of God'.*

4 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2', 3', 4'.—Fear not, ye righteous, amidst the distresses of life. You have an Almighty Friend continually at hand to pity', to support', to defend', and to relieve' you.

5 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2', 3', 4', 5'.—The characteristics of chivalry were, valour', humanity', courtesy', justice', and honour'.

6 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2', 3', 4', 5', 6'.—Mankind are besieged by war', famine', pestilence', volcano', storm', and fire'.

7 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2', 3', 4', 5', 6', 7'.—They passed over many a frozen, many a fiery Alp ; rocks', caves', lakes', fens', bogs', dens', and shades of death'.

8 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2', 3', 4', 5', 6', 7', 8'.—The speaker, having gained the attention and judgment of his audience, must proceed to complete his conquest over the passions ; such as admiration', surprise', hope', joy', love', fear', grief', anger'.

9 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2', 3', 4', 5', 6', 7', 8', 9'.—The fruit of the Spirit is love', joy', peace', long-suffering', gentleness', goodness', faith', meekness', temperance'.

10 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2', 3', 4', 5', 6', 7', 8', 9', 10'.—Mr Locke's definition of wit, with this short explication, comprehends most of the species of wit ; as metaphors', enigmas', mottoes', parables', fables', dreams', visions', dramatic' writings, burlesque', and all the methods of allusion'.

* In a simple concluding series of three members, the first must be pronounced in a little higher tone than the second. When pronouncing with a degree of solemnity, the first member in this series must have the falling inflection.

COMPOUND COMMENCING SERIES.

RULE.—*The falling inflection takes place on every member but the last.**

EXAMPLES.

2 MEMBERS.—Common calamities', and common blessings', fall heavily upon the envious.

3 MEMBERS.—A generous openness of heart', a calm deliberate courage', a prompt zeal for the public service', are at once constituents of true greatness, and the best evidences of it.

4 MEMBERS.—The splendour of the firmament', the verdure of the earth', the varied colours of the flowers, which fill the air with their fragrance', and the music of those artless voices which mingle on every tree', all conspire to captivate our hearts, and to swell them with the most rapturous delight.

5 MEMBERS.—The verdant lawn', the shady grove', the variegated landscape', the boundless ocean', and the starry firmament', are contemplated with pleasure by every beholder.

6 MEMBERS.—France and England may each of them have some reason to dread the increase of the naval and military power of the other ; but for either of them to envy the internal happiness and prosperity' of the other, the cultivation of its lands', the advancement of its manufactures', the increase of its commerce', the security and number of its ports and harbours', its proficiency in all the liberal arts and sciences', is surely beneath the dignity of two such great nations.

7 MEMBERS.—A contemplation of God's works', a voluntary act of justice to our own detriment', a generous concern for the good of mankind', tears shed in silence for the misery of others', a private desire of resentment broken and subdued', an unfeigned exercise of humility', or any other' virtue, are such actions as denominate men great and reputable.

8 MEMBERS.—To acquire a thorough knowledge of our own hearts and characters', to restrain every irregular inclination', —to subdue every rebellious passion', —to purify the motives of our conduct', —to form ourselves to that temperance which no pleasure can seduce', —to that meekness which no provocation can ruffle', —to that patience which no affliction can overwhelm', and that integrity which no interest can shake' ; this is the

* When the members of a compound series are numerous, the second must be pronounced a little higher and more forcibly than the first, the third than the second, &c.

task which is assigned to us,—a task which cannot be performed without the utmost diligence and care.

9 MEMBERS.—Absalom's beauty', Jonathan's love', David's valour', Solomon's wisdom', the patience of Job', the prudence of Augustus', the eloquence of Cicero', the innocence of Wisdom', and the intelligence of all', though faintly amiable in the creature, are found in immense perfection in the Creator.

10 MEMBERS.—The beauty of a plain', the greatness of a mountain', the ornaments of a building', the expression of a picture', the composition of a discourse', the conduct of a third' person, the proportions of different quantities and numbers', the various appearances which the great machine of the universe is perpetually exhibiting', the secret wheels and springs which produce' them, all the general subjects of science and taste', are what we and our companions regard as having no peculiar relation to either of us.

COMPOUND CONCLUDING SERIES.

RULE.—*The falling inflection takes place on every member except the last but one.*

EXAMPLES.

2 MEMBERS.—Belief in the existence of a God is the great incentive to duty', and the great source of consolation'.

3 MEMBERS.—When myriads and myriads of ages have elapsed, the righteous shall still have a blessed eternity before them: still continue brightening in holiness', increasing in happiness', and rising in glory'.

4 MEMBERS.—Watch' ye, stand fast in the faith', quit you like men', be strong'.

5 MEMBERS.—We should acknowledge God in all our ways'; mark the operations of his hand'; cheerfully submit to his severest dispensations'; strictly observe his laws'; and rejoice to fulfil his gracious purpose'.

6 MEMBERS.—Without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness; God was manifest in the flesh', justified in the spirit', seen of angels', preached unto the Gentiles', believed on in the world', received up into glory'.

7 MEMBERS.—A true friend unbosoms freely', advises justly', assists readily', adventures boldly', takes all patiently', defends resolutely', and continues a friend unchangeably'.

8 MEMBERS.—True gentleness teaches us to bear one another's burdens'; to rejoice with those who rejoice'; to weep with

those who weep'; to please every one his neighbour for his good'; to be kind and tender-hearted'; to be pitiful and courteous'; to support the weak'; and to be patient towards all' men.

9 MEMBERS.—They through faith subdued kingdoms', wrought righteousness', obtained promises', stopped the mouths of lions', quenched the violence of fire', escaped the edge of the sword', out of weakness were made strong', waxed valiant in fight', turned to flight the armies of the aliens'.

10 MEMBERS.—Levicolus was so well satisfied with his own accomplishments, that he determined to commence fortune-hunter; and when he was set at liberty, instead of beginning, as was expected, to walk the Exchange with a face of importance, or of associating himself with those who were most eminent for their knowledge of the Stocks, he at once threw off the solemnity of the counting'-house, equipped himself with a modish wig and a splendid coat', listened to wits in the coffee'-houses, passed his evenings behind the scenes in the theatres', learned the names of beauties of quality', hummed the last stanzas of fashionable songs', talked with familiarity of high play', boasted of his achievements upon drawers and coachmen', told with negligence and jocularly of bilking a tailor', and now and then let fly a shrewd jest at a sober citizen'.

EXAMPLES

CONTAINING BOTH THE COMMENCING AND CONCLUDING SERIES.

1. He who is self-existent', omnipresent', omniscient', and omnipotent', is likewise infinitely holy', and just', and good'.

2. He who resigns the world, has no temptation to envy', hatred', malice', or anger', but is in constant possession of a serene mind; he who follows the pleasures of it, which are in their very nature disappointing, is in constant search of care', solicitude', remorse', and confusion'.

3. To deserve', to acquire', and to enjoy' the respect and admiration of mankind, are the great objects of ambition' and emulation'.

PAIRS OF NOUNS

ARE INFLECTED THUS:

COMMENCING.	CONCLUDING.
Pairs.	Pairs.
2.....1' & 2', 3' & 4'	2.....1' & 2', 3' & 4'
3.....1' & 2', 3' & 4', 5' & 6'	3.....1' & 2', 3' & 4', 5' & 6'
4.....1' & 2', 3' & 4', 5' & 6', 7' & 8'	4.....1' & 2', 3' & 4', 5' & 6', 7' & 8'
5...1' & 2', 3' & 4', 5' & 6', 7' & 8', 9' & 10'	5...1' & 2', 3' & 4', 5' & 6', 7' & 8', 9' & 10'

EXAMPLES.

1. Vicissitudes of good' and evil', of trials' and consolations', fill up the life of man.

2. While the earth remaineth, seed'-time and harvest,' cold' and heat', summer' and winter', and day' and night', shall not cease.

3. The wise' and the foolish', the virtuous' and the vile', the learned' and the ignorant', the temperate' and the profligate', must often be blended together.

4. In all stations and conditions, the important relations take place, of masters' and servants', husbands' and wives', parents' and children', brothers' and friends', citizens' and subjects'.

SERIES OF SERIESES.

RULE I.—*When several members of a sentence, consisting of distinct portions of similar or opposite words in a series, follow in succession, they must be pronounced singly, according to the number of members in each portion, and together, according to the number of portions in the whole sentence, that the whole may form one related compound series.*

EXAMPLES.

1. The soul consists of many faculties, as the understanding' and the will', with all the senses both inward' and outward'; or, to speak more philosophically, the soul can exert herself in many different ways of action: she can understand', will', imagine' see', and hear'; love' and discourse'; and apply herself to many other like exercises of different kinds and natures'.

2. For I am persuaded, that neither death', nor life'; nor angels', nor principalities', nor powers'; nor things present', nor things to come'; nor height' nor depth'; nor any other creature', shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord'.

RULE II.—*Where the sense of the sentence does not require force, precision, or distinction, (which is but seldom the case), where the sentence commences with a conditional or suppositive conjunction, or where the language is plaintive and poetical, the falling inflection seems less suitable than the rising.*

EXAMPLES.

1. When the gay and smiling aspect of things has begun to leave the passages to a man's heart thus thoughtlessly unguard-

ed' ; when kind and caressing looks of every object without, that can flatter his senses, has conspired with the enemy within, to betray him and put him off his defence' ; when Music likewise hath lent her aid, and tried her power upon the passions' ; when the voice of singing men, and the voice of singing women, with the sound of the viol and the lute, have broken in upon his soul, and in some tender notes have touched the secret springs of rapture',—that moment let us dissect and look into his heart' ;—see how vain', how weak', how empty' a thing it is !

2. So when the faithful pencil has designed
Some bright idea of the master's mind',
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready nature waits upon his hand' ;
When the ripe colours soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just shade and light' ;
When mellowing years their full perfection give' ;
And each bold figure just begins to live' ;
The treacherous colours the fair art betray,
And all' the bright' creation' fades' away'.

EXERCISES on the SERIES.

1. Ambition creates hatred, shyness, discords, seditions, and wars.
2. To be moderate in our views, and to proceed temperately in the pursuit of them, is the best way to ensure success.
3. Joy, grief, love, admiration, devotion, are all of them passions which are naturally musical.
4. Substantives, pronouns, adjectives, verbs, prepositions, and conjunctions, must necessarily be found in all languages.
5. The several kinds of poetical composition which we find in Scripture, are chiefly the didactic, the elegiac, pastoral, and lyric.
6. Discomposed thoughts, agitated passions, and a ruffled temper, poison every pleasure of life.
7. The great business of life is to be employed in doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with our Creator.
8. Tranquillity, order, and magnanimity, dwell with the pious and resigned man.
9. A wise man will desire no more than what he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and live upon contentedly.
10. The minor longs to be of age ; then to be a man of business ; then to make up an estate ; then to arrive at honours ; then to retire.
11. Though, at times, the ascent to the temple of virtue appears steep and craggy, be not discouraged. Persevere until thou gain the summit : there, all is order, beauty, and pleasure.
12. What is called profane history, exhibits our nature on its worst side. it is the history of perverse passions, of mean self-love, of revenge, hatred, extravagance, and folly.
13. An ostentatious, a feeble, a harsh, or an obscure style, are always

faults ; and perspicuity, strength, neatness, and simplicity, are beauties to be always aimed at.

14. Valour, truth, justice, fidelity, friendship, piety, magnanimity, are the objects which, in the course of epic compositions, are presented to our mind under the most splendid and honourable colours.

15. To be humble and modest in opinion, to be vigilant and attentive in conduct, to distrust fair appearances, and to restrain rash desires, are instructions which the darkness of our present state should strongly inculcate.

16. No blessing of life is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend. It eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thoughts and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolutions, soothes and allays the passions, and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life.

17. The time at which the Saviour was to appear—the circumstances with which his nativity was to be attended—the nature of the kingdom he was to establish—the power with which he was to be invested, and the success with which his labours were to be crowned—had been all prefigured and described, in a manner calculated to excite the liveliest expectation in the minds of the chosen people.

18. Were we united to beings of a more exalted order,—beings whose nature raised them superior to misfortune, placed them beyond the reach of disease and death, who were not the dupes of passion and prejudice, all of whose views were enlarged, whose goodness was perfected, and whose spirit breathed nothing but love and friendship,—then would the evils of which we now complain cease to be felt.

19. All the oriental lustre of the richest gems ; all the enchanting beauties of exterior shape ; the exquisite of all forms ; the loveliness of colour ; the harmony of sound ; the heat and brightness of the enlivening sun ; the heroic virtue of the bravest minds ; with the purity and quickness of the highest intellect ; are all emanations from the supreme Deity.

20. I conjure you by that which you profess
 (Howe'er you come to know it) answer me ;
 Though you untie the winds and let them fight
 Against the churches ; though the yesty waves
 Confound and swallow navigation up ;
 Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down ;
 Though castles topple on their warders' heads ;
 Though palaces and pyramids do slope
 Their heads to their foundations ; though the treasure
 Of nature's germins tumble all together,
 Ev'n till destruction sicken, answer me
 To what I ask you.

Macbeth to the Witches.

HARMONIC INFLECTION.

Besides that variety which necessarily arises from annexing certain inflections to sentences of a particular import, or structure, there is still another source of variety, in those parts of a sentence where the sense is

not at all concerned, and where the variety is merely to please the ear. There are many members of sentences which may be differently pronounced without greatly affecting their variety and harmony. It is chiefly towards the end of a sentence that the harmonic inflection is necessary in order to form an agreeable cadence.

RULE I.—*When a series of similar sentences, or members of sentences, form a branch of a subject or paragraph, the last sentence or member must fall gradually into a lower tone, and adopt the harmonic inflection, on such words as form the most agreeable cadence.*

EXAMPLE.

Since I have mentioned this unaccountable zeal which appears in atheists and infidels, I must farther observe, that they are likewise in a most particular manner possessed with the spirit of bigotry. They are wedded' to opinions' full of contradiction' and impossibility', and at the same' time' look upon the smallest' difficulty' in an article' of faith' as a sufficient reason for rejecting it.

RULE II.—*When the last member of a sentence ends with four accented words, the falling inflection takes place on the first and last, and the rising on the second and third.*

EXAMPLES.

1. The immortality of the soul is the basis of morality, and the source of all the pleasing' hopes' and secret' joys', that can arise' in the heart' of a reasonable' creature'.

2. A brave' man struggling' in the storms' of fate',
And greatly' falling' with a falling' state'.

RULE III.—*When there are three accented words at the end of the last member, the first has either the rising or falling, the second the rising, and the last the falling inflection.*

EXAMPLE.

Cicero concludes his celebrated books *De Oratore*, with some precepts for pronunciation and action, without which part he affirms, that the best orator in the world can never succeed, and an indifferent one, who is master of this, shall gain much' greater' applause

ECHO

Is here used to express that repetition of a word or thought, which immediately arises from a word or thought that preceded it.

RULE.—*The echoing word ought always to be pronounced with the rising inflection in a high tone of voice, and a long pause after it, when it implies any degree of passion.**

EXAMPLES.

1. Newton was a Christian! *Newton'!* whose mind burst forth from the fetters cast by nature on our finite conceptions—*Newton'!* whose science was truth, and the foundation of whose knowledge of it was philosophy; not those visionary and arrogant presumptions which too often usurp its name, but philosophy resting on the basis of mathematics, which, like figures, cannot lie—*Newton'!* who carried the line and rule to the utmost barrier of creation, and explored the principles by which, no doubt, all created matter is held together and exists.

2. With “mysterious reverence” I forbear to descant on those serious and interesting rites, for the more august and solemn celebration of which Fashion nightly convenes these splendid myriads to her more sumptuous temples. *Rites'!* which, when engaged in with due devotion, absorb the whole soul, and call every passion into exercise, except those indeed of love, and peace, and kindness, and gentleness. *Inspiring' rites'!* which stimulate fear, rouse hope, kindle zeal, quicken dulness, sharpen discernment, exercise memory, inflame curiosity! *Rites'!* in short, in the due performance of which, all the energies and attentions, all the powers and abilities, all the abstractions and exertion, all the diligence and devotedness, all the sacrifice of time, all the contempt of ease, all the neglect of sleep, all the oblivion of care, all the risks of fortune (half of which, if directed to their true objects, would change the very face of the world), all these are concentrated to one point: a *point'!* in which the wise and the weak, the learned and the ignorant, the fair and the frightful, the sprightly and the dull, the rich and the poor, the patrician and plebeian, meet in one common uniform equality: an *equality'!* as religiously respected in these solemnities, in which all distinctions are levelled at a blow, and of which the very spirit is therefore democratical, as it is combated in all other instances.

HANNAH MORE on Female Education.

* The echoing word is printed in *italics*, and marked with the rising inflection.

THE MONOTONE,

In certain solemn and sublime passages, has a wonderful force and dignity ; and by the uncommonness of its use, it even adds greatly to that variety with which the ear is so much delighted.*

EXAMPLES.

1. High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Inde
Or whēre the gōrgeous Eāst, with rīchest hānd,
Shōwers, on her kīngs barbāric, pearl' and gold',
Satan exalted sat.
 2. Hence ! loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes and shrieks, and sights unholy,
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night raven sings ;
Thēre, under ēbon shādes and lōw-browed rōcks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
-

CIRCUMFLEXES.

The *rising* circumflex begins with the falling inflection, and ends with the rising upon the same syllable, and seems as it were to twist the voice upwards. This turn of the voice is marked in this manner (v).

EXAMPLE.

But it is foolish in us to compare Drusus Africanus and ourselves with Clōdīus ; all our other calamities were tolerable ; but no one can patiently bear the death of Clōdīus.

The *falling* circumflex begins with the rising inflection, and ends with the falling upon the same syllable, and seems to twist the voice downwards. This turn of the voice may be marked by the common circumflex : thus (Λ).

* This monotone may be defined to be a continuation or sameness of sound upon certain syllables of a word, exactly like that produced by repeatedly striking a bell ;—such a stroke may be louder or softer, but continues exactly in the same pitch. To express this tone upon paper, a horizontal line may be adopted ; such a one as is generally used to express a long syllable in verse : thus (—).

EXAMPLE.

Queen. Hamlet, you have your father much offended.

Hamlet. Madam, you have my father much offended.

Both these circumflex inflections may be exemplified in the word *so*, in a speech of the Clown in Shakspeare's *As You Like it*.

I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel ; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If ; as if you said sŏ, then I said sô : O ho ! did you sŏ ? So they shook hands and were sworn brothers.

CLIMAX,

OR A GRADUAL INCREASE OF SIGNIFICATION,

Requires an increasing swell of the voice on every succeeding particular, and a degree of animation corresponding with the nature of the subject.

EXAMPLES.

1. After we have practised good actions a while, they become easy ; and when they are easy, we begin to take pleasure in them ; and when they please us, we do them frequently ; and, by frequency of acts, a thing grows into a habit ; and a confirmed habit is a second kind of nature ; and, so far as any thing is natural, so far it is necessary, and we can hardly do otherwise ; nay, we do it many times when we do not think of it.

2. 'Tis listening fear and dumb amazement all,
When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud ;
And following slower in explosion vast,
The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
At first heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempest growls ; but, as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds ; till over-head a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide ; then shuts
And opens wider ; shuts and opens still,
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze :
Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling ; peal on peal
Crushed horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

 ACCENT.

RULE.—*Emphasis requires a transposition of accent, when two words which have a sameness in part of their formation, are opposed to each other in sense.*

EXAMPLES.

1. What is *done'*, cannot be *un'done*.*
2. There is a material difference between *giv'ing* and *for'-giving*.
3. Thought and language *act'* and *re'act* upon each other.
4. He who is good before *in'visible* witnesses, is eminently so before the *vis'ible*.
5. What fellowship hath *right'eousness* with *un'righteousness*? and what communion hath light with darkness?
6. The riches of the prince must *in'crease* or *de'crease* in proportion to the number and riches of his subjects.
7. *Relig'ion* raises men above themselves; *ir'religion* sinks them beneath the brutes.
8. I shall always make reason, truth, and nature, the measures of *praise'* and *dis'praise*.
9. Whatever *conve'nience* may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the *in'convenience* of it is perpetual.
10. The sense of an author being the first object of reading, it will be necessary to inquire into those *divisi'ons* and *sub'-divisions* of a sentence, which are employed to fix and ascertain its meaning.
11. This *corrup'tible* must put on *in'corruption*, and this *mor'tal* must put on *im'mortality*.
12. For a full collection of topics and epithets to be used in the *praise'* and *dis'praise* of *ministe'rial* and *un'ministerial* persons, I refer to our rhetorical cabinet.
13. In the *sui'l'ableness* or *un'suitableness*, in the *propor'tion*

* The signs (' and ') besides denoting the inflections, mark also the accented syllables.

Whatever inflection be adopted, the accented syllable is always louder than the rest; but if the accent be pronounced with the rising inflection, the accented syllable is higher than the preceding, and lower than the succeeding syllable; and if the accent have the falling inflection, the accented syllable is pronounced higher than any other syllable, either preceding or succeeding.

or *dis'*proportion which the affection seems to bear to the cause or object which excites it, consists the propri'ety or *im'*propriety, the decency or ungracefulness of the consequent action.

14. He that compares what he has *done'* with what he has left *un'*done, will feel the effect which must always follow the comparison of imagination with reality.

Note 1.—This transposition of the accent extends itself to all words which have a sameness of termination, though they may not be directly opposite in sense.

EXAMPLES.

1. In this species of composition, *plau'*sibility is much more essential than *prob'*ability.

2. Lucius Catiline was expert in all the arts of *sim'*ulation and *dis'*simulation ; covetous of what belonged to others, lavish of his own.

Note 2.—When the accent is on the last syllable of a word which has no emphasis, it must be pronounced louder and a degree lower than the rest.

EXAMPLE.

Sooner or later virtue must meet with a *reward'*.

EMPHASIS

Is that stress we lay on words which are in contradistinction to other words expressed or understood. And hence will follow this general rule ; *Wherever there is contradistinction in the sense of the words, there ought to be emphasis in the pronunciation of them.*

All words are pronounced either with emphatic force, accented force, or unaccented force ; this last kind of force may be called by the name of feebleness. When the words are in contradistinction to other words, or to some sense implied, they may be called *emphatic* ; where they do not denote contradistinction, and yet are more important than the particles, they may be called *accented*, and the particles and lesser words may be called *unaccented* or *feeble*.

EXAMPLES.

1. *Exercise* and *temperance* strengthen the constitution.

2. *Exercise* and *temperance* strengthen even an **INDIFFERENT** constitution.

The word printed in Roman capitals is pronounced with *emphatic* force ; those in small italics are pronounced with *accented* force ; the rest with *unaccented* force.

Emphasis always implies antithesis : when this antithesis is agreeable to the sense of the author, the emphasis is proper ; but where there is no antithesis in the thought, there ought to be none on the words ; because, whenever an emphasis is placed upon an improper word, it will suggest an antithesis, which either does not exist, or is not agreeable to the sense and intention of the writer.

The best method to find the emphasis in these sentences, is to take the word we suppose to be emphatical, and try if it will admit of these words being supplied which an emphasis on it would suggest : if, when these words are supplied, we find them not only agreeable to the meaning of the writer, but an improvement of his meaning, we may pronounce the word emphatical ; but if these words we supply are not agreeable to the meaning of the words expressed, or else give them an affected and fanciful meaning, we ought by no means to lay the emphasis upon them.

EXAMPLE.

3. A man of a polite imagination is led into a great many pleasures that the vulgar are not capable of receiving ; he can converse with a *picture*, and find an agreeable companion in a statue.

In this sentence an emphasis on the word *picture* is not only an advantage to the thought, but is in some measure necessary to it : for it hints to the mind, that a polite imagination does not only find pleasure in conversing with those objects which give pleasure to all, but with those which give pleasure to such only as can converse with them.

All emphasis has an antithesis either expressed or understood : if the emphasis excludes the antithesis, the emphatic word has the falling inflection ; if the emphasis does not exclude the antithesis, the emphatic word has the rising inflection. The distinction between the two emphatic inflections is this : The falling inflection affirms something in the emphasis, and denies what is opposed to it in the antithesis, while the emphasis with the rising inflection affirms something in the emphasis without denying what is opposed to it in the antithesis : the former, therefore, from its affirming and denying absolutely, may be called the strong emphasis ; and the latter, from its affirming only, and not denying, may be called the weak emphasis.—We have an instance of the strong emphasis and falling inflection on the words *despite* and *fear*, in the following sentence, where Richard the Third rejects the proposal of the Duke of Norfolk to pardon the rebels.

4. Why that, indeed, was our sixth Harry's way,
Which made his reign one scene of rude commotion :
I'll be in men's *despite* a monarch ; no,
Let kings that *fear* forgive ; blows and revenge
For me.

The paraphrase of these words, when thus emphatical, would be, *I'll be, not in men's favour, but in their despite, a monarch—and let not me who am fearless, but kings that fear, forgive.*—The weak emphasis,

with the rising inflection, takes place on the word *man* in the following example from the FAIR PENITENT, where Horatio, taxing Lothario with forgery, says,

5. 'Twas base and poor, unworthy of a *man*',
To forge a scroll so villanous and loose,
And mark it with a noble lady's name.

If this emphasis were paraphrased, it would run thus: '*Twas base and poor, unworthy of a man, though not unworthy of a brute.*'

The first of the following examples is an instance of the single emphasis implied; the second, of the single emphasis expressed; the third, of the double emphasis; and the fourth, of the treble emphasis.*

1. Exercise and temperance strengthen even an *indifferent* constitution.

2. You were paid to *fight* against Alexander, and not to *rail* at him.

3. The pleasures of the imagination are not so *gross* as those of *sense*, nor so *refined* as those of the *understanding*.

4. *He* raised a *mortal* to the *skies*,
She drew an *angel* down.

SINGLE EMPHASIS.†

RULE.—When a sentence is composed of a positive and negative part, the positive must have the falling, and the negative the rising inflection.‡

EXAMPLES.

1. We can do nothing *against* the truth, but *for* the truth.

2. None more impatiently *suffer* injuries, than they who are most forward in *doing* them.

3. You were paid to *fight* against Alexander, and not to *rail* at him.

4. Hunting (and *men*, not *beasts*), shall be his game.

* In these examples of emphasis the emphatic word alone is printed in *italics*; the marks above them denote the inflections.

† When two emphatic words in antithesis with each other are either expressed or implied, the emphasis is said to be single.

‡ To this rule, however, there are some exceptions, not only in poetry, but also in prose.

5. Cæsar, who would not wait the conclusion of the consul's speech, generously replied, that he came into Italy not to *injure* the liberties of Rome and its citizens, but to *restore* them.

6. If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous ; and he is the propitiation for our sins ; and not for *ours*' only, but also for the sins of the whole *world*'.

7. Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed on us, that we should be called the sons of God ! therefore the world knoweth *us*' not, because it knew *him*' not.

8. It is not the business of virtue to *extirpate*' the affections of the mind, but to *regulate*' them :

9. It may moderate and *restrain*' , but was not designed to *banish*' gladness from the heart of man.

10. Those governments which *curb*' not evils, *cause*' !
And a rich knave's a libel on our laws.*

11. For if you pronounce, that, as my public conduct hath not been right, Ctesiphon must stand condemned, it must be thought that *yourselves*' have acted wrong, not that you owe your present state to the caprice of *fortune*'. But it cannot be. No, my countrymen ! it cannot be you have acted wrong, in encountering danger bravely, for the liberty and safety of *Greece*'. No ! by those generous souls of ancient times, who were exposed at *Marathon*' ! by those who stood arrayed at *Platæa*' ! by those who encountered the Persian fleet at *Salamis*' ! who fought at *Artemisium*' ! By all those illustrious sons of Athens, whose remains lie deposited in the public *monuments*' ! All of whom received the same honourable interment from their country : Not those only who *prevailed*' , not those only who were *victorious*'. And with reason. What was the part of gallant men they all performed ; their success was such as the Supreme Director of the world dispensed to each.

Note.—When two objects are compared, the comparative word has the strong emphasis and falling inflection, and the word compared has the weak emphasis and rising inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. It is a custom
More honoured in the *breach*' than the *observance*'.
2. I would *die*' sooner than mention it.

* This is the case when it is the intention of the speaker to declare with emphasis, the priority or preferableness of one thing to another.

DOUBLE EMPHASIS.*

RULE.—*The falling inflection takes place on the first emphatic word, the rising on the second and third, and the falling on the fourth.*†

EXAMPLES.

1. To *err'* is *human'* ; to *forgive'* *divine'*.
2. Custom is the *plague'* of *wise'* men, and the *idol'* of *fools'*.
3. The *prodigal'* robs his *heir'*, the *miser'* robs *himself'*.
4. *We'* are *weak'*, and *ye'* are *strong'*.
5. *Without'* were *fightings'*, *within'* were *fears'*.
6. *Business'* sweetens *pleasure'*, as *labour'* sweetens *rest'*.
7. *Prosperity'* *gains'* friends, and *adversity'* *tries'* them.
8. The *wise'* man considers what he *wants'*, and the *fool'* what he *abounds'* in.
9. *One'* sun by *day'*—by *night'* *ten thousand'* shine.
10. Justice appropriates *honours'* to *virtue'*, and *rewards'* to *merit'*.
11. *Justice'* seems most agreeable to the nature of *God'*, and *mercy'* to that of *man'*.
12. It is as great a point of wisdom to *hide'* *ignorance'*, as to *discover'* *knowledge'*.
13. As it is the part of *justice'* never to do *violence'*, it is of *modesty'* never to commit *offence'*.
14. If men of eminence are exposed to *censure'* on *one'* hand, they are as much liable to *flattery'* on the *other'*.
15. The *wise'* man is happy when he gains his *own'* approbation, and the *fool'* when he recommends himself to the applause of those *about'* him.
16. We make provision for *this'* life as though it were never to have an *end'*, and for the *other'* life as though it were never to have a *beginning'*.
17. Alfred seemed born not only to *defend'* his bleeding country', but even to *adorn'* *humanity'*:
18. His care was to *polish'* the country by *arts'*, as he had *protected'* it by *arms'*.

* When two words are opposed to each other, and contrasted with two other words, the emphasis on these four words may be called double.

† The pause after the second emphatic word must be considerably longer than that after the first or third.

19. Yielding to *immoral*' pleasure *corrupts*' the mind, living to animal and *trifling*' ones *debases*' it.

20. Grief is the counter passion of joy. The *one*' arises from *agreeable*', and the *other*' from *disagreeable* events,—the *one*' from *pleasure*', and the *other*' from *pain*',—the *one*' from *good*', and the *other*' from *evil*'.

21. *Fools*' anger *show*', which *politicians*' *hide*'.

22. The foulest stain and scandal of our nature
Became its boast. *One*' murder makes a *villain*',
Millions' a *Hero*'. *War*' its *thousands*' slays,
Peace' its *ten*' thousands.

23. ————— In arms opposed,
Marlborough and Alexander vie for fame
With glorious competition ; equal both
In valour and in fortune : but their praise
Be different, for with different views they fought ;
This' to *subdue*', and *that*' to *free*' mankind.*

TREBLE EMPHASIS.†

RULE.—*The rising inflection takes place on the first and third, and the falling on the second of the first three emphatical words ; the first and third of the other three have the falling, and the second has the rising inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. A *friend*' cannot be *known*' in *prosperity*' ; and an *enemy*' cannot be *hidden*' in *adversity*'.

2. Flowers of rhetoric in sermons or serious discourses are like the blue and red flowers in corn, *pleasing*' to *those*' who come only for *amusement*', but *prejudicial*' to *him*' who would reap the *profit*'.

3. Man is a creature designed for two different states of being, or, rather, for two different lives. The *first*' life is *short*' and *transient*' ; his *second*', *permanent*' and *lasting*'.

4. The difference between a madman and a fool is, that the *former*' reasons *justly*', from *false*' data ; and the *latter*' *erroneously*', from *just*' data.

* Though some of the examples under the head of emphasis are not *strictly* emphatical, yet the words marked as such will show how similarly constructed sentences may be read.

† When three emphatic words are opposed to three other emphatic words in the same sentence, the emphasis is called treble.

5. *He'* raised a mortal' to the skies',
She' drew an angel' down'.

6. *Passions'* are winds' to urge us o'er the wave',
Reason' the rudder', to direct and save' ;

7. *This'* without *those'* obtains a vain' employ,
Those' without *this'*, but urge us to destroy'.

8. The generous buoyant spirit is a power
 Which in the virtuous mind doth all things conquer.
It bears' the hero' on to arduous' deeds :
It lifts' the saint' to heaven'.

Note.—In the following examples the treble emphasis, though not expressed, is evidently implied.

EXAMPLES.

1. To reign is worth ambition, though in hell ;
 Better to *reign'* in *hell'* than *serve'* in *heaven'*.

2. I would rather be the *first'* man in that *village'* than the *second'* in *Rome'*.

THE ANTECEDENT.

RULE I.—*Personal or adjective pronouns, when antecedents, must be pronounced with accentual force, to intimate that the relative is in view, and in some measure to anticipate the pronunciation of it.*

EXAMPLES.

1. *He*, that pursues fame with just claims, trusts his happiness to the winds ; but *he*, that endeavours after it by false merit, has to fear, not only the violence of the storm, but the leaks of his vessel.

2. The weakest reasoners are always the most positive in debate ; and the cause is obvious ; for *they* are unavoidably driven to maintain their pretensions by violence, who want arguments and reasons to prove that they are in the right.

3. A man will have his servant just, diligent, sober, and chaste, for no other reason but the terror of losing his master's favour, when all the laws divine and human cannot keep *him* whom he serves within bounds, with relation to any one of these virtues.

4. And greater sure *my* merit, who, to gain
 A point sublime, could such a task sustain.

RULE II.—*When the relative only is expressed, the antecedent being understood, the accentual force then falls upon the relative.*

EXAMPLES.

1. *What* nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy,
Is virtue's prize.

2. *Who* noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.

GENERAL EMPHASIS

Is that emphatic force, which, when the composition is very animated, and approaches to a close, we often lay upon several words in succession. This emphasis is not so much regulated by the sense of the author, as by the taste and feelings of the reader, and therefore does not admit of any certain rule.

EXAMPLES.

1. ————— What men could do
Is done already: heaven and earth will witness,
If' Rome' must' fall', that we are innocent.

2. There was a time, then, my fellow-citizens, when the Lacedæmonians were sovereign masters both by sea and land; when their troops and forts surrounded the entire circuit of Attica; when they possessed Eubœa, Tanagra, the whole Bœotian district, Megara, Ægina, Cleone, and the other islands, while this state had not one ship, *not' one' wall'*.

In these examples, if the words marked as emphatic are pronounced with the proper inflections, and with a distinct pause after each, it is inconceivable the force that will be given to these few words.—This general emphasis, it may be observed, has identity for its object, the antithesis to which is appearance, similitude, or the least possible diversity.

THE INTERMEDIATE OR ELLIPTICAL MEMBER

Is that part of a sentence which is equally related to both parts of an antithesis but which is properly only once expressed.

EXAMPLES.

1. Must we, in your person, *crown'* the author of the public calamities, or must we *destroy'* him?

2. A good man will love himself too well to *lose'* an estate by gaming, and his neighbour too well to *win'* one.

In the above examples, the elliptical members, "*the author of the public calamities*" and "*an estate by gaming*,"—are pronounced with the rising inflection, but with a higher and feebler tone of voice than the antithetic words *crown* and *lose*.*

In the two following examples, the elliptical members, which are immediately after the last two antithetic words *win* and *brain*, are pronounced with the falling inflection, but in a lower tone of voice than these words.

EXAMPLES.

3. A good man will love himself too well to *lose'*, and his neighbour too well to *win'*, an estate by gaming.

4. It would be in vain to inquire, whether the power of imagining things strongly proceeds from any greater perfection in the *soul'*, or from any nicer texture in the *brain'* of one man than of another.

When the intermediate member contains an emphatical word, or extends to any length, it will be necessary to consider it as an essential member of the sentence, and to pronounce it with emphasis and variety.

EXAMPLE.

5. A man would not only be an *unhappy'*, but a *rude unfinished'* creature, were he conversant with none but those of his own make.

EXERCISES ON EMPHASIS.

1. In their prosperity, my friends shall never hear of me; in their adversity, always.

2. There is no possibility of speaking properly the language of any passion, without feeling it.

3. A book that is to be read, requires one sort of style; a man that is to speak, must use another.

4. A sentiment, which, expressed diffusely, will barely be admitted to be just; expressed concisely, will be admired as spirited.

5. Whatever may have been the origin of pastoral poetry, it is undoubtedly a natural, and very agreeable form of poetical composition.

6. A stream that runs within its banks is a beautiful object; but when

* When the elliptical member contains no emphatical word it must be pronounced in a monotone.

it rushes down with the impetuosity and noise of a torrent, it presently becomes a sublime one.

7. Though rules and instructions cannot do all that is requisite, they may, however, do much that is of real use. They cannot, it is true, inspire genius ; but they can direct and assist it. They cannot remedy barrenness ; but they can correct redundancy.

8. A French sermon is, for the most part, a warm animated exhortation ; an English one, is a piece of cool instructive reasoning. The French preachers address themselves chiefly to the imagination and the passions ; the English, almost solely to the understanding.

9. No person can imagine that to be a frivolous and contemptible art, which has been employed by writers under divine inspiration, and has been chosen as a proper channel for conveying to the world the knowledge of divine truth.

10. The tastes of men may differ very considerably as to their object, and yet none of them be wrong. One man relishes poetry most ; another takes pleasure in nothing but history. One prefers comedy ; another, tragedy. One admires the simple ; another, the ornamented style. The young are amused with gay and sprightly compositions ; the elderly are more entertained with those of a graver cast. Some nations delight in bold pictures of manners, and strong representations of passions ; others incline to more correct and regular elegance both in description and sentiment. Though all differ, yet all pitch upon some one beauty which peculiarly suits their turn of mind ; and, therefore, no one has a title to condemn the rest.

11. Pleads he in earnest ? Look upon his face :
His eyes do drop no tears ; his prayers are jest ;
His words come from his mouth ; ours, from our breast ;
He prays but faintly, and would be denied ;
We pray with heart and soul.

12. Two principles in human nature reign ;
Self-love to urge, and reason to restrain ;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call ;
Each works its end, to move or govern all.

13. See the sole bliss Heaven could on all bestow !
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know :
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss ; the good untaught will find.

14. In this our day of proof, our land of hope,
The good man has his clouds that intervene ;
Clouds that may dim his sublunary day,
But cannot darken : even the best must own,
Patience and resignation are the pillars
Of human peace on earth.

15. Some dream that they can silence when they will
The storm of passion, and say, *Peace, be still ;*
But ‘ *Thus far, and no farther,* ’ when addressed
To the wild wave, or wilder human breast,
Implies authority, that never can,
And never ought to be the lot of man.

16. While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
 With all the travail of uncertain thought.
 His partner's acts, without their cause appear :
 'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here.
 Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
 Lost and confounded with the various shows.
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RHETORICAL PAUSES.

RULE I.—*Pause after the nominative when it consists of more than one word.**

EXAMPLES.

1. The fashion of this world *passeth* away.
2. To practise virtue *is* the sure way to love it.
3. The pleasures and honours of the world to come *are*, in the strictest sense of the word, everlasting.

Note 1.—A pause may be made after a nominative, even when it consists of only one word, if it be a word of importance, or if we wish it to be particularly observed.

EXAMPLES.

1. Adversity *is* the school of piety.
2. The fool *hath* said in his heart there is no God.

Note 2.—When a sentence consists of a nominative and a verb, each expressed in a single word, no pause is necessary.

EXAMPLES.

1. George learns.—2. The boys read.—3. The tree grows.—4. He comes.
-

RULE II.—*When any member comes between the nominative case and the verb, it must be separated from both of them by a short pause.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Trials *in* this state of being *are* the lot of man.
 2. Such is the constitution of men, that virtue *however* it may be neglected for a time *will* ultimately be acknowledged and respected.
-

* The place of the pause is immediately before each of the words printed in *italics*.

RULE III.—*When any member comes between the verb and the objective or accusative case, it must be separated from both of them by a short pause.*

EXAMPLE.

I knew a person who possessed the faculty of distinguishing flavours in so great a perfection, that, after having tasted ten different kinds of tea, he would distinguish *without* seeing the colour of it *the* particular sort which was offered him.

RULE IV.—*When two verbs come together, and the latter is in the infinitive mood, if any words come between, they must be separated from the latter verb by a pause.*

EXAMPLE.

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind *to* suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them ?

Note.—When the verb *to be* is followed by a verb in the infinitive mood, which may serve as a nominative case to it, and the phrases before and after the verb may be transposed, then the pause falls between the verbs.

EXAMPLE.

The greatest misery is *to be* condemned by our own hearts.

RULE V.—*When several substantives become the nominative to the same verb, a pause must be made between the last substantive and the verb, as well as after each of the other substantives.*

EXAMPLE.

Riches, pleasure, and health *become* evils to those who do not know how to use them.

RULE VI.—*If there are several adjectives belonging to one substantive, or several substantives belonging to one adjective, every adjective coming after its substantive, and every adjective coming before the substantive except the last, must be separated by a short pause.**

EXAMPLES.

1. It was a calculation *accurate* to the last degree.
2. A behaviour *active supple and polite*, is necessary to succeed in life.
3. The idea of an eternal *uncaused* Being, forces itself upon the reflecting mind.
4. Let but one brave *great active disinterested* man arise, and he will be received, followed, and venerated.

Note.—This rule applies also to sentences in which several adverbs belong to one verb, or several verbs to one adverb.

EXAMPLES.

1. To love *wisely rationally and prudently*, is, in the opinion of lovers, not to love at all.
2. *Wisely rationally and prudently* to love, is, in the opinion of lovers, not to love at all.

RULE VII.—*Whatever words are in the ablative absolute, must be separated from the rest by a short pause both before and after them.*

EXAMPLES.

1. If a man borrow aught of his neighbour, and it be hurt or die *the owner thereof not being with it* *he* shall surely make it good.
2. God, from the mount of Sinai, whose grey top
Shall tremble *he* descending *will* himself
In thunder, lightnings, and loud tempests' sound
Ordain them laws.

* No pause is admitted between the substantive and the adjective in the inverted order, when the adjective is single, or unaccompanied by adjuncts.—Thus, in this line,—

They guard with arms divine the British throne—

The adjective *divine* cannot be separated by a pause from the substantive *arms*.

RULE VIII.—*Nouns in opposition, or nouns in the same case, where the latter is only explanatory of the former, have a short pause between them, either if both these nouns consist of many terms, or the latter only.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Hope *the* balm of life, soothes us under every misfortune.
2. Solomon *the* son of David *and* the builder of the temple of Jerusalem, was the richest monarch that reigned over the Jewish people.

Note.—If the two nouns are single, no pause is admitted ; as, Paul the apostle ; King George ; the Emperor Alexander.

RULE IX.—*When two substantives come together, and the latter, which is in the genitive case, consists of several words closely united with each other, a pause is admissible between the two principal substantives.*

EXAMPLE.

I do not know whether I am singular in my opinion, but, for my own part, I would rather look upon a tree in all its luxuriance, and diffusion of boughs and branches, than when it is cut and trimmed into a mathematical figure.

RULE X.—*Who, which, when in the nominative case, and the pronoun that, when used for who or which, require a short pause before them.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Death is the season *which* brings our affections to the test.
2. Nothing is in vain *that* rouses the soul : nothing in vain *that* keeps the ethereal fire alive and glowing.
3. A man can never be obliged to submit to any power, unless he can be satisfied *who* is the person *who* has a right to exercise it.

Note.—There are several words usually called adverbs, which include in them the power of the relative pronoun, and will therefore admit of a pause before them ; such as, *when, why, wherefore, how, where, whether, whither, whence, while, till or until* : for *when* is equivalent to *the time at which* ; *why, or wherefore*, is equivalent to *the reason for which* ; and so of the rest. It must, however, be noted, that when a preposition comes before one of these relatives, the pause is before the preposition ; and

that, if any of these words is the last word of the sentence, or clause of a sentence, no pause is admitted before it: as, "I have read the book, of which I have heard so much commendation, but I know not the reason why. I have heard one of the books much commended, but I cannot tell which," &c.

It must likewise be observed, that, if the substantive which governs the relative, and makes it assume the genitive case, comes before it, no pause is to be placed either before *which*, or the preposition that governs it.

EXAMPLE.

The passage of the Jordan is a figure of baptism, by the grace of which the new-born Christian passes from the slavery of sin into a state of freedom peculiar to the chosen sons of God.

RULE XI.—*Pause before that, when it is used for a conjunction.*

EXAMPLE.

It is in society only *that* we can relish those pure delicious joys which embellish and gladden the life of man.

RULE XII.—*When a pause is necessary at prepositions and conjunctions, it must be before and not after them.*

EXAMPLES.

1. We must not conform to the world *in* their amusements and diversions.

2. There is an inseparable connexion *between* piety and virtue.

Note 1.—When a clause comes between the conjunction and the word to which it belongs, a pause may be made both before and after the conjunction.

EXAMPLE.

This let him know,
Lest, wilfully transgressing, he pretend
Surprisal.

Note 2.—When a preposition enters into the composition of a verb, the pause comes after it.

EXAMPLE.

People expect in a small essay, that a point of humour should be worked up *in* all its parts, and a subject touched upon *in* its most essential articles, without the repetitions, tautologies, and enlargements, that are indulged to longer labours.

RULE XIII.—*In an elliptical sentence, pause where the ellipsis takes place.*

EXAMPLES.

1. To our faith we should add virtue ; and to virtue *knowledge* ; and to knowledge *temperance* ; and to temperance *patience* ; and to patience *godliness* ; and to godliness *brotherly kindness* ; and to brotherly kindness *charity*.

2. The vain man takes praise for honour, the proud man ceremony for respect, the ambitious man power for glory.

RULE XIV.—*Words placed either in opposition to, or in apposition with each other, must be distinguished by a pause.*

EXAMPLES.

1. The pleasures of the imagination, taken in their full extent, are not so gross *as* those of sense, nor so refined *as* those of the understanding.

2. Some *place* the bliss in action, some *in* ease :
Those *call* it pleasure, and contentment *these*.

RULE XV.—*When prepositions are placed in opposition to each other, and all of them are intimately connected with another word, the pause after the second preposition must be shorter than that after the first, and the pause after the third shorter than that after the second.**

EXAMPLES.

1. Rank, distinction, pre-eminence, no man despises, unless he is either raised very much *above*, or sunk very much *below*, the ordinary standard of human nature.

2. Whenever words are contrasted *with*, contradistinguished *from*, or opposed *to*, other words, they are always emphatical.

As those classes of words, which admit of no separation, are very small and very few, if we do but take the opportunity of pausing where the sense will permit, we shall never be obliged to break in upon the sense

* In the examples annexed to *this* rule, the prepositions, as they are emphatic, are printed in *italics*, and the pause comes *after* them.

when we find ourselves under the necessity of pausing ; but if we overshoot ourselves by pronouncing more in a breath than is necessary, and neglecting those intervals where we may pause conveniently, we shall often find ourselves obliged to pause where the sense is not separable, and, consequently, to weaken and obscure the composition. This observation, for the sake of the memory, may be conveniently comprised in the following verses :

In pausing, ever let this rule take place,
 Never to separate words in any case
 That are less separable than those you join :
 And, which imports the same, not to combine
 Such words together, as do not relate
 So closely as the words you separate.

EXERCISES ON PAUSING.

1. The path of piety and virtue pursued with a firm and constant spirit will assuredly lead to happiness.
2. Deeds of mere valour how heroic soever may prove cold and tiresome.
3. Homer claims on every account our first attention as the father not only of epic poetry but in some measure of poetry itself.
4. War is attended with distressful and desolating effects. It is confessedly the scourge of our angry passions.
5. The warrior's fame is often purchased by the blood of thousands.
6. The erroneous opinions which we form concerning happiness and misery give rise to all the mistaken and dangerous passions that embroil our life.
7. Peace of mind being secured we may smile at misfortunes.
8. Idleness is the great fomentor of all corruptions in the human heart.
9. The best men often experience disappointments.
10. The conformity of the thought to truth and nature greatly recommends it.
11. Hatred and anger are the greatest poison to the happiness of a good mind.
12. A perfect happiness bliss without alloy is not to be found on this side the grave.
13. The true spirit of religion cheers as well as composes the soul.
14. Reflection is the guide which leads to truth.
15. The first science of man is the study of himself.
16. The spirit of light and grace is promised to assist them that ask it.

SELECT EXTRACTS FOR RECITATION.

1.—THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam.
The seasons' difference,—as, the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,—
This is no flattery;—these are counsellors,
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunts,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

SHAKSPEARE.

2.—THE SONG OF SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE.

WARRIORS and chiefs! should the shaft or the sword
Pierce me in leading the hosts of the Lord,
Heed not the corse, though a king's, in your path:
Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath!

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow,
Should the soldiers of Saul look away from the foe,
Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet!
Mine be the doom, which they dared not to meet.

Farewell to others, but never we part,
Heir to my royalty, son of my heart!
Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,
Or kingly the death, which awaits us to-day!

BYRON.

3.—THE JACKDAW.

THERE is a bird, who, by his coat,
And by the hoarseness of his note,
Might be supposed a crow;

A great frequenter of the church,
Where, bishoplike, he finds a perch,
And dormitory too.

Above the steeple shines a plate,
That turns and turns, to indicate
From what point blows the weather :
Look up—your brains begin to swim,
'Tis in the clouds—that pleases him,
He chooses it the rather.

Fond of the speculative height,
Thither he wings his airy flight,
And thence securely sees
The bustle and the rareeshow,
That occupy mankind below,
Secure and at his ease.

You think, no doubt, he sits and muses
On future broken bones and bruises,
If he should chance to fall.
No ; not a single thought like that
Employs his philosophic pate,
Or troubles it at all.

He sees, that this great roundabout,
The world, with all its motley rout,
Church, army, physic, law,
Its customs, and its bus'nesses,
Is no concern at all of his,
And says—what says he?—Caw.

Thrice happy bird ! I too have seen
Much of the vanities of men ;
And, sick of having seen 'em,
Would cheerfully these limbs resign
For such a pair of wings as thine,
And such a head between 'em.

COWPER.

4.—MARCELLUS'S SPEECH TO THE MOB.

WHEREFORE rejoice ? that Cæsar comes in triumph ?
What conquest brings he home ?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels ?

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things !
O, you hard hearts ! you cruel men of Rome !
Knew you not Pompey ? many a time and oft
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome :
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made a universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her concave shores ?
And do you now put on your best attire ?
And do you now cull out a holiday ?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood ?
Be gone !
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plagues
That needs must light on this ingratitude. SHAKSPEARE.

5.—THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral-note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell-shot,
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun,
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory.

WOLFE.

6.—THE CHAMELEON.

OFT has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark,
With eyes that hardly served at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post ;
Yet round the world the blade has been
To see whatever could be seen,
Returning from his finished tour,
Grown ten times pertier than before,
Whatever word you chanced to drop,
The travelled fool your mouth will stop,
“ Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
“ I've seen—and sure I ought to know”—
So begs you'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they past,
And on their way in friendly chat,
Now talked of this, and then of that,
Discoursed a while, 'mongst other matter,
Of the Chameleon's form and nature.

“ A stranger animal,” cries one,

“ Sure never lived beneath the sun :

" A lizard's body lean and long,
" A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
" Its foot with triple claw disjoined;
" And what a length of tail behind!
" How slow its pace! and then its hue——
" Who ever saw so fine a blue!"

" Hold there!" the other quick replies,
" 'Tis green—I saw it with these eyes,
" As late with open mouth it lay,
" And warmed it in the sunny ray;
" Stretched at its ease the beast I viewed,
" And saw it eat the air for food."

" I've seen it, sir, as well as you,
" And must again affirm it blue.
" At leisure I the beast surveyed,
" Extended in the cooling shade."

" 'Tis green, 'tis green, sir, I assure ye"—
" Green!" cries the other in a fury—
" Why, sir,—d'ye think I've lost my eyes?"
" 'Twere no great loss," the friend replies;
" For, if they always serve you thus,
" You'll find 'em but of little use."

So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows:
When luckily came by a third——
To him the question they referred;
And begged he'd tell 'em, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.

" Sirs," cries the umpire, " cease your pother,
" The creature's neither one nor t'other,
" I caught the animal last night,
" And viewed it o'er by candlelight:
" I marked it well—'twas black as jet——
" You stare—but, sirs, I've got it yet,
" And can produce it."—" Pray, sir, do:
" I'll lay my life the thing is blue."
" And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen
" The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."
" Well then, at once to end the doubt,"
Replies the man, " I'll turn him out:
" And when before your eyes I've set him,
" If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."

He said; then full before their sight
Produced the beast, and lo!—'twas white.

MERRICK.

7.—RODERICK DHU'S VINDICATION OF THE PREDATORY HABITS
OF HIS CLAN.

SAXON, from yonder mountain high,
I marked thee send delighted eye,
Far to the south and east, where lay,
Extended in succession gay,
Deep waving fields and pastures green,
With gentle slopes and groves between:—
These fertile plains, that softened vale,
Were once the birthright of the Gael;
The stranger came with iron hand,
And from our fathers reft the land.
Where dwell we now! see, rudely swell
Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.
Ask we this savage hill we tread
For fattened steer or household bread;
Ask we for food these shingles dry,
And well the mountain might reply,—
"To you, as to your sires of yore,
"Belong the target and claymore!
"I give you shelter in my breast,
"Your own good blades must win the rest.--
"Pent in this fortress of the north,
"Thinkst thou we will not sally forth,
"To spoil the spoiler as we may,
"And from the robber rend the prey?
"Ay, by my soul!—While on yon plain
"The Saxon rears one shock of grain;
"While, of ten thousand herds, there strays
"But one along yon river's maze,—
"The Gael, of plain and river heir,
"Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share."

SCOTT.

8.—THE STREET MUSICIAN.

AN Orpheus! an Orpheus!—he works on the crowd,
He sways them with harmony merry and loud;
He fills with his power all their hearts to the brim—
Was aught ever heard like his fiddle and him?

What an eager assembly! what an empire is this!
The weary have life, and the hungry have bliss;
The mourner is cheered, and the anxious have rest;
And the guilt-burthened soul is no longer oppress.

That errand-bound 'prentice was passing in haste—
What matter! he's caught—and his time runs to waste—
The newsman is stopped, though he stops on the fret,
And the half-breathless lamplighter—he's in the net!

The porter sits down on the weight which he bore;
The lass with her barrow wheels hither her store;—
If a thief could be here, he might pilfer at ease;
She sees the musician, 'tis all that she sees!

That tall man, a giant in bulk and in height,
Not an inch of his body is free from delight;
Can he keep himself still, if he would? oh, not he!
The music stirs in him like wind through a tree.

Mark that cripple,—but little would tempt him to try
To dance to the strain and to fling his crutch by!—
That mother, whose spirit in fetters is bound,
While she dandles the babe in her arms to the sound.

Now, coaches and chariots roar on like a stream;
Here are twenty souls happy as souls in a dream:
They are deaf to your murmurs—they care not for you,
Nor what ye are flying, nor what ye pursue!

WORDSWORTH.

9.—THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen :
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he past ;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still !

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride :
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail ;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

BYRON.

10.—AN EPISTLE TO JOSEPH HILL.

DEAR Joseph—five and twenty years ago—
Alas how time escapes !—'tis even so—
With frequent intercourse, and always sweet,
And always friendly, we were wont to cheat
A tedious hour—and now we never meet !
As some grave gentleman in Terence says
('Twas therefore much the same in ancient days),
Good lack, we know not what to-morrow brings—
Strange fluctuation of all human things !
True. Changes will befall, and friends may part,
But distance only cannot change the heart :
And, were I called to prove the assertion true,
One proof should serve—a reference to you.

Whence comes it, then, that in the wane of life,
Though nothing have occurred to kindle strife,

We find the friends we fancied we had won,
Though numerous once, reduced to few or none?
Can gold grow worthless, that has stood the touch?
No; gold they seemed, but they were never such.

Horatio's servant once, with bow and cringe,
Swinging the parlour-door upon its hinge,
Dreading a negative, and overawed
Lest he should trespass, begged to go abroad.
Go, fellow!—whither?—turning short about—
Nay. Stay at home—you're always going out.
'Tis but a step, sir, just at the street's end.—
For what?—An please you, sir, to see a friend.—
A friend! Horatio cried, and seemed to start—
Yea marry shalt thou, and with all my heart.—
And fetch my cloak; for, though the night be raw,
I'll see him too—the first I ever saw.

I knew the man, and knew his nature mild,
And was his plaything often when a child;
But somewhat at that moment pinched him close,
Else he was seldom bitter or morose.
Perhaps his confidence just then betrayed,
His grief might prompt him with the speech he made;
Perhaps 'twas mere good humour gave it birth,
The harmless play of pleasantry and mirth.
Howe'er it was, his language, in my mind,
Bespoke at least a man that knew mankind.

But not to moralize too much, and strain
To prove an evil, of which all complain
(I hate long arguments verbosely spun),
One story more, dear Hill, and I have done.
Once on a time an emperor, a wise man,
No matter where, in China or Japan,
Decreed that whosoever should offend
Against the well-known duties of a friend,
Convicted once should ever after wear
But half a coat, and show his bosom bare.
The punishment importing this, no doubt,
That all was naught within, and all found out.

O happy Britain! we have not to fear
Such hard and arbitrary measure here;
Else, could a law, like that which I relate,
Once have the sanction of our triple state,

Some few, that I have known in days of old,
Would run most dreadful risk of catching cold;
While you, my friend, whatever wind should blow,
Might traverse England safely to and fro,
An honest man, close-buttoned to the chin,
Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within.

COWPER.

11.—SCENE AFTER THE SIEGE OF CORINTH.

ALP wandered on, along the beach,
Till within the range of a carbine's reach
Of the leaguered wall; but they saw him not,
Or how could he 'scape from the hostile shot?
Did traitors lurk in the Christians' hold?
Were their hands grown stiff, or their hearts waxed cold?
I know not, in sooth; but from yonder wall
There flashed no fire, and there hissed no ball,
Though he stood beneath the bastion's frown,
That flanked the seaward gate of the town;
Though he heard the sound and could almost tell
The sullen words of the sentinel,
As his measured step on the stone below
Clanked, as he paced it to and fro;
And he saw the lean dogs beneath the wall
Hold o'er the dead their carnival,
Gorging and growling o'er carcass and limb;
They were too busy to bark at him!
From a Tartar's skull they had stripped the flesh,
As ye peel the fig when its fruit is fresh;
And their white tusks crunched o'er the whiter skull,
As it slipped through their jaws when their edge grew dull,
As they lazily mumbled the bones of the dead,
When they scarce could rise from the spot where they fed;
So well had they broken a lingering fast
With those who had fallen for that night's repast.
And Alp knew, by the turbans that rolled on the sand,
The foremost of these were the best of his band.
The scalps were in the wild dog's maw,
The hair was tangled round his jaw.
But close by the shore, on the edge of the gulf,
There sat a vulture flapping a wolf,

That had stolen from the hills, but kept away,
Scared by the dogs, from the human prey ;
But he seized on his share of a steed that lay,
Picked by the birds on the sands of the bay !

Alp turned him from the sickening sight :
Never had shaken his nerves in fight ;
But he better could brook to behold the dying,
Deep in the tide of their warm blood lying,
Scorched with the death-thirst, and writhing in vain,
Than the perishing dead who are past all pain.
There is something of pride in the perilous hour,
Whate'er be the shape in which death may lower ;
For Fame is there to say who bleeds,
And Honour's eye on daring deeds !
But when all is past, it is humbling to tread
O'er the weltering field of the tombless dead,
And see worms of the earth, and fowls of the air,
Beasts of the forest, all gathering there ;
All regarding man as their prey,
All rejoicing in his decay !

BYRON.

12.—NAVAL ODE.

YE Mariners of England !
Who guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze,
Your glorious standard launch again,
To match another foe,
And sweep through the deep
While the stormy tempests blow ;
While the battle rages long and loud,
And the stormy tempests blow.
The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave !
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave ;
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow ;

While the battle rages long and loud,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep:
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow;
When the battle rages long and loud,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor-flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

CAMPBELL.

13.—THE TOWN AND COUNTRY MOUSE.

ONCE on a time, (so runs the fable,)
A country mouse, right hospitable,
Received a town mouse at his board,
Just as farmer might a lord:
A frugal mouse, upon the whole,
Yet loved his friend, and had a soul,
Knew what was handsome, and would do 't
On just occasion, "*coute qui coute*."
He brought him bacon, nothing lean,
Pudding that might have pleased a dean;
Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
But wished it Stilton for his sake;
Yet to his guest though no way sparing,
He ate himself the rind and paring.

Our courtier scarce could touch a bit,
 But showed his breeding and his wit;
 He did his best to seem to eat,
 And cried, "I vow you're mighty neat :
 " But then, my friend, this savage scene !
 " For Heaven's sake, come, live with men.
 " Consider, mice, like men, must die,
 " Both small and great, both you and I :
 " Then spend your life in joy and sport.—
 " This doctrine, friend, I learned at court."
 The veriest hermit in the nation,
 May yield, Heaven knows, to strong temptation.

Away they come, through thick and thin,
 To a tall house near Lincoln's Inn :
 'Twas on the night of a debate,
 When all their lordships had sat late.

Behold the place, where, if a poet
 Shined in description, he might show it ;
 Tell how the moonbeam trembling falls,
 And tips with silver all the walls ;
 Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
 Grotesco roofs, and stucco floors :
 But let it, in a word, be said,
 The moon was up, and men a-bed ;
 The guests withdrawn, had left the treat,
 And down the mice sat, *tête-à-tête*.

Our courtier walks from dish to dish ;
 Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish ;
 Tells all their names, lays down the law,
 " *Que ça est bon ! ah ! goutez ça.*
 " That jelly's rich, this malmsey's healing ;
 " Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in."
 Was ever such a happy swain ?
 He stuffs, and swills, and stuffs again.
 " I'm quite ashamed—'tis mighty rude
 " To eat so much—but all 's so good !
 " I have a thousand thanks to give—
 " My lord alone knows how to live."
 No sooner said, but from the hall
 Rush chaplain, butler, dogs, and all :
 " A rat ! a rat ! clap to the door."—
 The cat came bouncing on the floor !

Oh! for the heart of Homer's mice,
Or gods to save them in a trice!
(It was by Providence, they think,
For your vile stucco has no chink.)
"An't please your honour," quoth the peasant,
"This same dessert is not so pleasant:
"Give me again my hollow tree,
"A crust of bread, and liberty."

POPE.

14.—LOVE OF COUNTRY.

BREATHES there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel-raptures swell:
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as to me of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams are left;
And thus I love thee better still
Even in extremity of ill.

SCOTT.

15.—ODE TO ELOQUENCE.

HEARD ye those loud contending waves
 That shook Cecropia's pillared state?
 Saw ye the mighty from their graves
 Look up, and tremble at her fate?

Who shall calm the angry storm?
 Who the mighty task perform;
 And bid the raging tumult cease?
 See the son of Hermes rise,
 With syren tongue and speaking eyes,
 Hush the noise, and soothe to peace.

See the olive branches waving
 O'er Illissus' winding stream,
 Their lovely limbs the Naiads laving,
 The Muses smiling by, supreme!

See the nymphs and swains advancing,
 To harmonious measures dancing:
 Grateful Io Pæans rise
 To thee, O Power! who canst inspire
 Soothing words—or words of fire,
 And shookst thy plumes in Attic skies!

Lo! from the regions of the north
 The reddening storm of battle pours,
 Rolls along the trembling earth,
 Fastens on the Olynthian towers.

"Where rests the sword? where sleep the brave?
 "Awake! Cecropia's ally save
 "From the fury of the blast;
 "Burst the storm on Phocis' walls!
 "Rise! or Greece for ever falls,
 "Up, or Freedom breathes her last!"

The jarring states, obsequious now,
 View the Patriot's hand on high;
 Thunder gathering on his brow,
 Lightning flashing from his eye.

Borne by the tide of words along,
 One voice, one mind, inspire the throng!—

"To arms! to arms! to arms!" they cry,—
"Grasp the shield, and draw the sword,
Lead us to Philippi's lord,
Let us conquer him, or die!"

Ah, Eloquence! thou wast undone,
Wast from thy native country driven,
When tyranny eclipsed the sun,
And blotted out the stars of heaven!

When Liberty from Greece withdrew,
And o'er the Adriatic flew
To where the Tiber pours his urn—
She struck the rude Tarpeian rock,
Sparks were kindled by the stroke—
Again thy fires began to burn!

Now shining forth, thou madest compliant
The conscript fathers to thy charms,
Roused the world-bestriding giant,
Sinking fast in slavery's arms!

I see thee stand by Freedom's fane,
Pouring the persuasive strain,
Giving vast conceptions birth:
Hark! I hear thy thunders sound,
Shake the forum round and round,
Shake the pillars of the earth!

First-born of Liberty divine!
Put on Religion's bright array,
Speak! and the starless grave shall shine
The portal of eternal day.

Rise, kindling with the orient beam,
Let Calvary's hill inspire the theme,
Unfold the garments roll'd in blood!
Oh, touch the heart, touch all its chords
With all the omnipotence of words,
And point the way to heaven—to God!

CAREY.

16.—LOCHINVAR.

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the West,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best ;
And save his good broad-sword he weapon had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none ;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late :
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all :
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
" O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
" Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ?"—

" I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied ;—
" Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
" And now am I come with this lost love of mine,
" To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
" There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
" That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."—

The bride kissed the goblet ; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
" Now tread we a measure !" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume ;
And the bridemaids whispered, " 'Twere better by far
" To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
 When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near;
 So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
 "She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
 "They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode, and they ran;
 There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

SIR W. SCOTT.

17.—LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
 Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
 "And I'll give thee a silver pound,
 "To row us o'er the ferry."—

"Now, who be ye would cross Loch-Gyle,
 "This dark and stormy water?"
 "O! I'm the chief of Ulva's Isle,
 "And this Lord Ullin's daughter.—

"And fast before her father's men
 "Three days we've fled together,
 "For should he find us in the glen,
 "My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
 "Should they our steps discover,
 "Then who will cheer my bonny bride,
 "When they have slain her lover?"—

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
 "I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:—
 "It is not for your silver bright,
 "But for your winsome lady:

"And, by my word! the bonny bird
 "In danger shall not tarry;

" So, though the waves are raging white,
" I'll row you o'er the ferry."—

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And, in the scowl of heaven, each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.—

" O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
" Though tempests round us gather,
" I'll meet the raging of the skies,
" But not an angry father."—

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.—

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore.
His wrath was changed to wailing.—

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover:—
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

" Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
" Across this stormy water:
" And I'll forgive your Highland chief.—
" My daughter! oh, my daughter!"—

'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing:—
The waters wild went o'er his child,—
And he was left lamenting.

CAMPBELL.

18.—A PORTION OF GRAY'S BARD.

RUIN seize thee, ruthless king!
Confusion on thy banners wait;
Though fanned by conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm nor hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant! shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scattered wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance:
To arms, cried Mortimer, and couched his quivering lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood;
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air,)
And with a master's hand and poet's fire
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
Hark how each giant oak and desert cave
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, O king, their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more since Cambria's fatal day
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hushed the stormy main,
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed,
Mountains! ye mourn in vain.
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topped head.
On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
Smeared with gore, and ghastly pale;
Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail,
The famished eagle screams and passes by.

Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
 Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
 Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
 Ye died amidst your dying country's cries!—
 No more I weep. They do not sleep:
 On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
 I see them sit; they linger yet,
 Avengers of their native land;
 With me in dreadful harmony they join,
 And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

Weave the warp and weave the woof,
 The winding sheet of Edward's race;
 Give ample scope and verge enough
 The characters of hell to trace.
 Mark the year and mark the night
 When Severn shall re-echo with affright
 The shrieks of death through Berkley's roofs that ring,
 Shrieks of an agonizing king!
 She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs
 That tearst the bowels of thy mangled mate,
 From thee be born who o'er thy country hangs
 The scourge of Heaven. What terrors round him wait!
 Amazement in his van, with flight combined,
 And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind. GRAY.

19.—HOTSPUR'S DESCRIPTION OF A FOP.

My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
 But, I remember, when the fight was done,
 When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
 Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dressed,
 Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin, new-reaped,
 Showed like a stubble-land at harvest-home;
 He was perfumed like a milliner;
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
 A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
 He gave his nose, and took 't away again.
 and still he smiled and talked;
 And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,

He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly, unhandsome corse,
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He questioned me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pestered with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answered neglectingly, I know not what;
He should, or should not;—for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns, and drums, and wounds (Heaven save the mark !)
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was spermaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villanous saltpetre should be digged
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answered indirectly, as I said;
And, I beseech you, let not this report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty. SHAKSPEARE.

20.—ODE ON CECILIA'S DAY.

FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
When nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
"Arise, ye more than dead!"
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began ;
From harmony to harmony,
Through all the compass of the notes it can,
The diapason closing full in man.

What passion cannot music raise and quell ?
When Jubal struck the corded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.

What passion cannot music raise and quell ?

The trumpet's loud clangour
Excites us to arms ;
With shrill notes of anger,
And mortal alarms.
The double, double, double beat
Of the thundering drum,
Cries, Hark ! the foes come :
Charge, charge ! 'tis too late to retreat.

The soft complaining flute,
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hapless lovers ;
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depths of pain and height of passion,
For the fair disdainful dame.

But, oh ! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The sacred organ's praise !
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race ;
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre ;

But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher;
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appeared,
Mistaking earth for heaven.

DRYDEN.

21.—BRUTUS'S HARANGUE ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

ROMANS, Countrymen, and Lovers!—hear me for my cause; and be silent that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge.—If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen?—As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition.—Who's here so base, that would be a bond-man? if any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so rude, that would not be a Roman? if any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so vile, that will not love his country? if any, speak; for him have I offended.—I pause for a reply.—

None! then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the capitol; his glory not extenuated wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as, which of you shall not?—With this I depart—that as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

SHAKESPEARE.

22.—MARC ANTONY'S ADDRESS OVER THE BODY OF CÆSAR.

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears ;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them ;
The good is oft interred with their bones ;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious :
If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man ;
So are they all, all honourable men ;)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me :
But Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause ;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason !—Bear with me ;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.
But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world : now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters ! if I were disposed to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men :
I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle : I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent ;
That day he overcame the Nervii :—
Look ! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through :
See, what a rent the envious Casca made :
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed ;
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no ;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him !
This, this was the unkindest cut of all :
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquished him : then burst his mighty heart ;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.
Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable ;
What private griefs they have, alas ! I know not,
That made them do it ; they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;

I am no orator, as Brutus is ;
But as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friends ; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know ;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me : but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

SHAKSPEARE.

MISCELLANEOUS LESSONS.

1.—VIRTUE.

VIRTUE is of intrinsic value, and of indispensable obligation ; not the creature of will, but necessary and immutable ; not a mode of sensation, but everlasting truth ; not dependent on power, but the guide of all power. Virtue is the foundation of honour and esteem—the source of all beauty, order, and happiness in nature. It is what confers value on all the other endowments and qualities of a reasonable being, to which they ought to be subservient, and without which, the more eminent they are, the more hideous deformities they become. The use of it is not confined to any one stage of our existence, or to any particular situation we can be in, but it reaches through all the periods and circumstances of our being. Many of the endowments and talents we now possess, and of which we are too apt to be proud, will cease entirely with the present state ; but virtue will be our ornament and dignity in every future state to which we may be removed. Beauty and wit will die, learning vanish away, all the arts of life be soon forgotten, but virtue will remain for ever. This unites us to the whole rational creation, and fits us for conversing with any order of superior natures. It procures us the approbation and love of all wise and good beings, and renders them our allies and friends. But what is of unspeakably greater consequence, it makes God our friend, assimilates and unites our minds to his, and engages his almighty power in our defence. Superior beings of all-ranks are bound by it no less than ourselves. It has the same authority in all worlds. The further any being is advanced in excellence, the greater is his attachment to it, and the more he is under its influence. To say no more, it is the law of the whole universe ; it stands first in the estimation of the Deity ; its original is nature.

Such is the importance of virtue. Of what consequence, therefore, is it that we practise it? There is no argument or motive at all fitted to influence a reasonable mind, which does not call us to this. One virtuous disposition of soul is preferable to the greatest natural accomplishments, and of more value than all the treasures of the world. If you are wise, then, study virtue, and condemn every thing that can come in competition with it. Remember that nothing else deserves one anxious thought or wish. Remember that this alone is honour, glory, wealth, and happiness. Secure this, and you secure everything. Lose this, and all is lost. PRICE.

2.—WORK.

THERE is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were he ever so benighted, or forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Consider how, even in the meanest sort of labour, the whole soul of a man is composed into real harmony. He bends himself with free valour against his task; and doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself, shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The glow of labour in him is a purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up; and of sour smoke itself, there is made a bright and blessed flame.

Destiny has no other way of cultivating us. A formless chaos, once set *revolving*, grows round, ranges itself into strata, and is no longer a chaos, but a compacted world. What would become of the earth did it cease to revolve? So long as it revolves, all inequalities disperse themselves, all irregularities incessantly become regular. Of an idle, unrevolving man, destiny can make nothing more than a mere enamelled vessel of dishonour, let her spend on him what colouring she may. Let the idle think of this. Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness; he has a life-purpose. Labour is life. From the heart of the worker rises the ce-

lestial force, breathed into him by Almighty God, awakening him to all nobleness, to all knowledge.

Man, son of heaven! is there not in thine inmost heart a spirit of active method, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it? Disorder is thy enemy; attack him swiftly; make him the subject of Divinity, intelligence, and thee. Complain not. Look up, wearied brother. See thy fellow-workmen surviving through eternity—the sacred band of immortals!

THOMAS CARLYLE.

3.—THE BALANCE OF HAPPINESS EQUAL.

AN extensive contemplation of human affairs will lead us to this conclusion, That, among the different conditions and ranks of men, the balance of happiness is preserved in a great measure equal; and that the high and the low, the rich and the poor, approach, in point of real enjoyment, much nearer to each other, than is commonly imagined. In the lot of man, mutual compensations, both of pleasure and of pain, universally take place. Providence never intended, that any state here should be either completely happy, or entirely miserable. If the feelings of pleasure are more numerous, and more lively, in the higher departments of life, such also are those of pain. If the poor are confined to a more narrow circle, yet within that circle lie most of those natural satisfactions, which, after all the refinements of art, are found to be the most genuine and true.—In a state, therefore, where there is neither so much to be coveted on the one hand, nor to be dreaded on the other, as at first appears, how submissive ought we to be to the disposal of Providence! How temperate in our desires and pursuits! How much more attentive to preserve our virtue, and to improve our minds, than to gain the doubtful and equivocal advantages of worldly prosperity!

BLAIR.

4.—THE INTERVIEW OF RASSELAS, PRINCE OF ABYSSINIA, HIS
SISTER NEKAYAH, AND IMLAC, WITH THE HERMIT.

THEY came on the third day, by the direction of the peasants, to the hermit's cell: it was a cavern in the side of a mountain, overshadowed with palm-trees. The hermit sat on a bench at the door, to enjoy the coolness of the evening. On one side lay a book with pens and paper, on the other mechanical instruments of various kinds.

They saluted him with great respect, which he returned like a man not unaccustomed to the forms of courts. "My children," said he, "if you have lost your way, you shall be willingly supplied with such conveniences for the night as this cavern will afford. I have all that nature requires, and you will not expect delicacies in a hermit's cell." They thanked him; and, entering, were pleased with the neatness and regularity of the place. His discourse was cheerful without levity, and pious without enthusiasm.

At last Imlac began thus:—"I do not now wonder that your reputation is so far extended; we have heard at Cairo of your wisdom, and came hither to implore your direction for this young man and maiden in the *choice of life*."

"To him that lives well," answered the hermit, "every form of life is good; nor can I give any other rule for choice, than to remove from all apparent evil."

"He will remove most certainly from evil," said the prince, "who shall devote himself to that solitude which you have recommended by your example."

"I have indeed lived fifteen years in solitude," said the hermit, "but have no desire that my example should gain any imitators. In my youth I professed arms, and was raised by degrees to the highest military rank. I have traversed wide countries at the head of my troops, and seen many battles and sieges. At last, being disgusted by the preferments of a younger officer, and feeling that my vigour was beginning to decay, I resolved to close my life in peace, having found the world full of snares, discord, and misery. I had once escaped from the pursuit of the enemy by the shelter of this cavern, and there-

fore chose it for my final residence. I employed artificers to form it into chambers, and stored it with all that I was likely to want.

“For some time after my retreat, I rejoiced like a tempest-beaten sailor at his entrance into the harbour, being delighted with the sudden change of the noise and hurry of war to stillness and repose. When the pleasure of novelty went away, I employed my hours in examining the plants which grow in the valley, and the minerals which I collected from the rocks. But that inquiry is now grown tasteless and irksome. I have been for some time unsettled and distracted: my mind is disturbed with a thousand perplexities of doubt and vanities of imagination, which hourly prevail upon me, because I have no opportunities of relaxation or diversion. I am sometimes ashamed to think that I could not secure myself from vice, but by retiring from the exercise of virtue, and begin to suspect that I was rather impelled by resentment, than led by devotion, into solitude. My fancy riots in scenes of folly, and I lament that I have lost so much, and have gained so little. In solitude, if I escape the example of bad men, I want likewise the counsel and conversation of the good. I have been long comparing the evils with the advantages of society, and resolve to return into the world to-morrow. The life of a solitary man will be certainly miserable, but not certainly devout.”

They heard his resolution with surprise, but, after a short pause, offered to conduct him to Cairo. He dug up a considerable treasure which he had hid among the rocks, and accompanied them to the city, on which, as he approached it, he gazed with rapture.

JOHNSON'S *Rasselas*.

5.—OBSERVATION.

A DERVISE was journeying alone in a desert, when two merchants suddenly met him. “You have lost a camel,” said he to the merchants. “Indeed we have,” they replied. “Was he not blind in his right eye, and lame in his left leg?” said the dervise. “He was,” replied the merchants. “And was he not

loaded with honey on one side, and wheat on the other?" "Most certainly he was," they replied; "and, as you have seen him so lately, and marked him so particularly, you can in all probability conduct us to him." "My friends," said the dervise, "I have never seen your camel, nor ever heard of him, but from you." "A pretty story truly," said the merchants; "but where are the jewels which formed a part of his cargo?" "I have seen neither your camel nor your jewels," repeated the dervise. On this, they seized his person, and forthwith hurried him before the *cadi*, where, on the strictest search, nothing could be found upon him, nor could any evidence whatever be adduced, to convict him either of falsehood or of theft. They were about to proceed against him *as a sorcerer*, when the dervise with great calmness thus addressed the court. "I have been much amused with your surprise, and own that there has been some ground for your suspicions; but I have lived long and alone, and I can find ample scope for observation even in a desert. I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw no mark of any human footstep on the same route; I knew that the animal was blind of an eye, because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of its path, and that it was lame in one leg, from the faint impression which that particular foot had produced upon the sand; I concluded that the animal had lost one tooth, because, wherever it had grazed, a small tuft of herbage had been left uninjured in the centre of its bite. As to that which formed the burthen of the beast, the busy ants informed me, that it was corn on the one side, and the clustering flies, that it was honey on the other.

COLTON.—*Lacon.*

6.—THE HILL OF SCIENCE.

IN that season of the year, when the serenity of the sky, the various fruits which cover the ground, the discoloured foliage of the trees, and all the sweet but fading graces of inspiring autumn open the mind to benevolence, and dispose it for contemplation, I was wandering in a beautiful and romantic coun-

try, till curiosity began to give way to weariness; and I sat me down on the fragment of a rock, overgrown with moss; where the rustling of the falling leaves, the dashing of waters, and the hum of the distant city, soothed my mind into the most perfect tranquillity, and sleep insensibly stole upon me, as I was indulging the agreeable reveries, which the objects around me naturally inspired.

I immediately found myself in a vast extended plain, in the middle of which arose a mountain, higher than I had before any conception of. It was covered with a multitude of people, chiefly youth; many of whom pressed forwards with the liveliest expressions of ardour in their countenance, though the way was in many places steep and difficult. I observed, that those who had but just begun to climb the hill thought themselves not far from the top; but, as they proceeded, new hills were continually rising to their view, and the summit of the highest they could before discern seemed but the foot of another, till the mountain at length appeared to lose itself in the clouds. As I was gazing on these things with astonishment, my good genius suddenly appeared: The mountain before thee, said he, is the Hill of Science. On the top is the Temple of Truth, whose head is above the clouds, and a veil of pure light covers her face. Observe the progress of her votaries; be silent and attentive.

I saw that the only regular approach to the mountain was by a gate, called the Gate of Languages. It was kept by a woman of a pensive and thoughtful appearance, whose lips were continually moving, as though she repeated something to herself. Her name was Memory. On entering this first enclosure, I was stunned with a confused murmur of jarring voices and dissonant sounds, which increased upon me to such a degree, that I was utterly confounded, and could compare the noise to nothing but the confusion of tongues at Babel.

After contemplating these things, I turned my eyes towards the top of the mountain, where the air was always pure and exhilarating, the path shaded with laurels and other evergreens, and the effulgence which beamed from the face of the goddess seemed to shed a glory round her votaries. Happy, said I,

are they who are permitted to ascend the mountain!—but while I was pronouncing this exclamation with uncommon ardour, I saw standing beside me a form of diviner features and a more benign radiance. Happier, said she, are those whom Virtue conducts to the mansions of Content! What, said I, does Virtue then reside in the vale? I am found, said she, in the vale, and I illuminate the mountain: I cheer the cottager at his toil, and inspire the sage at his meditation. I mingle in the crowd of cities, and bless the hermit in his cell. I have a temple in every heart that owns my influence, and to him that wishes for me I am already present. Science may raise you to eminence, but I alone can guide to felicity! While the goddess was thus speaking, I stretched out my arms towards her with a vehemence which broke my slumbers. The chill dews were falling around me, and the shades of evening stretched over the landscape. I hastened homeward, and resigned the night to silence and meditation.

AIKIN'S *Miscellanies*.

7.—PATIENCE RECOMMENDED.

THE darts of adverse fortune are always levelled at our heads. Some reach us, and some fly to wound our neighbours. Let us therefore impose an equal temper on our minds, and pay without murmuring the tribute which we owe to humanity. The winter brings cold, and we must freeze. The summer returns with heat, and we must melt. The inclemency of the air disorders our health, and we must be sick. Here we are exposed to wild beasts, and there to men more savage than the beasts; and if we escape the inconveniences and dangers of the air and the earth, there are perils by water, and perils by fire. This established course of things it is not in our power to change; but it is in our power to assume such a greatness of mind as becomes wise and virtuous men, as may enable us to encounter the accidents of life with fortitude, and to conform ourselves to the order of Nature, who governs her great kingdom, the world, by continual mutations. Let us submit to this order; let us be persuaded that whatever does happen

ought to happen, and never be so foolish as to expostulate with Nature. The best resolution we can take is to suffer what we cannot alter, and to pursue without repining the road which Providence, who directs every thing, has marked to us: for it is enough to follow; and he is but a bad soldier who sighs, and marches with reluctance. We must receive the orders with spirit and cheerfulness, and not endeavour to slink out of the post which is assigned us in this beautiful disposition of things, whereof even sufferings make a necessary part. Let us address ourselves to God who governs all, as Cleanthes did in those admirable verses:—

Parent of Nature! Master of the world!
Where'er thy providence directs, behold
My steps with cheerful resignation turn.
Fate leads the willing, drags the backward on.
Why should I grieve, when grieving I must bear;
Or take with guilt, what guiltless I might share!

Thus let us speak, and thus let us act. Resignation to the will of God is true magnanimity. But the sure mark of a pusillanimous and base spirit, is to struggle against, to censure the order of Providence, and, instead of mending our own conduct, to set up for correcting that of our Maker.

BOLINGBROKE.

8.—THE PLANETS AND HEAVENLY BODIES.

It is not for us to say, whether inspiration revealed to the Psalmist the wonders of the modern astronomy. But even though the mind be a perfect stranger to the science of these enlightened times, the heavens present a great and an elevating spectacle,—an immense concave reposing upon the circular boundary of the world, and the innumerable lights which are suspended from on high, moving with solemn regularity along its surface. It seems to have been at night that the piety of the Psalmist was awakened by this contemplation, when the moon and the stars were visible, and not when the sun had risen in his strength, and thrown a splendour around him,

which bore down and eclipsed all the lesser glories of the firmament. And there is much in the scenery of a nocturnal sky to lift the soul to pious contemplation. The moon and these stars, what are they? They are detached from the world, and they lift us above it. We feel withdrawn from the earth, and rise in lofty abstraction from this little theatre of human passions and human anxieties. The mind abandons itself to reverie, and is transferred in the ecstasy of its thoughts to distant and unexplored regions. It sees nature in the simplicity of her great elements, and it sees the God of nature invested with the high attributes of wisdom and majesty.

But what can these lights be? The curiosity of the human mind is insatiable; and the mechanism of these wonderful heavens has, in all ages, been its subject and its employment. It has been reserved for these latter times to resolve this great and interesting question. The sublimest powers of philosophy have been called to the exercise, and astronomy may now be looked upon as the most certain and best established of the sciences.

We all know that every visible object appears less in magnitude as it recedes from the eye. The lofty vessel as it retires from the coast shrinks into littleness, and at last appears in the form of a small speck on the verge of the horizon. The eagle with its expanded wings is a noble object; but when it takes its flight into the upper regions of the air, it becomes less to the eye, and is seen like a dark spot upon the vault of heaven. The same is true of all magnitude. The heavenly bodies appear small to the eye of an inhabitant of this earth only from the immensity of their distance. When we talk of hundreds of millions of miles, it is not to be listened to as incredible. For remember that we are talking of those bodies which are scattered over the immensity of space, and that space knows no termination. The conception is great and difficult, but the truth is unquestionable. By a process of measurement which it is unnecessary at present to explain, we have ascertained first the distance and then the magnitude of some of those bodies which roll in the firmament; that the sun, which presents itself to the eye under so diminutive a form, is

really a globe, exceeding, by many thousands of times, the dimensions of the earth which we inhabit; that the moon itself has the magnitude of a world; and that even a few of those stars, which appear like so many lucid points to the unassisted eye of the observer, expand into large circles upon the application of the telescope, and are some of them much larger than the ball which we tread upon, and to which we proudly apply the denomination of the universe.

Now, why should we think that the great Architect of nature, supreme in wisdom as he is in power, would call these stately mansions into existence, and leave them unoccupied? When we cast our eye over the broad sea, and look at the country on the other side, we see nothing but the blue land stretching obscurely over the distant horizon. We are too far away to perceive the richness of its scenery, or to hear the sound of its population. Why not extend this principle to the still more distant parts of the universe? What though, from this remote point of observation, we can see nothing but the naked roundness of yon planetary orbs? Are we therefore to say, that they are so many vast and unpeopled solitudes; that desolation reigns in every part of the universe but ours; that the whole energy of the divine attributes is expended on one insignificant corner of these mighty works; and that to this earth alone belongs the bloom of vegetation, or the blessedness of life, or the dignity of rational and immortal existence?

CHALMERS.

9.—ON THE IMPORTANCE OF A CLASSICAL EDUCATION.

A READER unacquainted with the real nature of a classical education will be in danger of undervaluing it, when he sees that so large a portion of time at so important a period of human life is devoted to the study of a few ancient writers, whose works seem to have no direct bearing on the studies and duties of our own generation. This appears to many persons a great absurdity; while others who are so far swayed by authority as to believe the system to be right, are yet unable to understand how it can be so.

It may be freely confessed that the first origin of classical education affords in itself no reason for its being continued now. When Latin and Greek were almost the only written languages of civilized man, it is manifest that they must have furnished the subjects of all liberal education. The question therefore is wholly changed since the growth of a complete literature in other languages; since France, and Italy, and Germany, and England, have each produced their philosophers, their poets, and their historians, worthy to be placed on the same level with those of Greece and Rome.

But although there is not the same reason now which existed three or four centuries ago for the study of Greek and Roman literature, yet there is another no less substantial. Expel Greek and Latin from your schools, and you confine the views of the existing generation to themselves and their immediate predecessors; you will cut off so many centuries of the world's experience, and place us in the same state as if the human race had first come into existence in the year 1500. For it is nothing to say that a few learned individuals might still study classical literature; the effect produced on the public mind would be no greater than that which has resulted from the labours of our oriental scholars; it would not spread beyond themselves, and men in general after a few generations would know as little of Greece and Rome, as they do actually of China and Hindostan. But such an ignorance would be incalculably more to be regretted. With the Asiatic mind we have no nearer connexion and sympathy than is derived from our common humanity. But the mind of the Greek and of the Roman is in all the essential points of its constitution our own; and not only so, but it is our mind developed to an extraordinary degree of perfection. Wide as is the difference between us with respect to those physical instruments which minister to our uses or our pleasures; although the Greeks and Romans had no steam engines, no printing presses, no mariner's compass, no telescopes, no microscopes, no gunpowder, yet in our moral and political views, in those matters which most determine human character, there is a perfect resemblance. Aristotle, and Plato, and Thucydides, and Cicero,

and Tacitus, are most untruly called ancient writers; they are virtually our own countrymen and contemporaries, but have the advantage which is enjoyed by intelligent travellers, that their observation has been exercised in a field out of the reach of common men; and that, having thus seen in a manner with our eyes what we cannot see for ourselves, their conclusions are such as bear upon our own circumstances, while their information has all the charm of novelty, and all the value of a mass of new and pertinent facts, illustrative of the great science of the nature of civilized man.

Now when it is said, that men in manhood so often throw their Greek and Latin aside, and that this very fact shows the uselessness of their early studies, it is much more true to say, that it shows how completely the literature of Greece and Rome would be forgotten, if our system of education did not keep up the knowledge of it. But it by no means shows that system to be useless, unless it followed that when a man laid aside his Greek and Latin books, he forgot also all that he had ever gained from them. This, however, is so far from being the case, that even where the results of a classical education are least tangible, and least appreciated even by the individual himself, still the mind often retains much of the effect of its early studies in the general liberality of its tastes, and comparative comprehensiveness of its views and notions. All this supposes indeed that classical instruction should be sensibly conducted; it requires that a classical teacher should be fully acquainted with modern history and modern literature, no less than with those of Greece and Rome. What is, or perhaps what used to be, called a mere scholar, cannot possibly communicate to his pupils the main advantages of a classical education. The knowledge of the past is valuable, because without it our knowledge of the present and of the future must be scanty; but if the knowledge of the past be confined wholly to itself, if, instead of being made to bear upon things around us, it be totally isolated from them, and so disguised by vagueness and misapprehension, as to appear incapable of illustrating them, then indeed it becomes little better than laborious trifling, and they who declaim against it may be fully forgiven.

ARNOLD.

10.—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

WHEN I am in a serious' humour, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey', where the gloominess of the place', and the use' to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building', and the condition of the people' who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy', or rather thoughtfulness', that is not disagreeable'. I yesterday passed the whole afternoon in the church'-yard, the cloisters', and the church', amusing myself with the tomb'-stones and inscriptions' that I met with in those several regions of the dead'. Most of them recorded nothing else' of the buried person, but that he was born' upon one' day, and died' upon another'; the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances', that are common to all' mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble', as a kind of satire' upon the departed persons, who had left no other' memorial of them, but that they were born', and that they died'.

Upon my going into the church', I entertained myself with the digging of a grave', and saw in every shovel'-full of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone' or skull', intermixed with a kind of fresh mouldering earth', that some' time or other had a place in the composition of a human body'. Upon this I began to consider with myself what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused' together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral'; how men' and women', friends' and enemies', priests' and soldiers', monks' and prebendaries', were crumbled amongst one another', and blended together in the same common mass'; how beauty', strength', and youth', with old age', weakness', and deformity', lay undistinguished' in the same promiscuous heap of matter'.

After having thus surveyed this great magazine of mortality, as it were in the lump', I examined it more particularly', by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments' which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric'. Some of them were covered with such extravagant' epitaphs, that if it

were possible for the dead person to be acquainted' with them, he would blush' at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest', that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek' or Hebrew', and by that' means are not understood once in a twelve-month'. In the poetical' quarter I found there were poets' who had no monuments', and monuments' which had no poets'. I observed indeed that the present war had filled the church with many' of these uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons' whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of Blenheim', or in the bosom of the ocean'.

I know that entertainments of this' nature are apt to raise dark' and dismal' thoughts in timorous' minds, and gloomy' imaginations; but, for my own' part, though I am always serious', I do not know what it is to be melancholy'; and can therefore take a view of Nature in her deep' and solemn' scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay' and delightful' ones. By this means I can improve' myself with those objects which others' consider with terror'. When I look upon the tombs of the great', every emotion of envy' dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful', every inordinate desire goes out'; when I meet with the grief of parents' upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with compassion'; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves', I consider the vanity of grieving for those' whom we must quickly follow': when I see kings lying by those who deposed' them; when I consider rival wits placed side' by side', or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes', I reflect, with sorrow' and astonishment', on the little competitions', factions', and debates' of mankind. When I read the several dates' of the tombs, of some that died yesterday', and some six hundred years' ago, I consider that great' day when we shall all of us be contemporaries', and make our appearance together'. *Spectator.*

11.—SUAIVITY OF MANNER.

NOTHING is more displeasing than to find that offence has been received where none was intended, and that pain has been given to those who were not guilty of any provocation. As the great end of society is mutual beneficence, a good man is always uneasy when he finds himself acting in opposition to the purposes of life ; because, though his conscience may easily acquit him of malice prepense, of settled hatred, or contrivances of mischief, yet he seldom can be certain, that he has not failed by negligence, or indolence, that he has not been hindered from consulting the common interest by too much regard to his own ease, or too much indifference to the happiness of others. Nor is it necessary, that, to feel this uneasiness, the mind should be extended to any great diffusion of generosity, or melted by uncommon warmth of benevolence ; for that prudence which the world teaches, and a quick sensibility of private interest, will direct us to shun needless enmities ; since there is no man whose kindness we may not some time want, or by whose malice we may not some time suffer.

I have, therefore, frequently looked with wonder, and now and then with pity, at the thoughtlessness with which some alienate from themselves the affections of all whom chance, business, or inclination, brings in their way. When we see a man pursuing some darling interest, without much regard to the opinion of the world, we justly consider him as corrupt and dangerous, but are not long in discovering his motives ; we see him actuated by passions which are hard to be resisted, and deluded by appearances which have dazzled stronger eyes. But the greater part of those who set mankind at defiance by hourly irritation, and who live but to infuse malignity, and multiply enemies, have no hopes to foster, no designs to promote, nor any expectation of attaining power by insolence, or of climbing to greatness by trampling on others. They give up all the sweets of kindness for the sake of peevishness, petulance, or gloom, and alienate the world by neglect of the common forms of civility, and the breach of the established

laws of conversation. Every one must, in the walks of life, have met with men of whom all speak with censure, though they are not chargeable with any crime, and whom none can be persuaded to love, though a reason can scarcely be assigned why they should be hated,—who, if their good qualities and actions sometimes force a commendation, have their panegyric always concluded with confessions of disgust: “he is a good man, but I cannot like him.” Surely such persons have sold the esteem of the world at too low a price, since they have lost one of the rewards of virtue, without gaining the profits of wickedness. They wrap themselves up in their innocence, and enjoy the congratulations of their own hearts, without knowing or suspecting that they are every day deservedly incurring resentments, by withholding from those with whom they converse, that regard, or appearance of regard, to which every one is entitled by the customs of the world.

There are many injuries, which almost every man feels, though he does not complain, and which, upon those whom virtue, elegance, or vanity have made delicate and tender, fix deep and lasting impressions; as there are many arts of graciousness and conciliation, which are to be practised without expense, and by which those may be made our friends, who have never received from us any real benefit. Such arts, when they include neither guilt nor meanness, it is surely reasonable to learn; for who would want that love which is so easily to be gained?

Some, indeed, there are, for whom the excuse of ignorance or negligence cannot be alleged, because it is apparent that they are not only careless of pleasing, but studious to offend; that they contrive to make all approaches difficult and vexatious, and imagine that they aggrandize themselves by wasting the time of others in useless attendance, by mortifying them with slights, and teasing them with affronts.

Men of this kind are generally to be found among those that have not mingled much in general conversation, but spent their lives amidst the obsequiousness of dependents, and the flattery of parasites; and, by long consulting only their own inclination, have forgotten that others have a claim to the same deference.

Tyranny thus avowed is, indeed, an exuberance of pride, at which all mankind are so much enraged, that it is never quietly endured, except in those who can reward the patience they exact; and insolence is generally surrounded only by those whose baseness inclines them to think nothing insupportable that produces gain, and who can laugh at scurrility and rudeness with a luxurious table and an open purse.

DR JOHNSON.

12.—AN INTERVIEW BETWEEN AN OLD MAJOR AND A
YOUNG OFFICER.

WHEN I was a young man about this town, I frequented the Ordinary of the *Black Horse*, in *Holborn*, where the person that usually presided at the table was a rough old-fashioned gentleman, who, according to the customs of those times, had been the Major and Preacher of a regiment. It happened one day that a noisy young officer, bred in France, was venting some new-fangled notions, and speaking, in the gaiety of his humour, against the dispensations of Providence. The Major at first only desired him to talk more respectfully of one for whom all the company had an honour; but finding him run on in his extravagance, began to reprimand him after a more serious manner. "Young man," said he, "do not abuse your Benefactor whilst you are eating his bread. Consider whose air you breathe, whose presence you are in, and who it is that gave you the power of that very speech which you make use of to his dishonour." The young fellow, who thought to turn matters into a jest, asked him if he was going to preach? but at the same time desired him to take care what he said when he spoke to a man of honour. "A man of honour!" says the Major, "thou art an infidel and a blasphemer, and I shall use thee as such." In short, the quarrel ran so high, that the Major was desired to walk out. Upon their coming into the garden, the old fellow advised his antagonist to consider the place into which one pass might drive him; but, finding him grow upon him to a degree of scurrility, as believing the advice proceeded from fear, "Sirrah," says he, "if a thunderbolt does

not strike thee dead before I come at thee, I shall not fail to chastise thee for thy profaneness to thy Maker, and thy sauciness to his servant." Upon this he drew his sword, and cried out with a loud voice, *The sword of the Lord, and of Gideon!* which so terrified his antagonist, that he was immediately disarmed, and thrown upon his knees. In this posture he begged his life; but the Major refused to grant it, before he had asked pardon for his offence in a short extemporary prayer which the old gentleman dictated to him upon the spot, and which his proselyte repeated after him in the presence of the whole Ordinary, that were now gathered about him in the garden.

Tatler.

13.—THE NATURE OF HEAT.

THERE is, perhaps, no inquiry more worthy of the attention of the philosopher than the nature of heat, and the manner in which matter in general, and the different kinds of it, are affected by this wonderful agent. Its influence is manifestly so universal, and its action so important and necessary to the progress of all the operations of nature, that, to those who consider it with some attention, it will appear to be the general material principle of all motion, activity, and life, in this globe. Heat is inseparably necessary to the very existence of vegetables and animals. Without it, they want the power to attract their nourishment, or to set it in motion through their system, or to refine and ripen it in their different parts. Their vigour and life depend on its influence. It is only when enlivened by heat that they make it assume the various forms and qualities which we find in the wood, the root, the leaves, the juices, the fruit, the seeds, and the beautiful forms and colours displayed in the flowers. When heat departs, they decay and die. Nor is animal life less immediately dependent on heat for support than vegetable. Heat is the main-spring in the corporeal part of an animal, without which all motion and life would instantly stop. There are few facts more unaccountable than the effect of heat on an egg, though there are few to which we pay so little attention. We see a lump of apparently

dead matter, which, left to itself, would continue dead and inactive for ever. By the application of a gentle degree of heat, it soon has an animal formed within it, which quickly increases in size and perfection, until it breaks open its enclosure, perfect in all its parts, and ready to perform its proper functions.

DR BLACK'S *Chemical Lectures*.

14.—REMARKS ON THE SWIFTNESS OF TIME.

THE natural advantages which arise from the position of the earth which we inhabit, with respect to the other planets, afford much employment to mathematical speculation, by which it has been discovered, that no other conformation of the system could have given such commodious distributions of light and heat, or imparted fertility and pleasure to so great a part of a revolving sphere.

It may be perhaps observed by the moralist, with equal reason, that our globe seems particularly fitted for the residence of a being, placed here only for a short time, whose task is to advance himself to a higher and happier state of existence, by unremitted vigilance of caution, and activity of virtue.

The duties required of man are such as human nature does not willingly perform, and such as those are inclined to delay who yet intend some time to fulfil them. It was therefore necessary that this universal reluctance should be counteracted, and the drowsiness of hesitation wakened into resolve; that the danger of procrastination should be always in view, and the fallacies of security be hourly detected.

To this end all the appearances of nature uniformly conspire. Whatever we see on every side, reminds us of the lapse of time and the flux of life. The day and night succeed each other, the rotation of seasons diversifies the year, the sun rises, attains the meridian, declines and sets; and the moon every night changes its form.

The day has been considered as an image of the year, and a year as the representation of life. The morning answers to

the spring, and the spring to childhood and youth; the noon corresponds to the summer, and the summer to the strength of manhood. The evening is an emblem of autumn, and autumn of declining life. The night, with its silence and darkness, shows the winter, in which all the powers of vegetation are benumbed; and the winter points out the time when life shall cease, with its hopes and pleasures.

He that is carried forward, however swiftly, by a motion equable and easy, perceives not the change of place but by the variation of objects. If the wheel of life, which rolls thus silently along, passed on through undistinguishable uniformity, we should never mark its approaches to the end of the course. If one hour were like another; if the passage of the sun did not show that the day is wasting; if the change of seasons did not impress upon us the flight of the year, quantities of duration equal to days and years would glide unobserved. If the parts of time were not variously coloured, we should never discern their departure or succession, but should live thoughtless of the past, and careless of the future, without will, and perhaps without power to compute the periods of life, or to compare the time which is already lost with that which may probably remain.

But the course of time is so visibly marked, that it is even observed by the passage, and by nations who have raised their minds very little above animal instinct: there are human beings, whose language does not supply them with words by which they can number five, but I have read of none that have not names for day and night, for summer and winter.

Yet it is certain that these admonitions of nature, however forcible, however importunate, are too often vain; and that many, who mark with such accuracy the course of time, appear to have little sensibility of the decline of life. Every man has something to do which he neglects; every man has faults to conquer which he delays to combat.

So little do we accustom ourselves to consider the effects of time, that things necessary and certain often surprise us like unexpected contingencies. We leave the beauty in her bloom, and, after an absence of twenty years, wonder, at our return,

to find her faded. We meet those whom we left children, and can scarcely persuade ourselves to treat them as men. The traveller visits in age those countries through which he rambled in his youth, and hopes for merriment at the old place. The man of business, wearied with unsatisfactory prosperity, retires to the town of his nativity, and expects to play away the last years with the companions of his childhood, and recover youth in the fields where he once was young.

From this inattention, so general and so mischievous, let it be every man's study to exempt himself. Let him that desires to see others happy, make haste to give while his gift can be enjoyed, and remember that every moment of delay takes away something from the value of his benefaction. And let him who proposes his own happiness, reflect, that while he forms his purpose the day rolls on, and "the night cometh, when no man can work."

Idler.

15.—THE MOUNTAIN OF MISERIES.

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division. As I was ruminating upon this, and seated in my elbow chair, I insensibly fell asleep, when on a sudden methought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the centre of it, and saw, with a great deal of pleasure, the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds. There was a certain lady, of a thin airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose flowing robe, embroidered with

several figures of fiends and spectres, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes as her garments hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was Fancy. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me. There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion. Upon this occasion, I observed one bringing in a fardel, very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be poverty. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. But what most of all surprised me, was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap, at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties. I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who, I did not question, came loaden with his crimes; but, upon searching into his bundle, I found that, instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance. When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when of a sudden she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, than I was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humour with my own countenance, upon which I threw it from me like a mask. It happened very luckily that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which, it seems, was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a

most shameful length ; I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and return to his habitation with any such bundle as should be allotted to him. Upon this, Fancy began again to bestir herself, and, parcelling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confusion at this time were not to be expressed. A poor galley slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout instead, but made such wry faces, that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain. I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with a long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, than he made such a grotesque figure in it, that as I looked upon him, I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done ; on the other side, I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my forehead, I missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceedingly prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks, as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it. I saw two other gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish exchange between a couple of thick bandy legs and two long trapsticks that had no calves to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up into the air, above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it ; while the other made such awkward circles, as he attempted to walk, that he scarcely knew how to move forward upon his new supporters. The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight as they wandered up and down under the pressure of

their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter at length, taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure, after which the phantom, who had led them into such gross delusions, was commanded to disappear. There was sent in her stead a goddess of a quite different figure; her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious but cheerful. She every now and then cast her eyes towards heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter. Her name was Patience. She had no sooner placed herself by the mount of sorrows, than, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree, that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learnt from it never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbour's sufferings; for which reason also I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

ADDISON.

16.—ON PRONUNCIATION, OR DELIVERY.

How much stress was laid upon pronunciation, or delivery, by the most eloquent of all orators, Demosthenes, appears from a noted saying of his, related both by Cicero and Quintilian; when being asked, What was the first point in oratory? he answered, Delivery; and being asked, What was the second? and afterwards, What was the third? he still answered, Delivery. There is no wonder, that he should have rated this so high, and that, for improving himself in it, he should have

employed those assiduous and painful labours, which all the ancients take so much notice of; for, beyond doubt, nothing is of more importance. To superficial thinkers, the management of the voice and gesture, in public speaking, may appear to relate to decoration only, and to be one of the inferior arts of catching an audience. But this is far from being the case. It is intimately connected with what is, or ought to be, the end of all public speaking—persuasion; and therefore deserves the study of the most grave and serious speakers, as much as of those, whose only aim is to please.

For, let it be considered, whenever we address ourselves to others by words, our intention certainly is to make some impression on those to whom we speak; it is to convey to them our own ideas and emotions. Now the tone of our voice, our looks and gestures, interpret our ideas and emotions no less than words do; nay, the impression they make on others is frequently much stronger than any that words can make. We often see that an expressive look, or a passionate cry, unaccompanied by words, conveys to others more forcible ideas, and rouses within them stronger passions, than can be communicated by the most eloquent discourse. The signification of our sentiments, made by tones and gestures, has this advantage above that made by words, that it is the language of nature. It is that method of interpreting our mind, which nature has dictated to all, and which is understood by all; whereas, words are only arbitrary, conventional symbols of our ideas; and, by consequence, must make a more feeble impression. So true is this, that, to render words fully significant, they must, almost in every case, receive some aid from the manner of pronunciation and delivery; and he who, in speaking, should employ bare words, without enforcing them by proper tones and accents, would leave us with a faint and indistinct impression, often with a doubtful and ambiguous conception of what he had delivered. Nay, so close is the connexion between certain sentiments and the proper manner of pronouncing them, that he who does not pronounce them after that manner, can never persuade us that he believes, or feels, the sentiments themselves.

BLAIR.

17.—DRYDEN AND POPE COMPARED.

INTEGRITY of understanding and nicety of discernment were not allotted in a less proportion to Dryden than to Pope. The rectitude of Dryden's mind was sufficiently shown by the dismissal of his poetical prejudices, and the rejection of unnatural thoughts and rugged numbers. But Dryden never desired to apply all the judgment that he had. He wrote, and professed to write, merely for the people; and when he pleased others, he contented himself. He spent no time in struggles to rouse latent powers; he never attempted to make that better which was already good; nor often to mend what he must have known to be faulty. He wrote, as he tells us, with very little consideration; when occasion or necessity called upon him, he poured out what the present moment happened to supply, and when once it had passed the press, ejected it from his mind; for when he had no pecuniary interest, he had no further solicitude. Pope was not content to satisfy, he desired to excel; and therefore always endeavoured to do his best; he did not court the candour, but dared the judgment of his reader, and, expecting no indulgence from others, he showed none to himself. He examined lines and words with minute and punctilious observation, and retouched every part with indefatigable diligence, till he had left nothing to be forgiven. For this reason he kept his pieces very long in his hands, while he considered and reconsidered them. The only poems which can be supposed to have been written with such regard to the times as might hasten their publication, were the two satires of "Thirty-Eight"; of which Dodsley told me that they were brought to him by the author that they might be fairly copied. "Almost every line," he said, "was then written twice over; I gave him a clean transcript, which he sent some time afterwards to me for the press, with almost every line written twice over a second time."

His declaration that his care for his works ceased at their publication, was not strictly true. His parental attention never abandoned them; what he found amiss in the first edition, he

silently corrected in those that followed. He appears to have revised the "Iliad," and freed it from some of its imperfections; and the "Essay on Criticism" received many improvements after its first appearance. It will seldom be found that he altered without adding clearness, elegance, or vigour. Pope had perhaps the judgment of Dryden, but Dryden certainly wanted the diligence of Pope.

In acquired knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who, before he became an author, had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation; those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

Poetry was not the sole praise of either; for both excelled likewise in prose; but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied; that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the roller.

Of genius—that power which constitutes a poet; that quality, without which judgment is cold, and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates—the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred, that of this poetical vigour Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more; for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said, that if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems. Dryden's performances were always hasty; either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic necessity: he composed without consideration, and published

without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce, or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden, therefore, are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

JOHNSON.

18.—ON THE LOVE OF NATURE.

HOMER's beautiful description of the heavens and earth, as they appear in a calm evening by the light of the moon and stars, concludes with this circumstance: "And the heart of the shepherd is glad." Madame Dacier, from the turn she gives to the passage in her version, seems to think, and Pope, in order perhaps to make out his couplet, insinuates, that the gladness of the shepherd is owing to his sense of the utility of those luminaries. And this may in part be the case; but this is not in Homer; nor is it a necessary consideration. It is true that, in contemplating the material universe, they who discern the causes and effects of things, must be more rapturously entertained than those who perceive nothing but shape and size, colour and motion. Yet, in the mere outside of nature's works, there is a splendour and a magnificence, to which even untutored minds cannot attend without great delight.

Not that all peasants or all philosophers are equally susceptible of these charming impressions. It is strange to observe the callousness of some men, before whom all the glories of heaven and earth pass in daily succession without touching their hearts, elevating their fancy, or leaving any durable remembrance. Even of those who pretend to sensibility, how many are there to whom the lustre of the rising or setting sun, the sparkling concave of the midnight sky, the mountain forest tossing and roaring to the storm, or warbling with all the

melodies of a summer evening ; the sweet interchange of hill and dale, shade and sunshine, grove, lawn, and water, which an extensive landscape offers to the view ; the scenery of the ocean, so lovely, so majestic, and so tremendous, and the many pleasing varieties of the animal and vegetable kingdom, could never afford so much real satisfaction, as the steams of a ball-room, or the wranglings of a card-table. But some minds there are of a different mould, who, even in the early part of life, receive from the contemplation of nature a species of delight which they would hardly exchange for any other ; and who, as avarice and ambition are not the infirmities of that period, would, with equal sincerity and rapture, exclaim—

“I care not, Fortune, what you me deny,
You cannot rob me of free nature’s grace ;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face ;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns by living stream at eve ;
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave :
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.”

Such minds have always in them the seeds of true taste, and frequently of imitative genius. At least, although their enthusiastic or visionary turn of mind, as the man of the world would call it, should not always incline them to cultivate poetry or painting, we need not scruple to affirm, that, without some portion of this enthusiasm, no person ever became a true poet or painter. For he who would imitate the works of nature, must accurately observe them, and accurate observation is to be expected from those only who take great pleasure in it. To a mind thus disposed no part of creation is indifferent. In the crowded city and howling wilderness, in the cultivated province and solitary isle, in the flowery lawn and craggy mountain, in the murmur of the rivulet and in the uproar of the ocean, in the radiance of summer and gloom of winter, in the thunder of heaven and in the whisper of the breeze, he still finds something to rouse or to soothe his imagination, to draw forth his affections, or to employ his understanding. And from every

mental energy that is not attended with pain, and even from some of those that are, as moderate terror and pity, a sound mind derives satisfaction; exercise being equally necessary to the body and the soul, and to both equally productive of health and pleasure. This happy sensibility to the beauties of nature should be cherished in young persons. It engages them to contemplate the Creator in his wonderful works; it purifies and harmonizes the soul, and prepares it for moral and intellectual discipline; it supplies a never-failing source of amusement; it contributes even to bodily health; and, as a strict analogy subsists between material and moral beauty, it leads the heart by an easy transition from the one to the other, and thus recommends virtue for its transcendent loveliness, and makes vice appear the object of contempt and abomination. An intimate acquaintance with the best descriptive poets, joined to some practice in the art of drawing, will promote this amiable sensibility in early years; for then the face of nature has novelty superadded to its other charms, the passions are not pre-engaged, the heart is free from care, and the imagination warm and romantic.

DR BEATTIE.

19.—THE DOWNFAL OF BONAPARTE.

THE downfall of Bonaparte is an impressive lesson to Ambition, and affords a striking illustration of the inevitable tendency of that passion to bring to ruin the power and the greatness which it seeks so madly to increase. No human being, perhaps, ever stood on so proud a pinnacle of worldly grandeur as Napoleon at the beginning of his Russian campaign. He had done more, he had acquired more, and he possessed more, as to actual power, influence, and authority, than any individual that ever figured on the scene of European story. He had visited, with a victorious army, almost every capital of the continent, and dictated the terms of peace to their astonished princes. He had consolidated under his immediate dominion a territory and population apparently sufficient to meet the combination of all that it did not include, and interwoven himself with the

government of almost all that was left. He had cast down and erected thrones at his pleasure, and surrounded himself with tributary kings and principalities of his own creation. He had connected himself by marriage with the proudest of the ancient sovereigns, and was at the head of the largest and the finest army that was ever assembled to desolate or dispose of the world. Had he known where to stop in his aggressions upon the peace and independence of mankind, it seems as if this terrific sovereignty might have been permanently established in his person. But the demon by whom he was possessed urged him on to his fate. He could not bear that any power should exist which did not confess its dependence on him. Without a pretext for quarrel, he attacked Russia, insulted Austria, trod contemptuously on the fallen fortunes of Prussia, and, by new aggressions, and the menace of more intolerable evils, drove them into that league which rolled back the tide of ruin on himself, and ultimately hurled him into the insignificance from which he originally sprung. JEFFREY.

20.—ON SUBLIMITY.

It is not easy to describe in words the precise impression which great and sublime objects make upon us when we behold them; but every one has a conception of it. It produces a sort of internal elevation and expansion; it raises the mind much above its ordinary state, and fills it with a degree of wonder and astonishment which it cannot well express. The emotion is certainly delightful, but it is altogether of the serious kind; a degree of awfulness and solemnity, even approaching to severity, commonly attends it when at its height, very distinguishable from the more gay and brisk emotion raised by beautiful objects.

The simplest form of external grandeur appears in the vast and boundless prospects presented to us by nature; such as wide extended plains, to which the eye can see no limits, the firmament of heaven, or the boundless expanse of the ocean. All vastness produces the impression of sublimity. It is to be

remarked, however, that space, extended in length, makes not so strong an impression as height or depth. Though a boundless plain is a grand object, yet a high mountain, to which we look up, or an awful precipice or tower, whence we look down on the objects which lie below, is still more so. The excessive grandeur of the firmament arises from its height, joined to its boundless extent; and that of the ocean, not from its extent alone, but from the perpetual motion and irresistible force of that mass of waters. Wherever space is concerned, it is clear that amplitude or greatness of extent, in one dimension or other, is necessary to grandeur. Remove all bounds from any object, and you presently render it sublime. Hence infinite space, endless numbers, and eternal duration, fill the mind with great ideas.

From this some have imagined that vastness or amplitude of extent is the foundation of all sublimity. But I cannot be of that opinion, because many objects appear sublime which have no relation to space at all. Such, for instance, is great loudness of sound. The burst of thunder or of cannon, the roaring of winds, the shouting of multitudes, the sound of vast cataracts of water, are all incontestably grand objects. "I heard the voice of a great multitude, as the sound of many waters, and of mighty thunderings, saying, Hallelujah." In general we may observe, that great power and force exerted, always raise sublime ideas; and perhaps the most copious source of these is derived from this quarter. Hence the grandeur of earthquakes, and burning mountains, of great conflagrations, of the stormy ocean, and overflowing waters, of tempests of wind, of thunder and lightning, and of all the uncommon violence of the elements; nothing is more sublime than mighty power and strength. A stream that runs within its banks is a beautiful object; but when it rushes down with the impetuosity and noise of a torrent, it presently becomes a sublime one. From lions and other animals of strength are drawn sublime comparisons in poets. A racehorse is looked upon with pleasure, but it is the warhorse, "whose neck is clothed with thunder," that carries grandeur in its idea. The engagement of two great armies, as it is the highest exertion of

human might, combines a variety of sources of the sublime, and has accordingly been always considered as one of the most striking and magnificent spectacles that can be either presented to the eye, or exhibited to the imagination in description.

BLAIR.

21.—THE KORAN.

I HARDLY think that we can have a more striking proof of the prejudices of modern infidels, than in their attempt to compare this motley composition, the Koran, to the writings of the Old and New Testament. Let the reader but take the trouble to peruse the history of Joseph by Mahomet, which is the subject of a very long chapter, and to compare it with the account of that patriarch given by Moses, and if he does not perceive at once the immense inferiority of the former, I shall never, for my part, undertake by argument to convince him of it. To me it appears even almost incredible, that the most beautiful and most affecting passages of Holy Writ should have been so wretchedly disfigured by a writer, whose intention, we are certain, was not to burlesque them. Poverty of sentiment, monstrosity of invention, which always betokens a distempered, not a rich imagination, and, with respect to diction, the most turgid verbosity, so apt to be mistaken by persons of a vitiated taste for true sublimity, are the genuine characteristics of the book. They appear almost in every line. The very titles and epithets assigned to God are not exempt from them. The Lord of the daybreak, the Lord of the magnificent throne, the king of the day of judgment. They are pompous and insignificant. If the language of the Koran, as the Mahometans pretend, is indeed the language of God, the thoughts are but too evidently the thoughts of men. The reverse of this is the character of the Bible. When God speaks to men, it is reasonable to think, that he addresses them in their own language. In the Bible you will see nothing inflated, nothing affected in the style. The words are human, but the sentiments are divine. Accordingly there is perhaps no book in the world which suffers less by a literal translation into any other language.

DR G. CAMPBELL.

22.—THE POOR WEEP UNHEEDED.

No observation is more common, and at the same time more true, than, That one half of the world are ignorant how the other half lives. The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention; are enlarged upon in tones of declamation; and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble sufferers: the great, under the pressure of calamity, are conscious of several others sympathizing with their distress; and have, at once, the comfort of admiration and pity.

There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude, when the whole world is looking on: men in such circumstances will act bravely, even from motives of vanity; but he who, in the vale of obscurity, can brave adversity; who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his misfortunes, can behave with tranquillity and indifference, is truly great; whether peasant or courtier, he deserves admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect.

While the slightest inconveniences of the great are magnified into calamities; while tragedy mouths out their sufferings in all the strains of eloquence; the miseries of the poor are entirely disregarded; and yet some of the lower ranks of people undergo more real hardships in one day than those of a more exalted station suffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the meanest of our common sailors and soldiers endure without murmuring or regret; without passionately declaiming against Providence, or calling their fellows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every day is to them a day of misery, and yet they entertain their hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear an Ovid, a Cicero, or a Rabutin, complain of their misfortunes and hardships, whose greatest calamity was that of being unable to visit a certain spot of earth, to which they had foolishly attached an idea of happiness! Their distresses were pleasures, compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day endure without murmuring. They ate, drank, and slept; they had slaves to at-

tend them ; and were sure of subsistence for life ; while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander without a friend to comfort or assist them, and even without shelter from the severity of the season.

GOLDSMITH.

23.—SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY'S VISIT TO THE ASSIZES.

A MAN'S first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart ; his next, to escape the censures of the world. If the latter interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected ; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applauses of the public. A man is more sure of his conduct when the verdict which he passes upon his own behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

My worthy friend Sir Roger is one of those, who is not only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind, in the returns of affection and goodwill which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighbourhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shown to the good old knight. He would needs carry Will Wimble and myself with him to the county assizes. As we were upon the road, Will Wimble joined a couple of plain men who rode before us, and conversed with them for some time, during which my friend Sir Roger acquainted me with their characters. "The first of them," says he, "that has a spaniel by his side, is a yeoman of about a hundred pounds a-year, an honest man. He is just within the game act, and qualified to kill a hare or a pheasant. He knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a-week, and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbour if he did not destroy so many partridges. In short, he is a very sensible man ; shoots flying ; and has been several times foreman of the petty jury. The other that rides along with him is Tom

Touchy, a fellow famous for taking "the law" of every body. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter-sessions. His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments. He plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, that he was forced to sell the ground it enclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution; his father left him fourscore pounds a-year; but he has cast and been cast so often, that he is now not worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the willow-tree. As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will Wimble and his two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will told him that Mr Touchy and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will, it seems, had been giving his fellow-traveller an account of his angling one day in such a hole, when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him that Mr Such-a-one, if he pleased, might take the law of him for fishing in that part of the river. My friend Sir Roger heard them both upon a round trot, and, after having paused some time, told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that "much might be said on both sides." They were neither of them dissatisfied with the knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it. Upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

The court was seated before Sir Roger came; but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them, who, for his reputation in the country, took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear, that he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit. I was listening to the proceedings of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance of solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws, when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed, to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, until I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences with a look

of much business and great intrepidity. Upon his first rising the court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country-people that Sir Roger "was up." The speech he made was so little to the purpose, that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it, and, I believe, was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country. I was highly delighted, when the court rose, to see the gentlemen of the county gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage that he was not afraid to speak to the judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident, which I cannot forbear relating, because it shows how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had, it seems, been formerly a servant in the knight's family, and, to do honour to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a signpost before the door; so that the knight's head hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew any thing of the matter. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and goodwill, he only told him that he had paid him too high a compliment; and, when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added, with a more decisive look, that it was too great an honour for any man under a duke; but told him at the same time, that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly they got a painter, by the knight's directions, to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and, by a little aggravation to the features, to change it into the Saracen's head. I should not have known this story, had not the innkeeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him in my hearing, that his honour's head was brought last night with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my friend, with his usual cheerfulness, related

the particulars above mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but upon the knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied, "that much might be said on both sides."

These several adventures, with the knight's behaviour in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels.

ADDISON.

24.—THE BUSINESS AND QUALIFICATIONS OF A POET.

"WHEREVER I went, I found that poetry was considered as the highest learning, and regarded with a veneration somewhat approaching to that which man would pay to the angelic nature. And it yet fills me with wonder, that, in almost all countries, the most ancient poets are considered as the best: whether it be that every other kind of knowledge is an acquisition gradually attained, and poetry is a gift conferred at once; or that the first poetry of every nation surprised them as a novelty, and retained the credit by consent which it received by accident at first; or whether, as the province of poetry is to describe nature and passion, which are always the same, the first writers took possession of the most striking objects for description, and the most probable occurrences for fiction, and left nothing to those that followed them, but transcriptions of the same events, and new combinations of the same images. Whatever be the reason, it is commonly observed, that the early writers are in possession of nature, and their followers of art: that the first excel in strength and invention, and the latter in elegance and refinement.

"I was desirous to add my name to this illustrious fraternity.

I read all the poets of Persia and Arabia, and was able to repeat by memory the volumes that are suspended in the mosque of Mecca. But I soon found that no man was ever great by imitation. My desire of excellence impelled me to transfer my attention to nature and to life. Nature was to be my subject, and men to be my auditors; I could never describe what I had not seen; I could not hope to move those with delight or terror, whose interests and opinions I did not understand.

"Being now resolved to be a poet, I saw every thing with a new purpose; my sphere of attention was suddenly magnified: no kind of knowledge was to be overlooked. I ranged mountains and deserts for images and resemblances, and pictured upon my mind every tree of the forest and flower of the valley. I observed with equal care the crags of the rock and the pinnacles of the palace. Sometimes I wandered along the mazes of the rivulet, and sometimes watched the changes of the summer clouds. To a poet nothing can be useless. Whatever is beautiful, and whatever is dreadful, must be familiar to his imagination; he must be conversant with all that is awfully vast or elegantly little. The plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, and meteors of the sky, must all concur to store his mind with inexhaustible variety: for every idea is useful for the enforcement or decoration of moral or religious truth; and he, who knows most, will have most power of diversifying his scenes, and of gratifying his reader with remote allusions and unexpected instruction.

"All the appearances of nature I was therefore careful to study, and every country which I have surveyed has contributed something to my poetical powers."

"In so wide a survey," said the prince, "you must surely have left much unobserved. I have lived, till now, within the circuit of these mountains, and yet cannot walk abroad without the sight of something which I never beheld before, or never heeded."

"The business of a poet," said Imlac, "is to examine, not the individual, but the species; to remark general properties and large appearances: he does not number the streaks of the

tulip, or describe the different shades in the verdure of the forest. He is to exhibit in his portraits of nature such prominent and striking features, as recall the original to every mind; and must neglect the minuter discriminations, which one may have remarked, and another have neglected, for those characteristics which are alike obvious to vigilance and carelessness.

“But the knowledge of nature is only half the task of a poet; he must be acquainted likewise with all the modes of life. His character requires that he estimate the happiness and misery of every condition, observe the power of all the passions in all their combinations, and trace the changes of the human mind as they are modified by various institutions, and accidental influences of climate or custom, from the sprightliness of infancy to the despondence of decrepitude. He must divest himself of the prejudices of his age or country; he must consider right and wrong in their abstract and invariable state; he must disregard present laws and opinions, and rise to general and transcendental truths, which will always be the same: he must therefore content himself with the slow progress of his name; condemn the applause of his own time, and commit his claims to the justice of posterity. He must write as the interpreter of nature, and the legislator of mankind, and consider himself as presiding over the thoughts and manners of future generations, as a being superior to time and place.

“His labour is not yet at an end: he must know many languages and many sciences; and, that his style may be worthy of his thoughts, must, by incessant practice, familiarize to himself every delicacy of speech and grace of harmony.”

JOHNSON'S *Rasselas*.

25.—REMARKS ON SOME OF THE BEST POETS, BOTH ANCIENT
AND MODERN.

'Tis manifest, that some particular ages have been more happy than others, in the production of great men, and all sorts of arts and sciences; as that of Euripides, Sophocles, Aristo-

phanes, and the rest, for stage poetry, amongst the Greeks; that of Augustus for heroic, lyric, dramatic, elegiac, and indeed all sorts of poetry, in the persons of Virgil, Horace, Varius, Ovid, and many others; especially if we take into that century the latter end of the Commonwealth, wherein we find Varro, Lucretius, and Catullus: and at the same time lived Cicero, Sallust, and Cæsar. A famous age in modern times, for learning in every kind, was that of Lorenzo de Medici and his son Leo X., wherein painting was revived, poetry flourished, and the Greek language was restored.

Examples in all these are obvious: but what I would infer is this, That in such an age, 'tis possible some great genius may arise to equal any of the ancients, abating only for the language; for great contemporaries whet and cultivate each other; and mutual borrowing, and commerce, makes the common riches of learning, as it does of civil government.

But suppose that Homer and Virgil were the only poets of their species, and that Nature was so much worn out in producing them, that she is never able to bear the like again; yet the example only holds in heroic poetry. In tragedy and satire, I offer myself to maintain, against some of our modern critics, that this age and the last, particularly in England, have excelled the ancients in both these kinds.

Thus I might safely confine myself to my native country; but if I would only cross the seas, I might find in France a living Horace and a Juvenal, in the person of the admirable Boileau, whose numbers are excellent, whose expressions are noble, whose thoughts are just, whose language is pure, whose satire is pointed, and whose sense is close. What he borrows from the ancients, he repays with usury of his own, in coin as good, and almost as universally valuable; for, setting prejudice and partiality apart, though he is our enemy, the stamp of a Louis, the patron of arts, is not much inferior to the medal of an Augustus Cæsar.

Now, if it may be permitted me to go back again to the consideration of epic poetry, I have confessed that no man hitherto has reached, or so much as approached, to the excellencies of Homer or Virgil: I must further add, that Statius,

the best versificator next Virgil, knew not how to design after him, though he had the model in his eye; that Lucan is wanting both in design and subject, and is besides too full of heat and affection; that, among the moderns, Ariosto neither designed justly, nor observed any unity of action or compass of time, or moderation in the vastness of his draught: his style is luxurious, without majesty or decency; and his adventures without the compass of nature and possibility. Tasso, whose design was regular, and who observed the rules of unity in time and place more closely than Virgil, yet was not so happy in his action; he confesses himself to have been too lyrical, that is, to have written beneath the dignity of heroic verse, in his episodes of Sophronia, Erminia, and Armida; his story is not so pleasing as Ariosto's; he is too flatulent sometimes, and sometimes too dry; many times unequal, and almost always forced; and, besides, is full of conceptions, points of epigram, and witticisms; all which are not only below the dignity of heroic verse, but contrary to its nature. Virgil and Homer have not one of them: and those who are guilty of so boyish an ambition in so grave a subject, are so far from being considered as heroic poets, that they ought to be turned down from Homer to Anthologia, from Virgil to Martial and Owen's epigrams, and from Spenser to Flecknoe, that is, from the top to the bottom of all poetry. But to return to Tasso; he borrows from the invention of Boiardo, and in his alteration of his poem, which is infinitely the worst, imitates Homer so very servilely, that (for example) he gives the king of Jerusalem fifty sons, only because Homer had bestowed the like number on king Priam; he kills the youngest in the same manner, and has provided his hero with a Patroclus, under another name, only to bring him back to the wars, when his friend was killed. The French have performed nothing in this kind, which is not below those two Italians, and subject to a thousand more reflections, without examining their St Louis, their Pucelle, or their Alarique. The English have only to boast of Spenser and Milton, who neither of them wanted either genius or learning to have been perfect poets, and yet both of them are liable to many censures.

DRYDEN.

26.—ON THE ILIAD OF HOMER.

THE subject of the Iliad must unquestionably be admitted to be, in the main, happily chosen. In the days of Homer, no object could be more splendid and dignified than the Trojan war. So great a confederacy of the Grecian states, under one leader, and the ten years' siege which they carried on against Troy, must have spread far abroad the renown of many military exploits, and interested all Greece in the traditions concerning the heroes who had most eminently signalized themselves. Upon these traditions Homer grounded his poem; and though he lived, as is generally believed, only two or three centuries after the Trojan war, yet, through the want of written records, tradition must, by his time, have fallen into the degree of obscurity most proper for poetry; and have left him at full liberty to mix as much fable as he pleased with the remains of true history. He has not chosen, for his subject, the whole Trojan war; but, with great judgment, he has selected one part of it, the quarrel betwixt Achilles and Agamemnon, and the events to which that quarrel gave rise; which, though they take up forty-seven days only, yet include the most interesting and most critical period of the war. By this management, he has given greater unity to what would have otherwise been an unconnected history of battles. He has gained one hero, or principal character, Achilles, who reigns throughout the work; and he has shown the pernicious effect of discord among confederated princes. At the same time I admit that Homer is less fortunate in his subject than Virgil. The plan of the *Æneid* includes a greater compass, and a more agreeable diversity of events; whereas the Iliad is almost entirely filled with battles.

The praise of high invention has in every age been given to Homer, with the greatest reason. The prodigious number of incidents, of speeches, of characters divine and human, with which he abounds; the surprising variety with which he has diversified his battles, in the wounds and deaths, and little history-pieces of almost all the persons slain, discover an

invention next to boundless. But the praise of judgment is, in my opinion, no less due to Homer than that of invention. His story is all along conducted with great art. He rises upon us gradually; his heroes are brought out, one after another, to be objects of our attention. The distress thickens as the poem advances; and every thing is so contrived, as to aggrandize Achilles, and to render him, as the poet intended he should be, the capital figure.

But that wherein Homer excels all writers, is the characteristic part. Here he is without a rival. His lively and spirited exhibition of characters is, in a great measure, owing to his being so dramatic a writer, abounding everywhere with dialogue and conversation. There is much more dialogue in Homer than in Virgil; or, indeed, than in any other poet.

BLAIR.

27.—ON THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER.

My observations, hitherto, have been made upon the Iliad only. It is necessary to take some notice of the Odyssey also. Longinus's criticism upon it is not without foundation, that Homer may, in this poem, be compared to the setting sun, whose grandeur still remains, without the heat of his meridian beams. It wants the vigour and sublimity of the Iliad; yet, at the same time, possesses so many beauties, as to be justly entitled to high praise. It is a very amusing poem, and has much greater variety than the Iliad; it contains many interesting stories and beautiful descriptions. We see everywhere the same descriptive and dramatic genius, and the same fertility of invention, that appears in the other work. It descends indeed from the dignity of gods, and heroes, and warlike achievements; but, in recompense, we have more pleasing pictures of ancient manners. Instead of that ferocity which reigns in the Iliad, the Odyssey presents us with the most amiable images of hospitality and humanity; entertains us with many a wonderful adventure, and many a landscape of nature; and instructs us by a constant vein of morality and virtue, which runs through the poem.

BLAIR.

28.—ON THE BEAUTIES OF VIRGIL.

VIRGIL possesses beauties which have justly drawn the admiration of ages, and which, to this day, hold the balance in equilibrium between his fame and that of Homer. The principal and distinguishing excellency of Virgil, and which, in my opinion, he possesses beyond all poets, is tenderness. Nature had endowed him with exquisite sensibility; he felt every affecting circumstance in the scenes he describes; and, by a single stroke, he knows how to reach the heart. This, in an epic poem, is the merit next to sublimity; and puts it in an author's power to render his composition extremely interesting to all readers.

The chief beauty, of this kind, in the *Iliad*, is the interview of Hector with Andromache. But, in the *Æneid*, there are many such. The second book is one of the greatest master-pieces that ever was executed by any hand; and Virgil seems to have put forth there the whole strength of his genius, as the subject afforded a variety of scenes, both of the awful and tender kind. The images of horror, presented by a city burned and sacked in the night, are finely mixed with pathetic and affecting incidents. Nothing, in any poet, is more beautifully described than the death of old Priam; and the family-pieces of Æneas, Anchises, and Creusa, are as tender as can be conceived. In many passages of the *Æneid* the same pathetic spirit shines; and they have been always the favourite passages in that work. The fourth book, for instance, relating the unhappy passion and death of Dido, has been always most justly admired, and abounds with beauties of the highest kind. The interview of Æneas with Andromache and Helenus, in the third book; the episodes of Pallas and Evander, of Nisus and Euryalus, of Lausus and Mezentius, in the Italian wars, are all striking instances of the poet's power of raising the tender emotions. For we must observe, that though the *Æneid* be an unequal poem, and, in some places, languid, yet there are beauties scattered through it all; and not a few, even in the last six books. The best and most finished books, upon the whole, are the first, the second, the fourth, the sixth, the seventh, the eighth, and the twelfth.

BLAIR.

29.—SIEGE AND CONQUEST OF JERUSALEM BY THE CRUSADERS.

JERUSALEM has derived some reputation from the number and importance of her memorable sieges. It was not till after a long and obstinate contest that Babylon and Rome could prevail against the obstinacy of the people, the craggy ground that might supersede the necessity of fortifications, and the walls and towers that would have fortified the most accessible plain. These obstacles were diminished in the age of the crusades. The bulwarks had been completely destroyed and imperfectly restored: the Jews, their nation, and worship, were for ever banished; but nature is less changeable than man, and the site of Jerusalem, though somewhat softened and somewhat removed, was still strong against the assaults of an enemy. By the experience of a recent siege and a three years' possession, the Saracens of Egypt had been taught to discern, and in some degree to remedy, the defects of a place which religion as well as honour forbade them to resign. Aladin, or Iftikhar, the caliph's lieutenant, was intrusted with the defence; his policy strove to restrain the native Christians by the dread of their own ruin and that of the holy sepulchre; to animate the Moslems by the assurance of temporal and eternal rewards. His garrison is said to have consisted of forty thousand Turks and Arabians; and, if he could muster twenty thousand of the inhabitants, it must be confessed that the besieged were more numerous than the besieging army. Had the diminished strength and numbers of the Latins allowed them to grasp the whole circumference of four thousand yards (about two English miles and a half), to what useful purpose should they have descended into the valley of Ben Hinnom and torrent of Cedron, or approached the precipices of the south and east, from whence they had nothing either to hope or fear? Their siege was more reasonably directed against the northern and western sides of the city. Godfrey of Bouillon erected his standard on the first swell of Mount Calvary; to the left, as far as St Stephen's gate, the line of attack was continued by Tancred and the two Roberts; and Count Ray-

mond established his quarters from the citadel to the foot of Mount Sion, which was no longer included within the precincts of the city. On the fifth day, the crusaders made a general assault, in the fanatic hope of battering down the walls without engines, and of scaling them without ladders. By the dint of brutal force, they burst the first barrier, but they were driven back with shame and slaughter to the camp; the influence of vision and prophecy was deadened by the too frequent abuse of those pious stratagems; and time and labour were found to be the only means of victory. The time of the siege was indeed fulfilled in forty days, but they were forty days of calamity and anguish. A repetition of the old complaint of famine may be imputed in some degree to the voracious or disorderly appetite of the Franks; but the stony soil of Jerusalem is almost destitute of water; the scanty springs and hasty torrents were dry in the summer season; nor was the thirst of the besiegers relieved, as in the city, by the artificial supply of cisterns and aqueducts. The circumjacent country is equally destitute of trees for the uses of shade or building; but some large beams were discovered in a cave by the crusaders: a wood near Sichem, the enchanted grove of Tasso, was cut down; the necessary timber was transported to the camp by the vigour and dexterity of Tancred; and the engines were framed by some Genoese artists, who had fortunately landed in the harbour of Jaffa. Two movable turrets were constructed at the expense, and in the stations, of the Duke of Lorraine and the Count of Tholouse, and rolled forwards with devout labour, not to the most accessible, but to the most neglected parts of the fortification. Raymond's Tower was reduced to ashes by the fire of the besieged, but his colleague was more vigilant and successful; the enemies were driven by his archers from the rampart; the drawbridge was let down; and on a Friday, at three in the afternoon, the day and hour of the Passion, Godfrey of Bouillon stood victorious on the walls of Jerusalem. His example was followed on every side by the emulation of valour; and about four hundred and sixty years after the conquest of Omar, the holy city was rescued from the Mahometan yoke. In the pillage of public and private wealth, the adven-

turers had agreed to respect the exclusive property of the first occupant, and the spoils of the great mosque, seventy lamps and massy vases of gold and silver, rewarded the diligence and displayed the generosity of Tancred. A bloody sacrifice was offered by his mistaken votaries to the God of the Christians; resistance might provoke, but neither age nor sex could mollify their implacable rage; they indulged themselves three days in a promiscuous massacre, and the infection of the dead bodies produced an epidemical disease. After seventy thousand Moslems had been put to the sword, and the harmless Jews had been burnt in their synagogue, they could still reserve a multitude of captives, whom interest or lassitude persuaded them to spare. Of these savage heroes of the cross, Tancred alone betrayed some sentiments of compassion; yet we may praise the more selfish lenity of Raymond, who granted a capitulation and safe conduct to the garrison of the citadel. The holy sepulchre was now free, and the bloody victors prepared to accomplish their vow. Bareheaded and barefoot, with contrite hearts, and in an humble posture, they ascended the hill of Calvary, amidst the loud anthems of the clergy; kissed the stone which had covered the Saviour of the world, and bedewed with tears of joy and penitence the monument of their redemption. This union of the fiercest and most tender passions has been variously considered by two philosophers; by the one, as easy and natural; by the other, as absurd and incredible. Perhaps it is too rigorously applied to the same persons and the same hour: the example of the virtuous Godfrey awakened the piety of his companions; while they cleansed their bodies, they purified their minds; nor shall I believe that the most ardent in slaughter and rapine were the foremost in the procession to the holy sepulchre.

Eight days after this memorable event, the Latin chiefs proceeded to the election of a king, to guard and govern their conquests in Palestine. The jealousy and ambition of Raymond were condemned by his own followers, and the free, the just, the unanimous voice of the army proclaimed Godfrey of Bouillon the first and most worthy of the champions of Christendom. His magnanimity accepted a trust as full of danger

as of glory ; but in a city where his Saviour had been crowned with thorns, the devout pilgrim rejected the name and ensigns of royalty ; and the founder of the kingdom of Jerusalem contented himself with the modest title of Defender and Baron of the Holy Sepulchre.

GIBBON.

30.—THE CHARACTER OF HAMLET.

HAMLET is one of Shakspeare's plays that we think of the oftenest, because it abounds most in striking reflections on human life, and because his distresses are transferred, by the turn of his mind, to the general account of humanity. Whatever happens to him we apply to ourselves, because he applies it to himself as a means of general reasoning. He is a great moralizer ; and what makes him more attended to is, that he moralizes on his own feelings and experience. He is not a common-place pedant. If Lear is distinguished by the greatest depth of passion, Hamlet is the most remarkable for the ingenuity, originality, and unstudied development of character. Shakspeare has more magnanimity than any other poet, and he has shown more of it in this play than in any other. There is no attempt to force an interest ; everything is left for time and circumstances to unfold. The attention is excited without effort ; the incidents succeed each other as matters of course ; the characters think, and speak, and act, just as they might do if left entirely to themselves. There is no set purpose, no straining at a point. The observations are suggested by the passing scene ; the gusts of passion come and go like sounds of music borne on the wind. The whole play is an exact transcript of what might be supposed to have taken place at the remote period of time fixed upon, before the modern refinements in morals and manners were heard of. It would have been interesting enough to have been admitted as a bystander in such a scene, at such a time, to have heard and witnessed something of what was going on. But here we are more than spectators. We have not only "the outward pageants and the signs of grief," but "we have that within which passes show." We

read the thoughts of the heart, we "catch the passions living as they rise." Other dramatic writers give us very fine versions and paraphrases of nature, but Shakspeare, together with his own comments, gives us the original text, that we may judge for ourselves. This is a great advantage.

The character of Hamlet stands quite by itself. It is not a character marked by strength of will or even of passion, but by refinement of thought and sentiment. Hamlet is as little of the hero as a man can well be; but he is a young and princely novice, full of high enthusiasm and quick sensibility, the sport of circumstances, questioning with fortune, and refining on his own feelings, and forced from the natural bias of his disposition by the strangeness of his situation. He seems incapable of deliberate action, and is only hurried into extremities on the spur of the occasion, when he has no time to reflect, as in the scene where he kills Polonius; and again, where he alters the letters which Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are taking with them to England, purporting his death. At other times when most bound to act, he remains puzzled, undecided, and sceptical; dallies with his purposes till the occasion is lost, and finds out some pretence to relapse into indolence and thoughtfulness again. For this reason he refuses to kill the king when he is at his prayers; and, by a refinement in malice, which in truth is only an excuse for his own want of resolution, defers his revenge to a more fatal opportunity.

HAZLITT.

31.—WIT AND HUMOUR.

WIT and humour have, I fear, an injurious effect upon the character and disposition. I am not speaking of wit where it is kept down by more serious qualities of mind, and thrown into the background of the picture, but where it stands out boldly and emphatically, and is evidently the master quality in any particular mind. Profound wits, though generally courted for the amusement they afford, are seldom respected for the qualities they possess. The habit of seeing things in

a witty point of view increases, and makes incursions, from its own proper regions, upon principles and opinions which are ever held sacred by the wise and good. A witty man is a dramatic performer : in process of time he can no more exist without applause, than he can exist without air ; if his audience be small, or if they be inattentive, or if a new wit defraud him of any portion of his admiration, it is all over with him—he sickens and is extinguished. The applauses of the theatre on which he performs are essential to him, and he must obtain them at the expense of decency, friendship, and good feeling. It must always be probable, too, that a mere wit is a person of light and frivolous understanding. His business is not to discover relations of ideas that are useful and have a real influence upon life, but to discover the more trifling relations which are only amusing ; he never looks at things with the naked eye of common sense, but is always gazing at the world through a Claude Lorraine glass,—discovering a thousand appearances which are created only by the instrument of inspection, and covering every object with factitious and unnatural colours. In short, the character of a mere wit it is impossible to consider as very amiable, very respectable, or very safe. So far the world, in judging of wit where it has swallowed up all other qualities, judge aright ; but I doubt if they are sufficiently indulgent to this faculty where it exists in a lesser degree, and as one out of many other ingredients of the understanding. There is an association in men's minds between dulness and wisdom, amusement and folly, which has a powerful influence in decision upon character, and is not overcome without considerable difficulty. The reason is, that the *outward* signs of a dull man and a wise man are the same, and so are the outward signs of a frivolous man and a witty man ; and we are not to expect that the majority will be disposed to look to much more than the outward sign. I believe the fact to be, that wit is very seldom the only eminent quality which resides in the mind of any man ; it is commonly accompanied by many other talents of every description, and ought to be considered as a strong evidence of a fertile and superior understanding. Almost all the great poets, orators, and statesmen

of all times have been witty. Cæsar, Alexander, Aristotle, Descartes, and Lord Bacon, were witty men; so were Cicero, Shakspeare, Demosthenes, Boileau, Pope, Dryden, Fontenelle, Jonson, Waller, Cowley, Solon, Socrates, Dr Johnson, and almost every man who has made a distinguished figure in the House of Commons. I have talked of the danger of wit; I do not mean by that to enter into common-place declamation against faculties because they are dangerous; wit is dangerous, eloquence is dangerous, a talent for observation is dangerous, every thing is dangerous that has efficacy and vigour for its characteristics; nothing is safe but mediocrity. The business is, in conducting the understanding well, to risk something; to aim at uniting things that are commonly incompatible. The meaning of an extraordinary man is, that he is *eight* men, not one man; that he has as much wit as if he had no sense, and as much sense as if he had no wit; that his conduct is as judicious as if he were the dullest of human beings, and his imagination as brilliant as if he were irretrievably ruined. But when wit is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence, and restrained by strong principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it, who can be witty, and something much better than witty; who loves honour, justice, decency, good nature, morality, and religion ten thousand times better than wit;—wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men, than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness—teaching age, and care, and pain, to smile—extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men nearer together, and, like the combined force of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and shining countenance. Genuine and innocent wit like this is surely the *flavour of the mind*! Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavour, and brightness, and laughter, and

perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to "charm his pained steps over the burning marle." SYDNEY SMITH.

32.—FIELD SPORTS AND AGRICULTURE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE favourite diversions of the Middle Ages in the intervals of war were those of hunting and hawking. The former must in all countries be a source of pleasure; but it seems to have been enjoyed in moderation by the Greeks and Romans. With the northern invaders, however, it was rather a predominant appetite than an amusement; it was their pride and their ornament, the theme of their songs, the object of their laws, and the business of their lives. Falconry, unknown as a diversion to the ancients, became from the fourth century an equally delightful occupation. From the Salic and other barbarous codes of the fifth century to the close of the period under our review, every age would furnish testimony to the ruling passion for these two species of chase, or, as they were sometimes called, the mysteries of woods and rivers. A knight seldom stirred from his house without a falcon on his wrist, or a greyhound that followed him. Thus are Harold and his attendants represented in the famous tapestry of Bayeux. And in the monuments of those who died any where but on the field of battle, it is usual to find the greyhound lying at their feet, or the bird upon their wrist. Nor are the tombs of ladies without their falcon; for this diversion, being of less danger and fatigue than the chase, was shared by the delicate sex.

It was impossible to repress the eagerness with which the clergy, especially after the barbarians had been tempted by rich bishoprics to take upon them the sacred functions, rushed into these secular amusements. Prohibitions of councils, however frequently repeated, produced little effect. An archbishop of York, in 1321, seems to have carried a train of two hundred persons, who were maintained at the expense of the abbey, on his visitations, and to have hunted with a pack of hounds from parish to parish. The third council of Lateran, in 1180, had prohibited this amusement on such journeys, and restricted bishops to a train of forty or fifty horses.

Though hunting had ceased to be a necessary means of procuring food, it was a very convenient resource on which the wholesomeness and comfort as well as the luxury of the table depended. Before the natural pastures were improved, and new kinds of fodder for cattle discovered, it was impossible to maintain the summer stock during the cold season. Hence a portion of it was regularly slaughtered and salted for winter provision. We may suppose that when no alternative was offered but these salted meats, even the leanest venison was devoured with relish. There was somewhat more excuse therefore for the severity with which the lords of forests and manors preserved the beasts of the chase, than if they had been considered as merely objects of sport. The laws relating to preservation of game were in every country uncommonly rigorous. They formed in England that odious system of forest laws which distinguished the tyranny of our Norman kings. Capital punishment for killing a stag or wild boar was frequent, and perhaps warranted by law until the charter of John. The French code was less severe; but even Henry IV. enacted the pain of death against the repeated offence of chasing deer in the royal forests. The privilege of hunting was reserved to the nobility till the reign of Louis IX., who extended it in some degree to persons of lower birth.

This excessive passion for the sports of the field produced those evils which are apt to result from it; a strenuous idleness, which disdained all useful occupations, and an oppressive spirit towards the peasantry. The devastation committed under the pretence of destroying wild animals, which had been already protected in their depredations, is noticed in serious authors, and has also been the topic of popular ballads. What effect this must have had on agriculture it is easy to conjecture. The levelling of forests, the draining of morasses, and the extirpation of mischievous animals which inhabit them, are the first objects of man's labour in reclaiming the earth to his use; and these were forbidden by a landed aristocracy, whose control over the progress of agricultural improvement was unlimited, and who had not yet learned to sacrifice their pleasures to their avarice.

These habits of the rich, and the miserable servitude of those who cultivated the land, rendered its fertility unavailing. Predial servitude, indeed, in some of its modifications, has always been the great bar to improvement. In the agricultural economy of Rome, the labouring husbandman, the menial slave of some wealthy senator, had not even that qualified interest in the soil which the tenure of villanage afforded to the peasant of feudal ages. Italy, therefore, a country presenting many natural impediments, was but imperfectly reduced into cultivation before the irruption of the barbarians. That revolution destroyed agriculture with every other art; and succeeding calamities during five or six centuries left the finest regions of Europe unfruitful and desolate. There are but two possible modes in which the produce of the earth can be increased; one by rendering fresh land serviceable; the other by improving the fertility of that which is already cultivated. The last is only attainable by the application of capital and of skill to agriculture; neither of which could be expected in the ruder ages of society. The former is, to a certain extent, always practicable whilst waste lands remain; but it was checked by laws hostile to improvement, such as the manorial and commonable rights in England, and by the general tone of manners.

HALLAM.

33.—THE ANT-HILL—A LESSON TO HUMAN PRIDE.

If there be any thing which makes human nature appear ridiculous to beings of superior faculties, it must be pride. They know so well the vanity of those imaginary perfections, that swell the heart of man, and of those little supernumerary advantages whether in birth, fortune, or title, which one man enjoys above another, that it must certainly very much astonish, if it does not very much divert them, when they see a mortal puffed up, and valuing himself above his neighbours on any of these accounts, at the same time that he is obnoxious to all the common calamities of the species.

To set this thought in its true light, we will fancy, if you

please, that yonder molehill is inhabited by reasonable creatures, and that every pismire, his shape and way of life only excepted, is endowed with human passions. How should we smile to hear one give us an account of the pedigrees, distinctions, and titles, that reign among them! Observe how the whole swarm divide and make way for the pismire that passes through them! You must understand he is an emmet of quality, and has better blood in his veins than any pismire in the molehill. Do not you see how sensible he is of it, how slowly he marches forward, how the whole rabble of ants keep their distance? Here you may observe one placed upon a little eminence, and looking down on a long row of labourers. He is the richest insect on this side the hillock; he has a walk of half a yard in length, and a quarter of an inch in breadth; he keeps a hundred menial servants, and has at least fifteen barley-corns in his granary. He is now chiding and beslaving the emmet that stands before him, and who, for all that we can discover, is as good an emmet as himself. But here comes an insect of figure. Do not you take notice of a little white straw that he carries in his mouth? That straw, you must understand, he would not part with for the longest tract about the molehill; did you but know what he has undergone to purchase it! See how the ants of all qualities and conditions swarm about him! Should this straw drop out of his mouth, you would see all this numerous circle of attendants follow the next that took it up, and leave the discarded insect, or run over his back to come at his successor.

If now you have a mind to see all the ladies of the molehill, observe first the pismire that listens to the emmet on her left hand, at the same time that she seems to turn away her head from him. He tells this poor insect that she is a goddess, that her eyes are brighter than the sun, that life and death are at her disposal. She believes him, and gives herself a thousand little airs upon it. Mark the vanity of the pismire on your left hand. She can scarcely crawl with age; but you must know she values herself upon her birth; and, if you mind, spurns at every one that comes within her reach. The little nimble coquette that is running along by the side of her is a

wit. She has broken many a pismire's heart. Do but observe what a drove of lovers are running after her.

We will now finish this imaginary scene ; but, first of all, to draw the parallel closer, will suppose, if you please, that death comes down upon the molehill, in the shape of a cock-sparrow, who picks up without distinction the pismire of quality and his flatterers, the pismire of substance and his day-labourers, the white-straw officer and his sycophants, with all the goddesses, wits, and beauties of the molehill. May we not imagine that beings of superior natures and perfections regard all the instances of pride and vanity among our species in the same kind of view, when they take a survey of those who inhabit the earth ; or, in the language of an ingenious French poet, of those pismires that people this heap of dirt, which human vanity has divided into climates and regions? ADDISON.

34.—INVENTION AND USE OF GUNPOWDER.

THE only hope of salvation for the Greek empire and the adjacent kingdoms would have been some more powerful weapon, some discovery in the art of war, that should give them a decisive superiority over their Turkish foes. Such a weapon was in their hands ; such a discovery had been made in the critical moment of their fate. The chemists of China or Europe had found, by casual or elaborate experiments, that a mixture of saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal, produces, with a spark of fire, a tremendous explosion. It was soon observed, that if the expansive force were compressed in a strong tube, a ball of stone or iron might be expelled with irresistible and destructive velocity. The precise era of the invention and application of gunpowder is involved in doubtful traditions and equivocal language ; yet we may clearly discern that it was known before the middle of the fourteenth century ; and that before the end of the same, the use of artillery in battles and sieges, by sea and land, was familiar to the states of Germany, Italy, Spain, France, and England. The priority of nations is of small account ; none could derive any exclusive benefit from their

previous or superior knowledge; and in the common improvement they stood on the same level of relative power and military science. Nor was it possible to circumscribe the secret within the pale of the church; it was disclosed to the Turks by the treachery of apostates and the selfish policy of rivals; and the sultans had sense to adopt, and wealth to reward, the talents of a Christian engineer. The Genoese, who transported Amurath into Europe, must be accused as his preceptors; and it was probably by their hands that his cannon was cast and directed at the siege of Constantinople. The first attempt was indeed unsuccessful; but in the general warfare of the age, the advantage was on their side who were most commonly the assailants. For a while the proportion of the attack and defence was suspended; and this thundering artillery was pointed against the walls and towers, which had been erected only to resist the less potent engines of antiquity. By the Venetians the use of gunpowder was communicated without reproach to the sultans of Egypt and Persia, their allies against the Ottoman power; the secret was soon propagated to the extremities of Asia; and the advantage of the European was confined to his easy victories over the savages of the new world. If we contrast the rapid progress of this mischievous discovery with the slow and laborious advances of reason, science, and the arts of peace, a philosopher, according to his temper, will laugh or weep at the folly of mankind.

GIBBON.

35.—INCENTIVES TO EXERTION.

LET me, who have not survived my sympathies with the feelings of youth, who drank from the same pure spring at which you allay the thirst for knowledge, who have felt the glow of your emulation—let me, after being engaged in the active scenes of public life, and buffeted by the storms of political party—let me bring the living testimony of experience to confirm the truth of those precepts which you hear from the higher authority of the distinguished men, of whom your instruction is the peculiar province.

Let me assure you, with all the earnestness of deep conviction, that your success, your eminence, your happiness, are much less dependent on the caprices of fortune, infinitely more within your own control, than to superficial observers they appear to be. There lies before you a boundless field of exertion. Whatever be your pursuit, whatever the profession you choose, the avenues to honourable fame are widely open to you. The great ocean of truth lies expanded before you. "I do not know," said Newton, at the close of his illustrious career; "I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem only like a boy playing on the seashore, finding sometimes a brighter pebble or a smoother shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lies all undiscovered before me." Each advance in knowledge has served to extend it on every side; it has served like the telescope to make us familiar with objects before but imperfectly comprehended; it has shown us the comparative nothingness of human knowledge.

I have said that the field for exertion is boundless; I have said that the avenues to distinction are free; and that it is within your power to command an entrance to them. I am the son of a man who founded his own fortune, by dint of honest and laborious exertion in those very pursuits of active industry which are still elevating so many to affluence and to honourable station; yet by the favour and confidence of my sovereign, I have been called to the highest trust which a subject can execute, that of administering the government of this great country. I repeat, there is a presumption amounting almost to certainty, that if any one of you will determine to be eminent, in whatever profession you may choose, and will act with unvarying steadiness in pursuance of that determination, you will, if health and strength be given you, infallibly succeed. Yes, if even what is called genius shall have been denied to you, you have faculties of the mind, which may be so improved by constant exercise and vigilance, that they shall supply the place of genius, and open to you brighter prospects of ultimate success than genius, unaided by discipline, can hope to attain. There may be—there are, no doubt—original differences in different persons, in the depth and in the quality of

the intellectual mine ; but in all ordinary cases, the practical success of the working of the mine depends, in by far the greatest degree, upon the care, the labour, the perfection of the machinery which is applied to it. Do I say that you can command success without difficulty ? No ; difficulty is the condition of success. " Difficulty is a severe instructor set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental guardian and legislator who knows us better than we know ourselves, as he loves us better too. He that wrestles with us, strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. This amicable conflict with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial." These are the memorable words of the first of philosophic statesmen—the illustrious Mr Burke. Enter then into the amicable conflict with difficulty. Whenever you encounter it, turn not aside ; say not "there is a lion in the path ;" resolve upon mastering it ; and every successive triumph will inspire you with that confidence in yourselves, that habit of victory, which will make future conquests easy.

Practise the economy of time ; consider time, like the faculties of your mind, a precious estate—that every moment of it, well applied, is put out to an exorbitant interest. I do not say, devote yourselves to unremitting labour, and forego all amusement ; but I do say, that the zest of amusement itself, as the result of successful application, depends in a great measure upon the economy of time. If you will consider our faculties as the gift of nature, by far the first in value—if you will be persuaded, as you ought to be, that they are capable of constant, progressive, and, therefore, almost indefinite improvement—that by arts similar to those by which magic feats of dexterity and bodily strength are performed, a capacity for the nobler feats of the mind may be acquired—the first, the especial object of your youth, will be to establish that control over your own minds, and your own habits, which shall ensure the proper cultivation of this precious inheritance.

From an Address to Glasgow Students—SIR ROBERT PEEL.

36.—THE WORLD MADE WITH A BOUNTIFUL DESIGN.

It is a happy world after all. The air, the earth, the water, teem with delighted existence. In a spring noon or summer evening, on whichever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view. "The insect youth are on the wing." Swarms of new-born flies are trying their pinions in the air. Their sportive motions, their wanton mazes, their gratuitous activity, their continual change of place without use or purpose, testify their joy, and the exultation which they feel in their lately discovered faculties. A bee amongst the flowers in spring is one of the most cheerful objects that can be looked upon. Its life appears to be all enjoyment, so busy and so pleased; yet it is only a specimen of insect life, with which, by reason of the animal being half-domesticated, we happen to be better acquainted than we are with that of others. The whole winged insect tribe, it is probable, are equally intent upon their proper enjoyments; and under every variety of constitution gratified, and perhaps equally gratified, by the offices which the author of their nature has assigned to them.

PALEY.

37.—FAME, A COMMENDABLE PASSION.

I CAN by no means agree with you in thinking, that the love of fame is a passion, which either reason or religion condemns. I confess, indeed, there are some who have represented it as inconsistent with both; and I remember, in particular, the excellent author of *The Religion of Nature Delineated*, has treated it as highly irrational and absurd. But surely "'twere to consider too curiously," as Horatio says to Hamlet, "to consider thus." For though fame with posterity should be, in the strict analysis of it, no other than a mere uninteresting proposition, amounting to nothing more than that somebody acted meritoriously; yet it would not necessarily follow, that true philosophy would banish the desire of it from the human breast. For this passion may be (as most certainly it is)

wisely` implanted in our species, notwithstanding the corresponding object should in reality` be very different from what it appears in imagination`. Do not many of our most refined` and even contemplative` pleasures owe their existence to our mistakes`? It is but extending` (I will not say, improving`) some of our senses to a higher degree of acuteness than we now` possess them, to make the fairest views of nature`, or the noblest productions of art`, appear horrid` and deformed`. To see things as they truly` and in themselves` are; would not always, perhaps, be of advantage to us in the intellectual` world, any more than in the natural`. But, after all, who shall certainly assure us, that the pleasure of virtuous fame dies` with its possessor, and reaches not to a farther` scene of existence? There is nothing, it should seem, either absurd or unphilosophical in supposing it possible` at least, that the praises of the good` and the judicious`, that sweetest music to an honest ear in this` world, may be echoed back to the mansions of the next`; that the poet's description of Fancy` may be literally true`, and though she walks upon earth`, she may yet lift her head into heaven`.

But can it be reasonable to extinguish` a passion which nature has universally lighted up` in the human breast, and which we constantly find to burn with most strength and brightness in the noblest` and best` formed bosoms? Accordingly revelation is so far from endeavouring (as you suppose) to eradicate` the seed which nature has deeply planted, that she rather seems, on the contrary`, to cherish and forward` its growth. To be exalted with honour`, and to be had in everlasting remembrance`, are in the number of those encouragements which the Jewish` dispensation offered to the virtuous`; as the person from whom the sacred Author of the Christian system received his birth`, is herself` represented as rejoicing that all generations` should call her blessed`.

To be convinced` of the great advantage of cherishing this high regard to posterity, this noble desire of an after-life in the breath of others`, one need only look back upon the history of the ancient Greeks` and Romans`. What other` principle was it, which produced that exalted strain of virtue in those`

days, that may well serve as a model to these'. Was it not the concurrent approbation of the good', the uncorrupted applause of the wise', (as Tully calls it), that animated their most generous pursuits?

To confess the truth, I have been ever inclined to think it a very dangerous attempt, to endeavour to lessen' the motives of right conduct, or to raise any suspicion' concerning their solidity. The tempers and dispositions of mankind are so extremely different', that it seems necessary they should be called into action by a variety' of incitements. Thus, while some' are willing to wed Virtue for her personal' charms, others' are engaged to take her for the sake of her expected dowry': and since her followers and admirers have so little hopes from her at present', it were pity, methinks, to reason them out of any imagined' advantage in reversion'. FITZOSBORNE'S *Letters*.

38.—THE WORKS OF CREATION.

I WAS yesterday about sunset walking in the open fields, until the night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the richness and variety of colours which appeared in the western parts of heaven. In proportion as they faded away and went out, several stars and planets appeared one after another, until the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueness of the ether was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the season of the year, and by the rays of all those luminaries that passed through it. The galaxy appeared in its most beautiful white. To complete the scene, the full moon rose at length in that clouded majesty which Milton takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among softer lights, than that which the sun had before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the moon walking in her brightness, and taking her progress among the constellations, a thought rose in me, which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs men of serious and contemplative natures. David himself fell into it in that reflection—"When I consider the heavens, the

work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou regardest him?" In the same manner, when I considered that infinite host of stars, or, to speak more philosophically, of suns, which were shining upon me, with those innumerable sets of planets or worlds, which were moving round their respective suns—when I still enlarged the idea, and supposed another heaven of suns and worlds rising still above these which we discovered, and these still enlightened by a superior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at so great a distance that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the stars do to us—in short, while I pursued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificant figure which I myself bore amidst the immensity of God's works. I was afraid of being overlooked amidst the immensity of nature, and lost among that infinite variety of creatures which in all probability swarm through all these immeasurable regions of matter. We shall, however, utterly extinguish this melancholy thought, if we consider, in the first place, that God is omnipresent; and in the second, that he is omniscient.

If we consider him in his omnipresence, his being passes through, actuates, and supports the whole frame of nature. His creation and every part of it is full of him. There is nothing he has made that is either so distant, so little, or so inconsiderable, which he does not essentially inhabit. His substance is within the substance of every being, whether material or immaterial, and as intimately present to it as that being is to itself.

In the second place, he is omniscient as well as omnipresent. His omniscience, indeed, necessarily and naturally flows from his omnipresence. He cannot but be conscious of every motion that arises in the whole material world which he thus essentially pervades; and of every thought which is stirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Were the soul separate from the body, and with one glance of thought should start beyond the bounds of the creation—should it for millions of years continue its progress through infinite space with the same activity, it would still

find itself within the embraces of its creator, and encompassed round with the immensity of the Godhead.

In this consideration of God Almighty's omnipresence and omniscience every uncomfortable thought vanishes. He cannot but regard every thing that has being, especially such of his creatures as fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular which is apt to trouble them on this occasion; for as it is impossible he should overlook any of his creatures, so we may be confident that he regards with an eye of mercy those who endeavour to recommend themselves to his notice, and, in an unfeigned humility of heart, think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them. ADDISON.

39.—LUXURY AND AVARICE.

MOST of the trades, professions, and ways of living among mankind, take their original either from the love of pleasure or the fear of want. The former, when it becomes too violent, degenerates into *Luxury*, and the latter into *Avarice*.

When a government flourishes in conquests, and is secure from foreign attacks, it naturally falls into all the pleasures of luxury; and as these pleasures are very expensive, they put those who are addicted to them upon raising fresh supplies of money, by all the methods of rapaciousness and corruption; so that avarice and luxury very often become one complicated principle of nature in those whose hearts are wholly set upon ease, magnificence, and pleasure. The most elegant and correct of all the Latin historians observes, that, in his time, when the most formidable states of the world were subdued by the Romans, the republic sunk into these two vices of a quite different nature, luxury and avarice; and accordingly describes Catiline as one who coveted the wealth of other men, at the same time that he squandered away his own. This observation on the commonwealth, when it was in its height of power and riches, holds good of all governments that are settled in a state of ease and prosperity. At such times men naturally endeavour

to outshine one another in pomp and splendour, and having no fears to alarm them from abroad, indulge themselves in the enjoyment of all the pleasures they can get into their possession; which naturally produces avarice, and an immoderate pursuit after wealth and riches.

As I was humouring myself in the speculation of these two great principles of action, I could not forbear throwing my thoughts into a kind of little allegory or fable, with which I shall here present my reader.

There were two very powerful tyrants engaged in a perpetual war against each other: the name of the first was Luxury, and of the second Avarice. The aim of each of them was no less than universal monarchy over the hearts of mankind. Luxury had many generals under him, who did him great service, as Pleasure, Mirth, Pomp, and Fashion. Avarice was likewise very strong in his officers, being faithfully served by Hunger, Industry, Care, and Watchfulness; he had likewise a privy counsellor who was always at his elbow, and whispering something or other in his ear: the name of this privy counsellor was Poverty. As Avarice had conducted himself by the counsels of Poverty, his antagonist was entirely guided by the dictates and advice of Plenty, who was his first counsellor and minister of state, and concerted all his measures for him, and never departed out of his sight. While these two great rivals were thus contending for empire, their conquests were very various. Luxury got possession of one heart, and Avarice of another. The father of a family would often range himself under the banners of Avarice, and the son under those of Luxury. The wife and husband would often declare themselves on the two different parties; nay, the same person would very often side with one in his youth, and revolt to the other in his old age. Indeed the wise men of the world stood *neuter*; but, alas! their numbers were not considerable. At length, when these two potentates had wearied themselves with waging war upon one another, they agreed upon an interview, at which neither of their counsellors was to be present. It is said that Luxury began the parley, and after having represented the endless state of war in which they were engaged, told his en-

emy, with a frankness of heart which is natural to him, that he believed they two should be very good friends, were it not for the instigations of Poverty, that pernicious counsellor, who made an ill use of his ear, and filled him with groundless apprehensions and prejudices. To this Avarice replied, that he looked upon Plenty (the first minister of his antagonist) to be a much more destructive counsellor than Poverty; for that he was perpetually suggesting pleasures, banishing all the necessary cautions against want, and consequently undermining those principles on which the government of Avarice was founded. At last, in order to an accommodation, they agreed upon this preliminary, that each of them should immediately dismiss his privy counsellor. When things were thus far adjusted towards a peace, all other differences were soon accommodated, inso-much, that for the future they resolved to live as good friends and confederates, and to share between them whatever conquests were made on either side. For this reason, we now find Luxury and Avarice taking possession of the same heart and the same person between them. To which I shall only add, that since the discarding of the counsellors above mentioned, Avarice supplies Luxury in the room of Plenty, as Luxury prompts Avarice in the place of Poverty. *Spectator.*

40.—ON SLAVERY.

IF we consider the domestic influences of Slavery, we must look for a dark picture indeed. Slavery virtually dissolves the domestic relations. It ruptures the most sacred ties on earth. It violates home. It lacerates the best affections. The domestic relations precede, and, in our present existence, are worth more than all our other social ties. They give the first throb to the heart, and unseal the deep fountains of its love. Home is the chief school of human virtue. Its responsibilities, joys, sorrows, smiles, tears, hopes, and solitudes, form the chief interests of human life. Go where a man may, home is the centre to which his heart turns. The thought of home nerves his arm, and lightens his toil. For that his heart yearns

when he is far off. There he garners up his best treasures. God has ordained for all men alike the highest earthly happiness, in providing for all the sanctuary of home. But the slave's home does not merit the name. To him it is no sanctuary. It is open to violation, insult, outrage. His children belong to another, are provided for by another, are disposed of by another. The most precious burden with which the heart can be charged, the happiness of his child, he must not bear. He lives not for his family, but for a stranger. He cannot improve their lot. His wife and daughter he cannot shield from insult. They may be torn from him at another's pleasure, sold as beasts of burden, sent he knows not whither, sent where he cannot reach them, or even interchange inquiries and messages of love. To the slave marriage has no sanctity. It may be dissolved in a moment at another's will. His wife, son, and daughter, may be lashed before his eyes, and not a finger must be lifted in their defence. He sees the scar of the lash on his wife and child. Thus the slave's home is desecrated. Thus the tenderest relations, intended by God equally for all, and intended to be the chief springs of happiness and virtue, are sported with wantonly and cruelly. What outrage so great as to enter a man's house, and tear from his side the beings whom God has bound to him by the holiest ties? Every man can make the case his own. Every mother can bring it home to her own heart.

And let it not be said, that the slave has not the sensibilities of other men. Nature is too strong even for slavery to conquer. Even the brute has the yearnings of parental love. But suppose that the conjugal and parental ties of the slave may be severed without a pang. What a curse must slavery be, if it can so blight the heart with more than brutal insensibility, if it can sink the human mother below the Polar she-bear which "howls and dies for her sundered cub."

Let it not be said, that numbers of families are often separated in all conditions of life. Yes, but separated under the influence of love. The husband leaves wife and children that he may provide for their support, and carries them with him in his heart and hopes. The sailor, in his lonely night-watch,

looks homeward, and well-known voices come to him amidst the war of the waves. The parent sends away his children, but sends them to prosper, and to press them again to his heart, with a joy enhanced by separation. Are such the separations which slavery makes? and can he who has scattered other families, ask God to bless his own? CHANNING.

41.—ON GRIEVING FOR THE DEAD.

WE sympathize even with the dead, and overlooking what is of real importance in their situation, that awful futurity which awaits them, we are chiefly affected by those circumstances which strike our senses, but can have no influence upon their happiness. It is miserable, we think, to be deprived of the light of the sun; to be shut out from life and conversation; to be laid in the cold grave, a prey to corruption and the reptiles of the earth; to be no more thought of in this world, but to be obliterated in a little time from the affections, and almost from the memory, of their dearest friends and relations. Surely, we imagine, we can never feel too much for those who have suffered so dreadful a calamity. The tribute of our fellow-feeling seems doubly due to them now, when they are in danger of being forgot by every body; and, by the vain honours which we pay to their memory, we endeavour, for our own misery, artificially to keep alive our melancholy remembrance of their misfortune. That our sympathy can afford them no consolation, seems to be an addition to their calamity; and to think that all we can do is unavailing, and that, what alleviates all other distresses, the regret, the love, and the lamentations of their friends, can yield no comfort to them, serves only to exasperate our sense of their misery. The happiness of the dead, however, most assuredly, is affected by none of these circumstances; nor is it the thought of these things which can ever disturb the profound security of their repose. The idea of that dreary and endless melancholy, which the fancy naturally ascribes to their condition, arises altogether from our joining to the change which has been produced upon them, our own consciousness of that change, from our putting ourselves in their situation, and from

our lodging, if I may be allowed to say so, our own living souls in their inanimated bodies, and thence conceiving what would be our emotions in this case. It is from this very illusion of the imagination, that the foresight of our own dissolution is so terrible to us, and that the idea of these circumstances, which undoubtedly can give us no pain when we are dead, makes us miserable while we are alive. And thence arises one of the most important principles in human nature, the dread of death, the great poison to the happiness, but the great restraint upon the injustice of mankind, which, while it afflicts and mortifies the individual, guards and protects society.

DR ADAM SMITH.

42.—ON REMORSE.

As the greater and more irreparable the evil that is done, the resentment of the sufferer runs naturally the higher; so does likewise the sympathetic indignation of the spectator, as well as the sense of guilt in the agent. Death is the greatest evil which one man can inflict upon another, and excites the highest degree of resentment in those who are immediately connected with the slain. Murder, therefore, is the most atrocious of all crimes which affect individuals only, in the sight both of mankind and of the person who has committed it. To be deprived of that which we are possessed of, is a greater evil than to be disappointed of what we have only the expectation of. Breach of property, therefore, theft and robbery, which take from us what we are possessed of, are greater crimes than breach of contract, which only disappoints us of what we expected. The most sacred laws of justice, therefore, those whose violation seems to call loudest for vengeance and punishment, are the laws which guard the life and person of our neighbour; the next are those which guard his property and possessions; and last of all come those which guard what are called his personal rights, or what is due to him from the promises of others.

The violator of the more sacred laws of justice can never reflect on the sentiments which mankind must entertain with regard to him, without feeling all the agonies of shame, and

horror, and consternation. When his passion is gratified, and he begins coolly to reflect on his past conduct, he can enter into none of the motives which influenced it. They appear now as detestable to him as they did always to other people. By sympathizing with the hatred and abhorrence which other men must entertain for him, he becomes in some measure the object of his own hatred and abhorrence. The situation of the person who suffered by his injustice now calls upon his pity. He is grieved at the thought of it; regrets the unhappy effects of his own conduct; and feels at the same time that they have rendered him the proper object of the resentment and indignation of mankind, and of what is the natural consequence of resentment, vengeance and punishment. The thought of this perpetually haunts him, and fills him with terror and amazement. He dares no longer look society in the face, but imagines himself as it were rejected, and thrown out from the affections of all mankind. He cannot hope for the consolation of sympathy in this his greatest and most dreadful distress. The remembrance of his crimes has shut out all fellow-feeling with him from the hearts of his fellow-creatures. The sentiments which they entertain with regard to him are the very thing which he is most afraid of. Every thing seems hostile, and he would be glad to fly to some inhospitable desert, where he might never more behold the face of a human creature, nor read in the countenance of mankind the condemnation of his crimes. But solitude is still more dreadful than society. His own thoughts can present him with nothing but what is black, unfortunate, and disastrous, the melancholy forebodings of incomprehensible misery and ruin. The horror of solitude drives him back to society, and he comes again into the presence of mankind, astonished to appear before them loaded with shame and distracted with fear, in order to supplicate some little protection from the countenance of those very judges, who he knows have already unanimously condemned him. Such is the nature of that sentiment, which is properly called remorse; of all the sentiments which can enter the human breast the most dreadful. It is made up of shame from the sense of the impropriety of past conduct; of grief for the effects of it;

of pity for those who suffer by it; and of the dread and terror of punishment from the consciousness of the justly-provoked resentment of all rational creatures. DR ADAM SMITH.

43.—ON HUMAN GRANDEUR.

AN Alehouse-keeper near Islington, who had long lived at the sign of the French King, upon the commencement of the last war pulled down his old sign, and put up that of the Queen of Hungary. Under the influence of her red face and golden sceptre, he continued to sell ale, till she was no longer the favourite of his customers; he changed her, therefore, some time ago, for the King of Prussia, who may probably be changed, in turn, for the next great man that shall be set up for vulgar admiration.

In this manner the great are dealt out, one after the other, to the gazing crowd. When we have sufficiently wondered at one of them, he is taken in, and another exhibited in his room, who seldom holds his station long; for the mob are ever pleased with variety.

I must own I have such an indifferent opinion of the vulgar, that I am ever led to suspect that merit which raises their shout; at least I am certain to find those great, and sometimes good men, who derive satisfaction from such acclamations, made worse by it; and history has too frequently taught me, that the head which has grown this day giddy with the roar of the million, has the very next been fixed upon a pole.

We have seen those virtues which have, while living, retired from the public eye, generally transmitted to posterity, as the truest objects of admiration and praise. Perhaps the character of the late Duke of Marlborough may one day be set up, even above that of his more-talked-of predecessor; since an assemblage of all the mild and amiable virtues is far superior to those vulgarly called the great ones. I must be pardoned for this short tribute to the memory of a man, who, while living, would have as much detested to receive any thing that wore the appearance of flattery as I should dislike to offer it.

There is scarcely a village in Europe, and not one university, that is not furnished with its little great men. The head of a petty corporation, who opposes the designs of a prince, who would tyrannically force his subjects to save their best clothes for Sundays; the puny pedant, who finds one undiscovered quality in the polypus, or describes an unheeded process in the skeleton of a mole, and whose mind, like his microscope, perceives nature only in detail; the rhymer, who makes smooth verses, and paints to our imagination, when he should only speak to our hearts; all equally fancy themselves walking forward to immortality, and desire the crowd behind them to look on. The crowd takes them at their word. Patriot, philosopher, and poet, are shouted in their train. "Where was there ever so much merit seen? no times so important as our own! ages, yet unborn, shall gaze with wonder and applause!" To such music the important pigmy moves forward, bustling and swelling, and aptly compared to a puddle in a storm.

I have lived to see generals who once had crowds hallooing after them wherever they went, who were bepraised by newspapers and magazines, those echoes of the voice of the vulgar, and yet they have long sunk into merited obscurity, with scarcely even an epitaph left to flatter. A few years ago the herring-fishery employed all Grub-street; it was the topic in every coffee-house, and the burden of every ballad. We were to drag up oceans of gold from the bottom of the sea; we were to supply all Europe with herrings upon our own terms. At present we hear no more of all this. We have fished up very little gold that I can learn; nor do we furnish the world with herrings as was expected. Let us wait but a few years longer, and we shall find all our expectations a herring-fishery.

GOLDSMITH.

44.—THE EFFECT OF ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS ON THE BELIEF
OF MANKIND.

A WEAK mind, unaccustomed to reflection, and which has passively derived its most important opinions from habits or from authority, when in consequence of a more enlarged intercourse

with the world, it finds that ideas, which it had been taught to regard as sacred, are treated by enlightened and worthy men with ridicule, is apt to lose its reverence for the fundamental and eternal truths on which these accessory ideas are grafted, and easily falls a prey to that sceptical philosophy, which teaches that all the opinions and all the principles of action by which mankind are governed, may be traced to the influence of education and example. Amidst the infinite variety of forms, however, which our versatile nature assumes, it cannot fail to strike an attentive observer, that there are certain indelible features common to them all. In one situation, we find good men attached to a republican form of government; in another to a monarchy; but in all situations, we find them devoted to the service of their country and mankind, and disposed to regard with reverence and love, the most absurd and capricious institutions which custom has led them to connect with the order of society. The different appearances, therefore, which the political opinions and the political conduct of men exhibit, while they demonstrate to what a wonderful degree human nature may be influenced by situation and by early instruction, evince the existence of some common and original principles, which fit it for the political union, and illustrate the uniform operation of those laws of association, to which, in all stages of society, it is equally subject.

Similar observations are applicable, and, indeed, in a still more striking degree, to the opinions of mankind on the important questions of religion and morality. The variety of systems which they have formed to themselves concerning these subjects, has often excited the ridicule of the sceptic and the libertine; but if, on the one hand, this variety shows the folly of bigotry, and the reasonableness of mutual indulgence; the curiosity which has led men in every situation, to such speculations, and the influence which their conclusions, however absurd, have had on their character and their happiness, prove no less clearly on the other, that there must be some principles from which they all derive their origin; and invite the philosopher to ascertain what are these original and immutable laws of the human mind. "Examine," says Hume, "the religious

principles, which have prevailed in the world. You will scarcely be persuaded, that they are anything but sick men's dreams; or, perhaps, will regard them more as the playsome whimsies of monkeys in human shape, than the serious, positive, dogmatical asseverations of a being who dignifies himself with the name of rational. To oppose the torrent of scholastic religion by such feeble maxims as these, that it is possible for the same thing to be and not to be; that the whole is greater than a part; that two and three make five; is pretending to stop the ocean with a bulrush." But what is the inference to which we are led by these observations? Is it, to use the words of this ingenious writer, "that the whole is a riddle, an enigma, an inexplicable mystery; and that doubt, uncertainty, and suspense, appear the only result of our most accurate scrutiny concerning this subject." Or should not rather the melancholy histories which he has exhibited of the follies and caprices of superstition, direct our attention to those sacred and indelible characters on the human mind, which all these perversions of reason are unable to obliterate; like that image of himself which Phidias wished to perpetuate, by stamping it so deeply on the buckler of his Minerva, that no one could obliterate or detach it without destroying the whole statue. In truth, the more strange the contradictions, and the more ludicrous the ceremonies to which the pride of human reason has thus been reconciled; the stronger is our evidence that religion has a foundation in the nature of man. When the greatest of modern philosophers declares, that "he would rather believe all the fables in the Legend, and the Talmud, and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without mind;" (Lord Bacon in his Essays;) he has expressed the same feeling, which, in all ages and nations, has led good men, unaccustomed to reasoning, to an implicit faith in the creed of their infancy;—a feeling which affords an evidence of the existence of the Deity, incomparably more striking, than if, unmixed with error and undebased by superstition, this most important of all principles had commanded the universal assent of mankind. Where are the other truths, in the whole circle of the sciences, which are so essential to human happiness, as to procure an easy access, not

only for themselves, but for whatever opinions may happen to be blended with them? Where are the truths so venerable and commanding, as to impart their own sublimity to every trifling memorial which recalls them to our remembrance; to bestow solemnity and elevation on every mode of expression by which they are conveyed; and which, in whatever scene they have habitually occupied the thoughts, consecrate every object which it presents to our senses, and the very ground we have been accustomed to tread? To attempt to weaken the authority of such impressions, by a detail of the endless variety of forms which they derive from casual associations, is surely an employment unsuitable to the dignity of philosophy. To the vulgar it may be amusing in this as in other instances, to indulge their wonder at what is new or uncommon; but to the philosopher it belongs to perceive, under all these various disguises, the workings of the same common nature; and in the superstitions of Egypt, no less than in the lofty visions of Plato, to recognise the existence of those moral ties which unite the heart of man to the Author of his being.

DUGALD STEWART.

45.—THE ENCOUNTER OF BRAVE AND THE PANTHER.

IN this manner the young ladies proceeded along the margin of the precipice, catching occasional glimpses of the placid Otsego, when Elizabeth suddenly started and exclaimed, "Listen! there are the cries of a child on this mountain! Is there a clearing near us? or can some little one have strayed from its parents?" "Such things frequently happen," returned Louisa. "Let us follow the sounds; it may be a wanderer starving on the hill." Urged by this consideration, the females pursued with quick and impatient steps the low mournful sounds that proceeded from the forest. More than once the ardent Elizabeth was on the point of announcing that she saw the sufferer, when Louisa caught her by the arm, and pointing behind them, cried, "Look at the dog!" Brave had been their companion from the time the voice of his young mistress lured him from his kennel to

the present moment. His advanced age had long deprived him of his activity, and when his companions stopped to view the scenery or to add to their bouquets, the mastiff would lay his huge frame on the ground, and await their movements with his eyes closed, and a listlessness in his air, that ill accorded with the character of a protector. But when, aroused by this cry from Louisa, Miss Temple turned, she saw the dog with his eyes keenly set on some distant object, his head bent near the ground, and his hair actually rising on his body either through fright or anger. It was most probably the latter, for he was growling in a low key, and occasionally showing his teeth in a manner that would have terrified his mistress, had she not so well known his good qualities. "Brave!" she said; "be quiet, Brave; what do you see, fellow?" At the sound of her voice, the rage of the mastiff, instead of being at all diminished, was very sensibly increased. He stalked in front of the ladies, and seated himself at the feet of his mistress, growling louder than before, and occasionally giving vent to his ire by a short surly barking. "What does he see!" said Elizabeth, "there must be some animal in sight." Hearing no answer from her companion, Miss Temple turned her head, and beheld Louisa, standing with her face whitened to the colour of death, and her finger pointing upward with a sort of flickering, convulsed motion. The quick eye of Elizabeth glanced in the direction indicated by her friend, where she saw the fierce front and glaring eyes of a female panther fixed on them in horrid malignity, and threatening instant destruction. "Let us fly," exclaimed Elizabeth, grasping the arm of Louisa, whose form yielded like melting snow, and sunk lifeless to the earth. There was not a single feeling in the temperament of Elizabeth Temple that could prompt her to desert a companion in such an extremity, and she fell on her knees by the side of the inanimate Louisa, tearing from the person of her friend, with an instinctive readiness, such parts of her dress as might obstruct her respiration, and encouraging their only safeguard, the dog, at the same time by the sounds of her voice. "Courage, Brave," she cried, her own tones beginning to tremble; "courage, courage, good Brave."

A quarter-grown cub, that had hitherto been unseen, now appeared, dropping from the branches of a sapling, that grew under the shade of the beech which held its dam. This ignorant but vicious creature, approached near to the dog, imitating the actions and sounds of its parent, but exhibiting a strange mixture of the playfulness of a kitten with the ferocity of its race. Standing on its hind legs, it would rend the bark of a tree with its forepaws, and play all the antics of a cat for a moment; and then, by lashing itself with its tail, growling and scratching the earth, it would attempt the manifestations of anger that rendered its parent so terrible.

All this time Brave stood firm and undaunted, his short tail erect, his body drawn backward on its haunches, and his eyes following the movements of both dam and cub. At every gambol played by the latter, it approached nigher to the dog, the growling of the three becoming more horrid at each moment, until the younger beast, overleaping its intended bound, fell directly before the mastiff. There was a moment of fearful cries and struggles, but they ended almost as soon as commenced, by the cub appearing in the air, hurled from the jaws of Brave, with a violence that sent it against a tree so forcibly as to render it completely senseless. Elizabeth witnessed the short struggle, and her blood was warming with the triumph of the dog, when she saw the form of the old panther in the air springing twenty feet from the branch of the beech to the back of the mastiff. No words of ours can describe the fury of the conflict that followed. It was a confused struggle on the dried leaves, accompanied by loud and terrible cries, barks, and growls. Miss Temple continued on her knees, bending over the form of Louisa, her eyes fixed on the animals, with an interest so horrid, and yet so intense, that she almost forgot her own stake in the result. So rapid and vigorous were the bounds of the inhabitant of the forest, that its active frame seemed constantly in the air, while the dog nobly faced the foe at each successive leap. When the panther lighted on the shoulders of the mastiff, which was its constant aim, old Brave, though torn with her talons, and stained with his own blood, that already flowed from a dozen wounds, would shake off his furious

foe like a feather, and, rearing on his hind legs, rush to the fray again with his jaws distended and a dauntless eye. But age and a pampered life greatly disqualified the noble mastiff for such a struggle. In every thing but courage he was only the vestige of what he had once been. A higher bound than ever raised the wary and furious beast far beyond the reach of the dog, who was making a desperate but fruitless dash at her, from which she alighted in a favourable position on the back of her aged foe. For a single moment only could the panther remain there, the great strength of the dog returning with a convulsive effort. But Elizabeth saw, as Brave fastened his teeth in the side of his enemy, that the collar of brass around his neck, which had been glittering throughout the fray, was of the colour of blood, and directly that his frame was sinking to the earth, where it soon lay prostrate and helpless. Several mighty efforts of the wild cat to extricate herself from the jaws of the dog followed, but they were fruitless, until the mastiff turned on his back, his lips collapsed, and his teeth loosened; when the short convulsions and stillness that succeeded, announced the death of poor Brave. Elizabeth now lay wholly at the mercy of the beast. There is said to be something in the front of the image of the Maker that daunts the hearts of the inferior beings of his creation; and it would seem that some such power, in the present instance, suspended the threatened blow. The eyes of the monster and the kneeling maiden met for an instant, when the former stooped to examine her fallen foe, next to scent her luckless cub. From the latter examination it turned, however, with its eyes apparently emitting flashes of fire, its tail lashing its sides furiously, and its claws projecting four inches from its broad feet. Miss Temple did not or could not move. Her hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer, but her eyes were still drawn to her terrible enemy; her cheeks were blanched to the whiteness of marble, and her lips were slightly separated with horror. The moment seemed now to have arrived for the fatal termination, and the beautiful figure of Elizabeth was bowing meekly to the stroke, when a rustling of leaves from behind seemed rather to mock the organs than to meet the ear. "Hist, hist!" said a low voice, "stoop lower,

your bonnet hides the creature's head." It was rather the yielding of nature than a compliance with this unexpected order that caused the head of our heroine to sink on her bosom, when she heard the report of the rifle, the whizzing of the bullet, and the enraged cries of the beast, who was rolling over on the earth, biting its own flesh, and tearing the twigs and branches within its reach. At the next instant her opportune deliverer emerged to view in the person of Leather-stocking. COOPER.

46.—ST PAUL AT ATHENS.

AT Athens, at once the centre and capital of the Greek philosophy and Heathen superstition, takes place the first public and direct conflict between Christianity and Paganism. Up to this time there is no account of any one of the apostles taking his station in the public street or market-place, and addressing the general multitude. Their place of teaching had invariably been the synagogue of their nation, or, as at Philippi, the neighbourhood of their customary place of worship. Here, however, Paul does not confine himself to the synagogue, or to the society of his countrymen and their proselytes. He takes his stand in the public market-place (probably not the Ceramicus, but the Eretriac Forum) which, in the reign of Augustus, had begun to be more frequented, and at the top of which was the famous portico, from which the Stoics assumed their name. In Athens, the appearance of a new public teacher, instead of offending the popular feelings, was too familiar to excite astonishment, and was rather welcomed as promising some fresh intellectual excitement. In Athens, hospitable to all religions and all opinions, the foreign and Asiatic appearance, and possibly the less polished tone and dialect of Paul, would only awaken the stronger curiosity. Though they affect at first (probably the philosophic part of his hearers) to treat him as an idle "babbler," and others (the vulgar, alarmed for the honour of their deities) supposed that he was about to introduce some new religious worship which might endanger the supremacy of their own tutelar divinities, he is conveyed, not without respect, to a still more public and

commodious place, from whence he may explain his doctrines to a numerous assembly without disturbance. On the Areopagus the Christian leader takes his stand, surrounded on every side with whatever was noble, beautiful, and intellectual in the olden world,—temples, of which the materials were surpassed only by the architectural grace and majesty; statues, in which the ideal anthropomorphism of the Greeks had almost elevated the popular notions of the Deity, by embodying it in human forms of such exquisite perfection; public edifices, where the civil interests of man had been discussed with the acuteness and versatility of the highest Grecian intellect, in all the purity of the inimitable Attic dialect, when oratory had obtained its highest triumphs, by “wielding at will the fierce democracy;” the walks of the philosophers, who unquestionably, by elevating the human mind to an appetite for new and nobler knowledge, had prepared the way for a loftier and purer religion. The opening of the apostle’s speech is according to those most perfect rules of art which are but the expressions of the general sentiments of nature. It is calm, temperate, conciliatory. It is no fierce denunciation of idolatry, no contemptuous disdain of the prevalent philosophic opinions; it has nothing of the sternness of the ancient Jewish prophet, nor the taunting defiance of the later Christian polemic. “Already the religious people of Athens had, unknowingly indeed, worshipped the universal Deity, for they had an altar to the unknown God. The nature, the attributes of this sublimer being, hitherto adored in ignorant and unintelligent homage, he came to unfold. This God rose far above the popular notion; he could not be confined in altar or temple, or represented by any visible image. He was the universal father of mankind, even of the earth-born Athenians, who boasted that they were of an older race than the other families of man, and coeval with the world itself.” The next sentence, which asserted the providence of God, as the active, creative energy, as the conservative, the ruling, the ordaining principle, annihilated at once the atomic theory and the government of blind chance, to which Epicurus ascribed the origin and preservation of the universe. The great Christian doctrine of the resurrection closed the speech of Paul;

a doctrine received with mockery perhaps by his Epicurean hearers, with suspension of judgment probably by the Stoic, with whose theory of the final destruction of the world by fire, and his tenet of future retribution, it might appear in some degree to harmonize.

At Athens all this free discussion on topics relating to the religious and moral nature of man, and involving the authority of the existing religion, passed away without disturbance. The jealous reverence for the established faith, which, conspiring with its perpetual ally political faction, had in former times caused the death of Socrates, the exile of Stilpa, and the proscription of Diagoras the Melian, had long died away. With the loss of independence political animosities had subsided, and the toleration of philosophical and religious indifference allowed the utmost latitude to speculative inquiry, however ultimately dangerous to the whole fabric of the national religion. Yet Polytheism still reigned in Athens in its utmost splendour; the temples were maintained with the highest pomp; the Eleusian mysteries, in which religion and philosophy had in some degree coalesced, attracted the noblest and the wisest of the Romans, who boasted of their initiation in these sublime secrets. Athens was thus at once the head-quarters of Paganism, and at the same time the place where Paganism most clearly betrayed its approaching dissolution.

MILMAN.

47.—DRAMATIC POETS.

SHAKSPEARE was the man, who, of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him; and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily. When he describes any thing, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him of having wanted learning give him the greater commendation. He was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inward and found her there. I cannot say that he is everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest

of mankind. He is many times flat and insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great when some great occasion is presented to him; no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not raise himself as high above the rest of poets.

“*Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.*”

The consideration of this made Mr Hales of Eton say, that there was no subject of which any poet ever wrote, but he would produce it much better done in Shakspeare.

As for Jonson, if we look upon him while he was himself, (for his last plays were but his dotages) I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself as well as of others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit, and language and humour also in some measure, were had before him; but something of art was wanting to the Drama till he came. He managed his strength to greater advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him endeavouring to move the passions; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such a height. Humour was his proper sphere, and in that he delighted more to represent mechanic people. He was deeply conversant with the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them; there is scarcely a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times whom he has not translated in “*Sejanus*” and “*Catiline*.” But he has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch, and what would be theft in other poets is only victory in him. If there was any fault in his language, it was that he weaved it too closely and laboriously, in his comedies especially; perhaps too he did a little too much Romanize our tongue, leaving the words which he translated almost as much Latin as he found them; wherein, though he learnedly followed their language, he did not enough to comply with the

idiom of ours. If I would compare him with Shakspeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakspeare the greater wit. Shakspeare was the Homer, or father of our dramatic poets; Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing. I admire him, but I love Shakspeare. DRYDEN.

48.—SECURITY.

THIS inestimable good is the mark of civilisation; it is the work of the laws. Without law there is no security, no abundance, no certain subsistence; and the only equality in such a condition is an equality of misery. To estimate the benefit of the laws, it is only necessary to consider the condition of savages. They struggle against famine, which sometimes in a few days cuts off whole nations. Rivalry for the means of subsistence produces among them cruel wars; and, like ferocious beasts, men pursue men, that they may feed on one another. The gentlest sentiments of nature are destroyed by the fear of famine; old persons are put to death, because they can no longer follow their prey.

Examine what passes when civilized men return almost to the savage state. I refer to a time of war, when the laws are in part suspended. Every instant is fruitful in calamity; at every step which it imprints on the globe, the mass of riches, the foundation of subsistence, decreases or disappears; the cottage and the palace alike suffer from its ravages; and frequently the anger or caprice of a moment consigns to destruction the slow productions of an age of labour. Law alone has accomplished what all the natural feelings were unable to do; it alone has created a fixed possession, which deserves the name of property; it alone could accustom us to the yoke of foresight. Economy has as many enemies as there are men who would enjoy without taking the trouble to produce. Labour is too painful for indolence, too slow for impatience, cunning and injustice conspire to carry off its fruits; insolence and audacity plot to seize them by open force; society, always threatened, lives in the midst of snares, requiring in the legislator vigil-

ance and power always in action. Moreover, since pain and pleasure are felt by anticipation, the expectation of security in man is not limited to the present time, or to the period of his own life; it must be prolonged to him through the whole vista that his imagination can measure. If he have proof that such an expectation can be realized, the fact entitles him to form a general plan of conduct, and to regard the moments that compose the present life not as isolated points, but as parts of a continuous whole; it forms a chain passing beyond himself to the generations which are to follow, the sensibility of the individual being prolonged through all the links of the chain.

In creating property, the laws have created wealth, at the same time that they are benefactors to those who remain in their original poverty—the primitive condition of the human race. In civilized society the poorest participate more or less in its resources; hope mingles with their labours; they enjoy the pleasures of acquisition; their industry places them among the candidates for fortune. Those who look down from above at the inferior ranks see all objects less than they really are; but at the base of the pyramid the summit disappears in turn. The poor never dream of making these comparisons, or torment themselves with impossibilities; and, if all things be considered, it will be found that the protection of the laws contributes as much to the happiness of the cottage as to the security of the palace.

JEREMY BENTHAM.

49.—ON THE SUBLIME IN WRITING.

It is, generally speaking, among the most ancient authors, that we are to look for the most striking instances of the sublime. The early ages of the world, and the rude unimproved state of society, are peculiarly favourable to the strong emotions of sublimity. The genius of men is then much turned to admiration and astonishment. Meeting with many objects, to them new and strange, their imagination is kept glowing, and their passions are often raised to the utmost. They think, and express themselves boldly, and without restraint. In the progress of

society, the genius and manners of men undergo a change more favourable to accuracy than to strength or sublimity.

Of all writings, ancient or modern, the Sacred Scriptures afford us the highest instances of the sublime. The descriptions of the Deity in them are wonderfully noble, both from the grandeur of the object, and the manner of representing it. What an assemblage, for instance, of awful and sublime ideas is presented to us, in that passage of the XVIIIth Psalm, where an appearance of the Almighty is described! "In my distress I called upon the Lord; he heard my voice out of his temple, and my cry came before him. Then the earth shook and trembled; the foundations also of the hills were moved; because he was wroth. He bowed the heavens and came down, and darkness was under his feet; and he did ride upon a cherub, and did fly; yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind. He made darkness his secret place; his pavilion round about him were dark waters, and thick clouds of the sky." We see, with what propriety and success the circumstances of darkness and terror are applied for heightening the sublime. So, also, the prophet Habakkuk, in a similar passage: "He stood, and measured the earth; he beheld, and drove asunder the nations. The everlasting mountains were scattered; the perpetual hills did bow; his ways are everlasting. The mountains saw thee; and they trembled. The overflowing of the water passed by. The deep uttered his voice, and lifted up his hands on high."

The noted instance, given by Longinus, from Moses, "God said, Let there be light; and there was light;" is not liable to the censure, which was passed on some of his instances, of being foreign to the subject. It belongs to the true sublime; and the sublimity of it arises from the strong conception it gives of an exertion of power, producing its effect with the utmost speed and facility. A thought of the same kind is magnificently amplified in the following passage of Isaiah (chap. xlv. 24, 27, 28,) "Thus saith the Lord, thy Redeemer, and he that formed thee from the womb: I am the Lord that maketh all things, that stretcheth forth the heavens alone, that spreadeth abroad the earth by myself—that saith to the deep, Be dry, and I will dry up thy rivers; that saith of Cyrus,

He is my Shepherd, and shall perform all my pleasure ; even saying to Jerusalem, Thou shalt be built ; and to the temple, Thy foundation shall be laid." There is a passage in the Psalms, which deserves to be mentioned under this head ; " God," says the Psalmist, " stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumults of the people." The joining together two such grand objects, as the raging of the waters, and the tumults of the people, between which there is such resemblance as to form a very natural association in the fancy, and the representing them both as subject, at one moment, to the command of God, produces a noble effect.

Homer is a poet, who, in all ages, and by all critics, has been greatly admired for sublimity ; and he owes much of his grandeur to that native and unaffected simplicity which characterizes his manner. His description of hosts engaging ; the animation, the fire, the rapidity, which he throws into his battles, present to every reader of the *Iliad* frequent instances of sublime writing. His introduction of the gods tends often to heighten, in a high degree, the majesty of his warlike scenes. Hence Longinus bestows such high and just commendations on that passage, in the XVth Book of the *Iliad*, where Neptune, when preparing to issue forth into the engagement, is described as shaking the mountains with his steps, and driving his chariot along the ocean. Minerva arming herself for fight in the Vth Book ; and Apollo, in the XVth, leading on the Trojans, and flashing terror with his *Ægis* on the face of the Greeks, are similar instances of great sublimity added to the description of battles, by the appearance of those celestial beings. In the XXth Book, where all the gods take part in the engagement, according as they severally favour either the Grecians or the Trojans, the poet's genius is signally displayed, and the description rises into the most awful magnificence. All nature is represented as in commotion. Jupiter thunders in the heavens ; Neptune strikes the earth with his trident ; the ships, the city, and the mountains shake ; the earth trembles to its centre ; Pluto starts from his throne, in dread, lest the secrets of the infernal regions should be laid open to the view of mortals.

The works of Ossian abound with examples of the sublime. The subjects of which that author treats, and the manner in which he writes, are particularly favourable to it. He possesses all the plain and venerable manner of the ancient times. He deals in no superfluous or gaudy ornaments, but throws forth his images with a rapid conciseness, which enables them to strike the mind with the greatest force. Among poets of more polished times, we are to look for the graces of correct writing, for just proportion of parts, and skilfully connected narration. In the midst of smiling scenery and pleasurable themes, the gay and beautiful will appear, undoubtedly, to more advantage. But amidst the rude scenes of nature and of society, such as Ossian describes, amidst rocks, and torrents, and whirlwinds, and battles, dwells the sublime, and naturally associates itself with the grave and solemn spirit, which distinguishes the author of *Fingal*. "As autumn's dark storms pour from two echoing hills, so towards each other approached the heroes. As two dark streams from high rocks meet, and mix, and roar on the plain; loud, rough, and dark, in battle, met Lochlin and Innis-fail; chief mixed his strokes with chief, and man with man. Steel clanging sounded on steel. Helmets are cleft on high; blood bursts, and smokes around. As the troubled noise of the ocean when roll the waves on high; as the last peal of the thunder of heaven; such is the noise of battle. As roll a thousand waves to the rock, so Swaran's host came on; as meets a rock a thousand waves, so Innis-fail met Swaran. Death raises all his voices around, and mixes with the sound of shields. The field echoes from wing to wing, as a hundred hammers that fall by turns on the red sun of the furnace. As a hundred winds on Morven; as the streams of a hundred hills; as clouds fly successive over the heavens; or, as the dark ocean assaults the shore of the desert; so roaring, so vast, so terrible, the armies mixed on Lena's echoing heath. The groan of the people spread over the hills. It was like the thunder of night, when the clouds burst on Cona, and a thousand ghosts shriek at once on the hollow wind." Never were images of more awful sublimity employed to heighten the terror of battle.

BLAIR.

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL EXTRACTS.

1.—OUR NATURAL FONDNESS FOR HISTORY, AND ITS TRUE USE.

THE love of history seems inseparable from human nature, because it seems inseparable from self-love. The same principle in this instance carries us forward and backward, to future and to past ages. We imagine that the things which affect us must affect posterity; this sentiment runs through mankind, from Cæsar down to the parish-clerk in Pope's Miscellany. We are fond of preserving, as far as it is in our frail power, the memory of our own adventures, of those of our own time, and of those that preceded it. Rude heaps of stones have been raised, and ruder hymns have been composed, for this purpose, by nations who had not yet the use of arts and letters. To go no farther back, the triumphs of Odin were celebrated in Runic songs, and the feats of our British ancestors were recorded in those of their bards. The savages of America have the same custom at this day: and long historical ballads of their hunting and wars are sung at all their funerals. There is no need of saying how this passion grows among all civilized nations, in proportion to the means of gratifying it: but let us observe, that the same principle of nature directs us as strongly, and more generally, as well as more early, to indulge our own curiosity, instead of preparing to gratify that of others. The child hears with delight to the tales of his nurse; he learns to read, and he devours with eagerness fabulous legends and novels. In riper years he applies to history, or to that which he takes for history, to authorized romance: and even in age, the desire of knowing what has happened to other men, yields to the desire alone of relating what has happened to ourselves. Thus history, true or false, speaks to our passions always. What pity is it, that even the best should speak to our understandings so seldom! That it does so, we have none to blame but ourselves. Nature has done her part. She has opened this study to every man who can read and think; and what she

has made the most agreeable, reason can make the most useful application of our minds.

Nature gave us curiosity to excite the industry of our minds ; but she never intended it to be made the principal, much less the sole object of their application. The true and proper object of this application, is a constant improvement in private and in public virtue. An application to any study, that tends neither directly nor indirectly to make us better men, and better citizens, is at best but a specious and ingenious sort of idleness, to use an expression of Tillotson : and the knowledge we acquire is a creditable kind of ignorance, nothing more. This creditable kind of ignorance is, in my opinion, the whole benefit which the generality of men, even of the most learned, reap from the study of history : and yet the study of history seems to me, of all other, the most proper to train us up to private and public virtue.

BOLINGBROKE.

2.—CHARACTER OF FRANCIS THE FIRST AND OF CHARLES THE FIFTH.

DURING twenty-eight years an avowed rivalry subsisted between Francis the First and the Emperor Charles the Fifth, which involved not only their own dominions, but the greatest part of Europe in wars, which were prosecuted with more violent animosity and drawn out to a greater length than had been known in any former period. Many circumstances contributed to this. Their animosity was founded on opposition of interest, heightened by personal emulation, and exasperated not only by mutual injuries, but by reciprocal insults. At the same time, whatever advantage one seemed to possess towards gaining the ascendant, was wonderfully balanced by some favourable circumstance peculiar to the other. The emperor's dominions were of greater extent ; the French king's lay more compact. Francis governed his kingdom with absolute power ; that of Charles was limited, but he supplied the want of authority by address. The troops of the former were more impetuous and enterprising ; those of the latter better disciplined,

and more patient of fatigue. The talents and abilities of the two monarchs were as different as the advantages which they possessed, and contributed no less to prolong the contest between them. Francis took his resolutions suddenly, prosecuted them at first with warmth, and pushed them into execution with a most adventurous courage; but being destitute of the perseverance necessary to surmount difficulties, he often abandoned his designs, or relaxed the vigour of pursuit from impatience, and sometimes from levity. Charles deliberated long, and determined with coolness, but having once fixed his plan, he adhered to it with inflexible obstinacy, and neither danger nor discouragement could turn him aside from the execution of it. The success of their enterprises was suitable to the diversity of their characters, and was uniformly influenced by it. Francis, by his impetuous activity, often disconcerted the emperor's best laid schemes; Charles, by a more calm but steady prosecution of his designs, checked the rapidity of his rival's career, and baffled or repulsed his most vigorous efforts. The former, at the opening of a war or of a campaign, broke in upon the enemy with the violence of a torrent, and carried all before him; the latter, waiting till he saw the force of his rival beginning to abate, recovered in the end not only all that he had lost, but made new acquisitions. Few of the French monarch's attempts towards conquest, whatever promising aspect they might wear at first, were conducted to a happy issue; many of the emperor's enterprises, even after they appeared desperate and impracticable, terminated in the most prosperous manner.

ROBERTSON.

3.—CHARACTER OF WILLIAM THE THIRD.

WILLIAM HENRY, Prince of Orange Nassau, on his accession to the English throne, was in his thirty-seventh year. But both in body and mind he was older than other men of the same age. Indeed it might be said that he had never been young. His external appearance is almost as well known to us as to his own captains and councillors. Sculptors, painters, and medallists

exerted their utmost skill in the work of transmitting his features to posterity; and his features were such as no artist could fail to seize, and such as once seen could never be forgotten. His name at once calls up before us a slender and feeble frame, a lofty and ample forehead, a nose curved like the beak of an eagle, an eye rivalling that of an eagle in brightness and keenness, a thoughtful and somewhat sullen brow, a firm and somewhat peevish mouth, a cheek pale, thin, and deeply furrowed by sickness and by care. That pensive, severe, and solemn aspect could scarcely have belonged to a happy or a good-humoured man. But it indicates in a manner not to be mistaken, capacity equal to the most arduous enterprises, and fortitude not to be shaken by reverses or dangers.

Nature had largely endowed William with the qualities of a great ruler, and education had developed those qualities in no common degree. With strong natural sense and rare force of will, he found himself, when first his mind began to open, a fatherless and motherless child, the chief of a great but depressed and disheartened party, and the heir to vast and indefinite pretensions, which excited the dread and aversion of the oligarchy, then supreme in the United Provinces. The common people, fondly attached during a century to his house, indicated whenever they saw him, in a manner not to be mistaken, that they regarded him as their rightful head. The able and experienced ministers of the republic, mortal enemies of his name, came every day to pay their feigned civilities to him, and to observe the progress of his mind. The first movements of his ambition were carefully watched; every unguarded word uttered by him was noted down, nor had he near him any adviser on whose judgment reliance could be placed. He was scarcely fifteen years old when all the domestics who were attached to his interest, or who enjoyed any share of his confidence, were removed from under his roof by the jealous government. He remonstrated with energy beyond his years, but in vain. Vigilant observers saw the tears more than once rise in the eyes of the young state prisoner. His health, naturally delicate, sank for a time under the emotions which his desolate situation had produced. Such situations bewilder and unnerve

the weak, but call forth all the strength of the strong. Surrounded by snares in which an ordinary youth would have perished, William learned to tread at once warily and firmly. Long before he reached manhood he knew how to keep secrets, how to baffle curiosity by dry and guarded answers, how to conceal all passions under the same show of grave tranquillity. Meanwhile he made little proficiency in fashionable or literary accomplishments. The manners of the Dutch nobility of that age wanted the grace, which was found in the highest perfection among the gentlemen of France, and which in an inferior degree embellished the court of England, and his manners were altogether Dutch. Even his countrymen thought him blunt. To foreigners he often seemed churlish. In his intercourse with the world in general, he appeared ignorant or negligent of those arts which double the value of a favour and take away the sting of a refusal. He was little interested in letters or science. The discoveries of Newton and Leibnitz, the poems of Dryden and Boileau, were unknown to him. Dramatic performances tired him, and he was glad to turn away from the stage, and to talk about public affairs, while Orestes was raving, or while Tartuffe was pressing Elvira's hand. He had indeed some talent for sarcasm, and not seldom employed, quite unconsciously, a natural rhetoric, quaint indeed but vigorous and original. He did not however in the least affect the character of a wit or of an orator. His attention had been confined to those studies which form strenuous and sagacious men of business. From a child he listened with interest when high questions of alliance, finance, and war, were discussed. Of geometry he learned as much as was necessary for the construction of a ravelin or a hornwork. Of languages, by the help of a memory singularly powerful, he learned as much as was necessary to enable him to comprehend and answer without assistance everything that was said to him, and every letter which he received. The Dutch was his own tongue. He understood Latin, Italian, and Spanish. He spoke and wrote French, English, and German, inelegantly it is true and exactly, but fluently and intelligibly. No qualification could be more important to a man whose life was to be passed in organ-

izing great alliances and in commanding armies assembled from different countries.

MACAULAY.

4.—CHARACTER OF MR PITT.

THE secretary stood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind overawed majesty itself. No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, no idle contest for ministerial victories, sunk him to the vulgar level of the great; but overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his object was England, his ambition was fame. Without dividing, he destroyed party; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous. France sunk beneath him. With one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite; and his schemes were to affect, not England, not the present age only, but Europe and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which these schemes were accomplished; always seasonable, always adequate, the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardour, and enlightened by prophecy.

The ordinary feelings which make life amiable and indolent were unknown to him. No domestic difficulties, no domestic weakness reached him; but aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system, to counsel and to decide.

A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age, and the treasury trembled at the name of Pitt through all her classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory, and much of the ruin of his victories; but the history of his country, and the calamities of the enemy, answered and refuted her.

Nor were his political abilities his only talents. His eloquence was an era in the senate, peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instinctive wis-

dom'; not like the torrent of Demosthenes', or the splendid conflagration of Tully'; it resembled sometimes the thunder', and sometimes the music' of the spheres. He did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtilty of argumentation'; nor was he for ever on the rack of exertion'; but rather lightened' upon the subject, and reached the point' by the flashings of the mind', which', like those of his eye', were felt', but could not be followed'.

Upon the whole', there was in this man something that could create', subvert', or reform'; an understanding', a spirit', and an eloquence', to summon mankind to society', or to break the bonds of slavery' asunder, and to rule the wildness of free' minds with unbounded authority'; something that could establish' or overwhelm' empire, and strike a blow' in the world that should resound through the universe'.

GRATTAN.

5.—CHARACTER OF LORD CLIVE.

LORD CLIVE committed great faults, and we have not attempted to disguise them. But his faults, when weighed against his merits, and viewed in connexion with his temptations, do not appear to us to deprive him of his right to an honourable place in the estimation of posterity.

From his first visit to India dates the renown of the English arms in the east. Till he appeared his countrymen were despised as mere pedlars, while the French were revered as a people formed for victory and command. His courage and capacity dissolved the charm. With the defence of Arcot commences that long series of Oriental triumphs which closes with the fall of Ghizni. Nor must we forget that he was only twenty-five years old when he approved himself ripe for military command. This is a rare if not a singular distinction. It is true that Alexander, Condé, and Charles the Twelfth, won great battles at a still earlier age; but those princes were surrounded by veteran generals of distinguished skill, to whose suggestions must be attributed the victories of the Granicus, of Rocroi, and of Narva. Clive, an inexperienced youth, had

yet more experience than any of those who served under him. He had to form himself, to form his officers, and to form his army. The only man, as far as we recollect, who at an equally early age ever gave equal proof of talents for war, was Napoleon Bonaparte.

From Clive's second visit to India dates the political ascendancy of the English in that country. His dexterity and resolution realized, in the course of a few months, more than all the gorgeous visions which had floated before the imagination of Dupleix. Such an extent of cultivated territory, such an amount of revenue, such a multitude of subjects, was never added to the dominion of Rome by the most successful proconsul. Nor were such wealthy spoils ever borne under arches of triumph, down the Sacred Way, and through the crowded Forum, to the threshold of Tarpeian Jove. The fame of those who subdued Antiochus and Tigranes grows dim when compared with the splendour of the exploits which the young English adventurer achieved at the head of an army not equal in numbers to one-half of a Roman legion.

From Clive's third visit to India dates the purity of the administration of our eastern empire. When he landed in Calcutta in 1765, Bengal was regarded as a place to which Englishmen were sent only to get rich by any means in the shortest possible time. He first made dauntless and unsparing war on that gigantic system of oppression, extortion, and corruption. In that war he manfully put to hazard his ease, his fame, and his splendid fortune. The same sense of justice which forbids us to conceal or extenuate the faults of his earlier days, compels us to admit that those faults were nobly repaired. If the reproach of the Company and of its servants has been taken away, if in India the yoke of foreign masters, elsewhere the heaviest of all yokes, has been found lighter than that of any native dynasty, if to that gang of public robbers, which formerly spread terror through the whole plain of Bengal, has succeeded a body of functionaries not more highly distinguished by ability and diligence than by integrity, disinterestedness, and public spirit, if we now see such men as Munro, Elphinstone, and Metcalfe, after leading victorious

armies, after making and deposing kings, return, proud of their honourable poverty, from a land which once held out to every greedy factor the hope of boundless wealth, the praise is in no small measure due to Clive. His name stands high in the roll of conquerors. But it is found in a better list, in the list of those who have done and suffered much for the happiness of mankind. To the warrior, history will assign a place in the same rank with Lucullus and Trajan. Nor will she deny to the reformer a share of that veneration with which France cherishes the memory of Turgot, and with which the latest generation of Hindoos will contemplate the statue of Lord William Bentinck.

MACAULAY.

6.—CHARACTER OF ADDISON.

As a describer of life and manners he must be allowed to stand perhaps the first of the first rank. His humour, which, as Steele observes, is peculiar to himself, is so happily diffused as to give the grace of novelty to domestic scenes and daily occurrences. He never "outsteps the modesty of nature," nor raises merriment or wonder by the violation of truth. His figures neither divert by distortion nor amaze by aggravation. He copies life with so much fidelity that he can hardly be said to invent; yet his exhibitions have an air so much original that it is difficult to suppose them not merely the product of imagination. As a teacher of wisdom he may be confidently followed. His religion has nothing in it enthusiastic or superstitious; he appears neither weakly credulous nor wantonly sceptical; his morality is neither dangerously lax nor impracticably rigid. All the enchantment of fancy and all the cogency of argument are employed to recommend to the reader his real interest, the care of pleasing the author of his being. Truth is shown sometimes as the phantom of a vision; sometimes appears half-veiled in allegory; sometimes attracts regard in the robes of fancy; and sometimes steps forth in the confidence of reason. She wears a thousand dresses, and in all is pleasing.

His prose is the model of the middle style; on grave sub-

jects not formal, on light occasions not groveling ; pure without scrupulosity, and exact without apparent elaboration ; always equable and always easy, without glowing words or pointed sentences. Addison never deviates from his track to snatch a grace ; he seeks no ambitious ornaments, and tries no hazardous innovations. His page is always luminous, but never blazes in unexpected splendour. It was apparently his principal endeavour to avoid all harshness and severity of diction ; he is therefore sometimes verbose in his transitions and connexions, and sometimes descends too much to the language of conversation ; yet if his language had been less idiomatical it might have lost somewhat of its genuine Anglicism. What he attempted he performed ; he is never feeble, and he did not wish to be energetic ; he is never rapid, and he never stagnates. His sentences have neither studied amplitude nor affected brevity ; his periods, though not diligently rounded, are voluble and easy. Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.

DR JOHNSON.

7.—CHARACTER OF JAMES WATT.

WATT has been called the great *Improver* of the steam-engine, but in truth, as to all that is admirable in its structure or vast in its utility, he should rather be described as its *Inventor*. It was by his inventions that its action was so regulated as to make it capable of being applied to the finest and most delicate manufactures, and its power so increased as to set weight and solidity at defiance. By his admirable contrivance, it has become a thing stupendous alike for its force and its flexibility—for the prodigious power which it can exert, and the ease, and precision, and ductility, with which that power can be varied, distributed, and applied. The trunk of an elephant, that can pick up a pin or rend an oak, is as nothing to it. It can engrave a seal, and crush masses of obdurate metal before it, draw out, without breaking, a thread as fine as gossamer, and lift a ship of war like a bauble in the air. It can embroider muslin and

forge anchors—cut steel into ribands, and impel loaded vessels against the fury of the winds and waves.

It would be difficult to estimate the value of the benefits which these inventions have conferred upon this country. There is no branch of industry that has not been indebted to them; and, in all the most material, they have not only widened most magnificently the field of its exertions, but multiplied a thousandfold the amount of its productions. It is to the genius of one man, too, that all this is mainly owing. And certainly no man ever bestowed such a gift on his kind. The blessing is not only universal but unbounded; and the fabled inventors of the plough and the loom, who were deified by the erring gratitude of their rude contemporaries, conferred less important benefits on mankind than the inventor of our present steam-engine.

This will be the fame of Watt with future generations; and it is sufficient for his race and his country. But to those to whom he more immediately belonged, who lived in his society and enjoyed his conversation, it is not perhaps the character in which he will be most frequently recalled, most deeply lamented, or even most highly admired. Independently of his great attainments in mechanics, Mr Watt was an extraordinary, and, in many respects, a wonderful man. Perhaps no individual in his age possessed so much and such varied and exact information, had read so much, or remembered what he had read so accurately and well. He had infinite quickness of apprehension, a prodigious memory, and a certain rectifying and methodizing power of understanding, which extracted something precious out of all that was presented to it. His stores of miscellaneous knowledge were immense, and yet less astonishing than the command he had at all times over them. It seemed as if every subject that was casually started in conversation with him had been that which he had been last occupied in studying and exhausting—such was the copiousness, the precision, and the admirable clearness of the information which he poured out upon it, without effort or hesitation. Nor was this promptitude and compass of knowledge confined in any degree to the studies connected with his ordinary pursuits.

That he should have been minutely and extensively skilled in chemistry and the arts, and in most of the branches of physical science, might perhaps have been conjectured. But it could not have been inferred from his usual occupations that he was curiously learned in many branches of antiquity, metaphysics, medicine, and etymology, and perfectly at home in all the details of architecture, music, and law. He was well acquainted, too, with most of the modern languages, and familiar with their most recent literature. Nor was it at all extraordinary to hear the great mechanician and engineer detailing and expounding for hours together the metaphysical theories of the German logicians, or criticising the measures or the matter of the German poetry.

JEFFREY.

8. THE CHARACTER OF HANNIBAL.

HANNIBAL being sent to Spain, on his arrival there attracted the eyes of the whole army. The veterans believed Hamilcar was revived and restored to them : they saw the same vigorous countenance, the same piercing eye, the same complexion and features. But in a short time his behaviour occasioned this resemblance of his father to contribute the least towards his gaining their favour. And, in truth, never was there a genius more happily formed for two things most manifestly contrary to each other—to obey and to command. This made it difficult to determine, whether the general or soldiers loved him most. Where any enterprise required vigour and valour in the performance, Asdrubal always chose him to command at the executing of it ; nor were the troops ever more confident of success, or more intrepid, than when he was at their head. None ever showed greater bravery in undertaking hazardous attempts, or more presence of mind and conduct in the execution of them. No hardship could fatigue his body, or daunt his courage : he could equally bear cold and heat. The necessary refection of nature, not the pleasure of his palate, he solely regarded in his meals. He made no distinction of day and night in his watching, or taking rest ; and appropriated

no time to sleep, but what remained after he had completed his duty: he never sought for a soft or a retired place of repose; but was often seen lying on the bare ground, wrapt in a soldier's cloak, amongst the sentinels and guards. He did not distinguish himself from his companions by the magnificence of his dress, but by the quality of his horse and arms. At the same time, he was by far the best foot and horse soldier in the army; ever the foremost in a charge, and the last who left the field after the battle was begun. These shining qualities were, however, balanced by great vices; inhuman cruelty; more than Carthaginian treachery; no respect for truth or honour, no fear of the gods, no regard for the sanctity of oaths, no sense of religion. With a disposition thus chequered with virtues and vices, he served three years under Asdrubal, without neglecting to pry into, or perform any thing, that could contribute to make him hereafter a complete general.

LIVY.

9. THE CHARACTER OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

To all the charms of beauty, and the utmost elegance of external form, Mary added those accomplishments which render their impression irresistible. Polite, affable, insinuating, sprightly, and capable of speaking and of writing with equal ease and dignity. Sudden, however, and violent in all her attachments; because she had been accustomed from her infancy to be treated as a queen. No stranger, on some occasions, to dissimulation; which, in that perfidious court where she received her education, was reckoned among the necessary arts of government. Not insensible of flattery, or unconscious of that pleasure, with which almost every woman beholds the influence of her own beauty. Formed with the qualities that we love, not with the talents that we admire, she was an agreeable woman rather than an illustrious queen. The vivacity of her spirit, not sufficiently tempered with sound judgment, and the warmth of her heart, which was not at all times under the restraint of discretion, betrayed her both into errors and into crimes. To say that she was always unfortunate, will not account for that

long and almost uninterrupted succession of calamities which befell her ; we must likewise add, that she was often imprudent. Her passion for Darnley was rash, youthful, and excessive ; and though the sudden transition to the opposite extreme was the natural effect of her ill-requited love, and of his ingratitude, insolence, and brutality, yet neither these, nor Bothwell's artful addresses and important services, can justify her attachments to that nobleman. Even the manners of the age, licentious as they were, are no apology for this unhappy passion ; nor can they induce us to look on that tragical and infamous scene which followed it, with less abhorrence. Humanity will draw a veil over this part of her character, which it cannot approve, and may, perhaps, prompt some to impute her actions to her situation more than to her disposition ; and to lament the unhappiness of the former, rather than accuse the perverseness of the latter. Mary's sufferings exceed, both in degree and in duration, those tragical distresses which fancy has feigned to excite sorrow and commiseration ; and while we survey them, we are apt altogether to forget her frailties ; we think of her faults with less indignation, and approve of our tears, as if they were shed for a person who had attained much nearer to pure virtue. No man, says Brantome, ever beheld her person without admiration and love, or will read her history without sorrow.

ROBERTSON.

PATHETIC EXTRACTS.

1.—ST PETER'S CHAPEL IN THE TOWER.

THE head and body of Monmouth were placed in a coffin covered with black velvet, and were laid privately under the communion table of St Paul's Chapel in the Tower. In truth there is no sadder spot on earth than that little cemetery. Death is there associated, not, as in Westminster Abbey and St Paul's, with genius and virtue, with public veneration and with imperishable renown; not, as in our humblest churches and churchyards, with every thing that is most endearing in social and domestic charities, but with whatever is darkest in human nature and in human destiny, with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame. Thither have been carried, through successive ages, by the rude hands of gaolers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of courts. Thither was borne, before the window where Jane Grey was praying, the mangled corpse of Guildford Dudley. Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, reposes there by the brother whom he murdered. There has mouldered away the headless trunk of John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester and Cardinal of St Vitalis, a man worthy to have lived in a better age. There are laid John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, lord high admiral, and Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, lord high treasurer. There, too, is another Essex on whom nature and fortune had lavished all their bounties in vain, and whom valour, grace, genius, royal favour, popular applause, conducted to an early and ignominious doom. Not far off sleep two chiefs of the great house of Howard—Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, and Philip, eleventh Earl of Arundel. Here and there among the thick graves of unquiet and aspiring statesmen lie more delicate sufferers—

Margaret of Salisbury, the last of the proud name of Plantagenet, and those two fair queens who perished by the jealous rage of Henry. Such was the dust with which the dust of Monmouth was mingled.

MACAULAY.

2.—THE FUNERAL OF THE FISHERMAN'S SON, FROM THE
ANTIQUARY.

THE Antiquary, being now alone, hastened his pace, and soon arrived before the half-dozen cottages at Mussel-crag. They now had, in addition to their usual squalid and uncomfortable appearance, the melancholy attributes of the house of mourning. The boats were all drawn up on the beach; and, though the day was fine and the season favourable, the chant, which is used by the fishers when at sea, was silent, as well as the prattle of the children, and the shrill song of the mother as she sits mending her nets by the door. A few of the neighbours, some in their antique and well-saved suits of black, others in their ordinary clothes, but all bearing an expression of mournful sympathy with distress so sudden and unexpected, stood gathered around the door of Mucklebackit's cottage, waiting till "the body was lifted." As the Laird of Monkbarns approached, they made way for him to enter, doffing their hats and bonnets as he passed with an air of melancholy courtesy, and he returned their salutes in the same manner.

In the inside of the cottage was a scene which our Wilkie alone could have painted with that exquisite feeling of nature that characterizes his enchanting productions.

The body was laid in its coffin within the wooden bedstead which the young fisher had occupied while alive. At a little distance stood the father, whose rugged weather-beaten countenance, shaded by his grizzled hair, had faced many a stormy night and nightlike day. He was apparently revolving his loss in his mind with that strong feeling of painful grief peculiar to harsh and rough characters, which almost breaks forth into hatred against the world and all that remain in it after the beloved object is withdrawn. The old man had made

the most desperate efforts to save his son, and had been withheld only by main force from renewing them at a moment when, without the possibility of assisting the sufferer, he must himself have perished. All this apparently was boiling in his recollection. His glance was directed sidelong towards the coffin as to an object on which he could not steadfastly look, and yet from which he could not withdraw his eyes. His answers to the necessary questions which were occasionally put to him were brief, harsh, and almost fierce. His family had not yet dared to address to him a word either of sympathy or consolation. His masculine wife, virago as she was, and absolute mistress of the family, as she justly boasted herself on all ordinary occasions, was, by this great loss, terrified into silence and submission, and compelled to hide from her husband's observation the bursts of her female sorrow. As he had rejected food ever since the disaster had happened, not daring herself to approach him, she had that morning with affectionate artifice employed the youngest and favourite child to present her husband with some nourishment. His first action was to push it from him with an angry violence that frightened the child, his next, to snatch up the boy and devour him with kisses. Such was the disconsolate state of the father.

In another corner of the cottage, her face covered by her apron, which was flung over it, sat the mother, the nature of her grief sufficiently indicated by the wringing of her hands and the convulsive agitations of her bosom, which the covering could not conceal. Two of her gossips, officiously whispering into her ear the commonplace topic of resignation under irremediable misfortune, seemed as if they were endeavouring to stem the grief which they could not console. The sorrow of the children was mingled with wonder at the preparations they beheld around them, and at the unusual display of wheaten bread and wine, which the poorest peasant or fisher offers to the guests on these mournful occasions; and thus their grief for their brother's death was almost already lost in admiration of the splendour of his funeral.

The coffin, covered with a pall, and supported upon handspikes by the nearest relatives, now only waited the father to

support the head as is customary. Two or three of these privileged persons spoke to him, but he answered only by shaking his hand and his head in token of refusal.

The mourners, in regular gradation according to their rank or their relationship to the deceased, had filed from the cottage, while the younger male children were led along to totter after the bier of their brother, and to view with wonder a ceremonial which they could hardly comprehend. The female gossips next rose to depart, and, with consideration for the situation of the parents, carried along with them the girls of the family, to give the unhappy pair time and opportunity to open their hearts to each other, and soften their grief by communicating it. But their kind intention was without effect. The last of them had darkened the entrance of the cottage as she went out, and drawn the door softly behind her, when the father, first ascertaining by a hasty glance that no stranger remained, started up, clasped his hands wildly above his head, uttered a cry of despair which he had hitherto repressed, and, in all the impatient impatience of grief, half rushed, half staggered forward to the bed on which the coffin had been deposited, threw himself down upon it, and smothering, as it were, his head among the bed-clothes, gave vent to the full passion of his sorrow. It was in vain that the wretched mother, terrified by the vehemence of her husband's affliction—affliction still more fearful as agitating a man of hardened manners and a robust frame—suppressed her own sobs and tears, and, pulling him by the skirts of his coat, implored him to rise and remember that, though one was removed, he had still a wife and children to comfort and support. The appeal came at too early a period of his anguish, and was totally unattended to; he continued to remain prostrate, indicating, by sobs so bitter and violent, that they shook the bed and partition against which it rested, by clenched hands which grasped the bed-clothes, and by the vehement and convulsive motion of his legs, how deep and how terrible was the agony of a father's sorrow. SCOTT.

3.—MARIA.—PART I.

— THEY were the sweetest notes I ever heard; and I instantly let down the fore-glass to hear them more distinctly. —'Tis Maria, said the postilion, observing I was listening— Poor Maria, continued he, (leaning his body on one side to let me see her, for he was in a line betwixt us), is sitting upon a bank playing her vespers upon her pipe, with her little goat beside her.

The young fellow uttered this with an accent and a look so perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I instantly made a vow, I would give him a four-and-twenty *sous* piece, when I got to Moulines.——

— And who is poor Maria? said I.

The love and pity of all the villages around us, said the postilion—it is but three years ago, that the sun did not shine upon so fair, so quick-witted, and amiable a maid; and better fate did Maria deserve, than to have her banns forbid, by the intrigues of the curate of the parish who published them.——

He was going on, when Maria, who had made a short pause, put the pipe to her mouth and began the air again—they were the same notes;—yet were ten times sweeter: It is the evening service to the Virgin, said the young man—but who has taught her to play it—or how she came by her pipe, no one knows; we think that Heaven has assisted her in both; for ever since she has been unsettled in her mind, it seems her only consolation—she has never once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays that service upon it almost night and day.

The postilion delivered this with so much discretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help deciphering something in his face above his condition, and should have sifted out his history, had not poor Maria's taken such full possession of me.

We had got up by this time almost to the bank where Maria was sitting: she was in a thin white jacket, with her hair, all but two tresses, drawn up into a silk net, with a few olive leaves twisted a little fantastically on one side—she was beautiful; and if ever I felt the full force of an honest heart-ach, it was the moment I saw her.——

— God help her! poor damsel! above a hundred masses, said the postilion, have been said in the several parish churches and convents around, for her,—but without effect; we have still hopes, as she is sensible for short intervals, that the Virgin at last will restore her to herself; but her parents, who know her best, are hopeless upon that score, and think her senses are lost for ever.

As the postilion spoke this, Maria made a cadence so melancholy, so tender and querulous, that I sprung out of the chaise to help her, and found myself sitting betwixt her and her goat before I relapsed from my enthusiasm.

Maria looked wistfully for some time at me, and then at her goat,—and then at me—and then at her goat again, and so on, alternately.

— Well, Maria, said I softly—what resemblance do you find?

I do entreat the candid reader to believe me, that it was from the humblest conviction of what a beast man is, that I asked the question; and that I would not have let fall an unseasonable pleasantry in the venerable presence of Misery, to be entitled to all the wit that Rabelais ever scattered.

Adieu, Maria!—adieu, poor hapless damsel! some time, but not now, I may hear thy sorrows from thy own lips—but I was deceived; for that moment she took her pipe and told me such a tale of woe with it, that I rose up, and with broken and irregular steps walked softly to my chaise. STERNE.

4.—MARIA.—PART II.

WHEN we had got within half a league of Moulines, at a little opening in the road leading to a thicket, I discovered poor Maria sitting under a poplar—she was sitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one side within her hand—a small brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bade the postilion go on with the chaise to Moulines—and La Fleur to bespeak my supper—and that I would walk after him.

She was dressed in white, and much as my friend described her, except that her hair hung loose, which before was twisted within a silk net. She had, superadded likewise to her jacket, a pale-green riband which fell across her shoulder to the waist; at the end of which hung her pipe. Her goat had been as faithless as her lover; and she had got a little dog in lieu of him, which she had kept tied by a string to her girdle: as I looked at her dog, she drew him towards her with the string—"Thou shalt not leave me, Sylvio," said she. I looked in Maria's eyes, and saw she was thinking more of her father than of her lover or her little goat; for as she uttered them the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I sat down close by her; and Maria let me wipe them away, as they fell, with my handkerchief. I then steeped it in my own—and then in hers—and then in mine—and then I wiped hers again—and as I did it, I felt such indescribable emotions within me, as I am sure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I am positive I have a soul; nor can all the books with which materialists have pestered the world ever convince me of the contrary.

When Maria had come a little to herself, I asked her if she remembered a pale thin person of a man who had sat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before; she said, she was unsettled much at that time, but remembered it upon two accounts—that, ill as she was, she saw the person pitied her; and next, that her goat had stolen his handkerchief, and she had beat him for the theft—she had washed it, she said, in the brook, and kept it ever since in her pocket to restore it to him in case she should ever see him again, which, she added, he had half-promised her. As she told me this, she took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let me see it; she had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine leaves, tied round with a tendril—on opening it I saw an S marked in one of the corners.

She had since that, she told me, strayed as far as Rome, and walked round St Peter's once—and returned back—that she found her way alone across the Apennines—had travelled

over all Lombardy without money—and through the flinty roads of Savoy without shoes—how she had borne it, and how she had got supported, she could not tell—but God tempers the wind, said Maria, to the shorn lamb.

Shorn indeed! and to the quick, said I; and wast thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it and shelter thee; thou shouldst eat of my own bread, and drink of my own cup—I would be kind to thy Sylvio—in all thy weaknesses and wanderings I would seek after thee and bring thee back—when the sun went down I would say my prayers, and when I had done, thou shouldst play thy evening song upon thy pipe, nor would the incense of my sacrifice be worse accepted for entering heaven along with that of a broken heart.

Nature melted within me, as I uttered this; and Maria observing, as I took out my handkerchief, that it was steeped too much already to be of use, would needs go wash it in the stream.—And where will you dry it, Maria? said I. I will dry it in my bosom, said she—it will do me good.

And is your heart still so warm, Maria? said I.

I touched upon the string on which hung all her sorrows—she looked with wistful disorder for some time in my face; and then, without saying any thing, took her pipe, and played her service to the Virgin.—The string I had touched ceased to vibrate—in a moment or two Maria returned to herself—let her pipe fall—and rose up.

And where are you going, Maria? said I.—She said, to Moulines.—Let us go, said I, together.—Maria put her arm within mine, and lengthening the string, to let the dog follow—in that order we entered Moulines.

Though I hate salutations and greetings in the market-place, yet when we got into the middle of this, I stopped to take my last look and last farewell of Maria.

Adieu, poor luckless maiden! imbibe the oil and wine which the compassion of a stranger, as he journeyeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds—the Being who has twice bruised thee can only bind them up for ever.

STERNE.

SPECIMENS OF PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

1.—THE CHANGE PRODUCED BY DEATH.

It is a mighty change that is made by the death of every person, and it is visible to us who are alive. Reckon but from the sprightliness of youth, and the fair cheeks and full eyes of childhood, from the vigorousness and strong flexure of the joints of five and twenty, to the hollowness and dead paleness, to the loathsomeness and horror of a three days' burial, and we shall perceive the distance to be very great and very strange. But so have I seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven, as a lamb's fleece; but when a ruder breath had dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age; it bowed the head and broke its stalk; and at night, having lost some of its leaves and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and outworn faces. The same is the portion of every man and of every woman; the heritage of worms and serpents, rottenness and cold dishonour, and our beauty so changed that our acquaintance quickly know us not; and that change mingled with so much horror, or else meets so with our fears and weak discouragements, that they who six hours ago tended upon us, either with charitable or ambitious services, cannot, without some regret, stay in the room alone where the body lies stripped of its life and honour. I have read of a fair young German gentleman, who living, often refused to be pictured, but put off the importunity of his friends by giving way, that, after a few days' burial, they might send a painter to his vault, and, if they saw cause for it, draw the image of his death unto the life. They did so, and found his face half-eaten, and his midriff and backbone full of serpents; and so he stands pictured among his armed ancestors. So does the fairest beauty change, and it will be as bad for you and me; and then what servants shall we have to wait upon us in the

grave? what friends to visit us? what officious people to cleanse away the moist and unwholesome cloud reflected upon our faces from the sides of the weeping vaults, which are the longest weepers for our funerals. A man may read a sermon the best and most passionate that ever man preached, if he shall but enter into the sepulchres of kings. In the same Escorial where the Spanish princes live in greatness and power, and decree war and peace, they have wisely placed a cemetery, where their ashes and their glory shall sleep till time shall be no more; and where our kings have been crowned their ancestors lie interred, and they must walk over their grandsire's coffin to take his crown. There is an acre sown with royal seed, the copy of the greatest change from rich to naked, from ceiled roofs to arched coffins, from living like gods to die like men.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

2.—CHARITY.

Is any man fallen into disgrace? charity doth hold down its head, is abashed and out of countenance, partaking of his shame. Is any man disappointed of his hopes or endeavours? charity crieth out, alas! as if it were itself defeated. Is any man afflicted with pain or sickness? charity looketh sadly, it sigheth and groaneth, it fainteth and languisheth with him. Is any man pinched with hard want? charity, if it cannot succour, it will condole. Doth ill news arrive? charity doth hear it with an unwilling ear and a sad heart, although not particularly concerned in it. The sight of a wreck at sea, of a field spread with carcasses, of a country desolated, of houses burnt and cities ruined, and of the like calamities incident to mankind, would touch the heart of any man; but the very report of them would affect the heart of charity.

BARROW.

3.—ON INFIDELITY.

INFIDELITY is a soil as barren of great and sublime virtues as it is prolific in crimes. By great and sublime virtues are meant,

those which are called into action on great and trying occasions, which demand the sacrifice of the dearest interests and prospects of human life, and sometimes of life itself; the virtues, in a word, which by their rarity and splendour draw admiration, and have rendered illustrious the characters of patriots, martyrs, and confessors. It requires but little reflection to perceive, that whatever veils a future world, and contracts the limits of existence within the present life, must tend in a proportionable degree to diminish the grandeur, and narrow the sphere, of human agency.

As well might you expect exalted sentiments of justice from a professed gamester, as look for noble principles in the man whose hopes and fears are all suspended on the present moment, and who stakes the whole happiness of his being on the events of this vain and fleeting life. If he be ever impelled to the performance of great achievements in a good cause, it must be solely by the hope of fame, a motive which, besides that it makes virtue the servant of opinion, usually grows weaker at the approach of death, and which, however it may surmount the love of existence in the field of battle, or in the moment of public observation, can seldom be expected to operate with much force on the retired duties of a private station. Though it is confessed great and splendid actions are not the ordinary employment of life, but must from their nature be reserved for high and eminent occasions, yet that system is essentially defective which leaves no room for their cultivation. They are important, both from their immediate advantage and their remoter influence.

They often save and always illustrate the age and nation in which they appear. They raise the standard of morals; they arrest the progress of degeneracy; they diffuse a lustre over the path of life:—monuments of the greatness of the human soul, they present to the world the august image of virtue in her sublimest form, from which streams of light and glory issue to remote times and ages; while their commemoration by the pen of historians and poets awakens in distant bosoms the sparks of kindred excellence.

Combine the frequent and familiar perpetration of atrocious

deeds with the dearth of great and generous actions, and you have the exact picture of that condition of society which completes the degradation of the species—the frightful contrast of dwarfish virtues and gigantic vices, where every thing good is mean and little, and every thing evil is rank and luxuriant: a dead and sickening uniformity prevails, broken only at intervals by volcanic irruptions of anarchy and crime.

ROBERT HALL.

4.—RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE A SOURCE OF CONSOLATION.

WITHOUT the belief and hope afforded by divine revelation, the circumstances of man are extremely forlorn. He finds himself placed here as a stranger in a vast universe, where the powers and operations of nature are very imperfectly known; where both the beginnings and issues of things are involved in mysterious darkness; where he is unable to discover, with any certainty, whence he sprung, or for what purpose he was brought into this state of existence; whether he be subjected to the government of a mild, or of a wrathful ruler; what construction he is to put on many of the dispensations of his providence; and what his fate is to be when he departs hence. What a disconsolate situation to a serious, inquiring mind! The greater degree of virtue it possesses, its sensibility is likely to be the more oppressed by this burden of labouring thought. Even though it were in one's power to banish all uneasy thoughts, and to fill up the hours of life with perpetual amusement, life so filled up would, upon reflection, appear poor and trivial. But these are far from being the terms upon which man is brought into this world. He is conscious that his being is frail and feeble; he sees himself beset with various dangers, and is exposed to many a melancholy apprehension, from the evils which he may have to encounter, before he arrives at the close of life. In this distressed condition, to reveal to him such discoveries of the Supreme Being as the Christian religion affords, is to reveal to him a father and a friend; is to let in a ray of the most cheering light upon the darkness of the human estate. He who was before a destitute orphan, wandering in the inhospitable

pitiable desert, has now gained a shelter from the inclement blast. He now knows to whom to pray, and in whom to trust; where to unbosom his sorrows, and from what hand to look for relief.

Upon the approach of death especially, when, if a man thinks at all, his anxiety about his future interests must naturally increase, the power of religious consolation is sensibly felt. Then appears, in the most striking light, the high value of the discoveries made by the Gospel; not only life and immortality revealed, but a Mediator with God discovered; mercy proclaimed, through him, to the frailties of the penitent and the humble; and his presence promised to be with them when they are passing through the valley of the shadow of death, in order to bring them safe into unseen habitations of rest and joy. Here is ground for their leaving the world with comfort and peace. But in this severe and trying period, this labouring hour of nature, how shall the unhappy man support himself, who knows, or believes not, the hope of religion? Secretly conscious to himself, that he has not acted his part as he ought to have done, the sins of his past life arise before him in sad remembrance. He wishes to exist after death, and yet dreads that existence. The Governor of the world is unknown. He cannot tell whether every endeavour to obtain his mercy may not be in vain. All is awful obscurity around him; and in the midst of endless doubts and perplexities, the trembling, reluctant soul is forced away from the body. As the misfortunes of life must, to such a man, have been most oppressive; so its end is bitter: his sun sets in a dark cloud; and the night of death closes over his head, full of misery. BLAIR.

5.—ON SPIRITUAL BLINDNESS.

THE awakening from spiritual death calls for a peculiar and a preternatural application. We say preternatural, for such is the obstinacy of this sleep of nature, that no power within the compass of nature can put an end to it. It withstands all the demonstrations of arithmetic. Time moves on without disturb-

ing it. The last messenger lifts many a note of preparation, but so deep is the lethargy of our text that he is not heard. Every year do his approaching footsteps become more distinct and more audible—yet every year rivets the affections of sense more tenaciously than before to the scene that is around him. One would think that the fall of so many acquaintances on every side of him might at length have forced an awakening conviction into his heart. One would think, that, standing alone, and in mournful survey amid the wreck of former associations, the spell might have been already broken which so fastens him to a perishable world. Oh! why were the tears he shed over his children's grave not followed up by the deliverance of his soul from this sore infatuation? Why, as he hung over the dying bed of her with whom he had so oft taken counsel about the plans and the interests of life, did he not catch a glimpse of this world's vanity, and did not the light of truth break in upon his heart from the solemn and apprehended realities beyond it? But no. The enchantment, it would appear, is not so easily dissolved. The deep sleep which the Bible speaks of is not so easily broken. The conscious infirmities of age cannot do it. The frequent and touching specimens of mortality around us cannot do it. The rude entrance of death into our own houses cannot do it. The melting of our old society away from us, and the constant succession of new faces and new families in their place, cannot do it. The tolling of the funeral bell, which has rung so many of our companions across the confines of eternity, and in a few little years will perform the same office for us, cannot do it. It often happens in the visions of the night, that some fancied spectacle of terror or shriek of alarm have frightened us out of our sleep and our dream together. But the sleep of worldliness stands its ground against all this. We hear the moanings of many a deathbed, and we witness its looks of imploring anguish, and we watch the decay of life as it glimmers onward to its final extinction, and we hear the last breath, and we pause in the solemn stillness that follows it, till it is broken in upon by the bursting agony of the weeping attendants; and in one day more we revisit the chamber of him who, in white and

shrouded stateliness, lies the effigy of what he was; and we lift the border that is upon the dead man's countenance, and there we gaze on that brow so cold and those eyes so motionless; and in two days more we follow him to the sepulchre, and mingled with the earth among which he is laid, we behold the skulls and the skeletons of those who have gone before him; and it is the distinct understanding of nature, that soon shall every one of us go through the same process of dying, and add our mouldering bodies to the mass of corruption that we have been contemplating. But mark the derangement of nature and how soon again it falls to sleep, among the delusions of a world, of the vanity of which it has recently got so striking a demonstration. Look onward but one single day more, and you behold every trace of this loud and warning voice dissipated to nothing. The man seemed as if he had been actually awakened, but it was only the start and the stupid glare of a moment, after which he has lain him down again among the visions and the slumbers of a soul that is spiritually dead. He has not lost all sensibility any more than the man that is in a midnight trance, who is busied with the imaginations of a dream. But he has gone back again to the sensibilities of a world which he is so speedily to abandon, and in these he has sunk all the sensibilities of that everlasting world on the confines of which he was treading but yesterday. All is forgotten amid the bargains and the adventures and the bustle and the expectation of the scene that is immediately around him. Eternity is again shut out, and amid the dreaming illusions of a fleeting and fantastic day, does he cradle his infatuated soul into an utter unconcern about its coming torments or its coming triumphs. Yes! we have heard the man of serious religion denounced as a visionary. But if that be a vision which is a short-lived deceit, and that be a sober reality which survives the fluctuations both of time and of fancy—tell us if such a use of the term be not an utter misapplication, and whether, with all the justice as well as with all the severity of truth, it may not be retorted upon the head of him who, though prized for the sagacity of a firm, secular, and much-exercised understanding, and honoured in the market-place for his experience in the

walks and the ways of this world's business, has not so much as entered upon the beginning of wisdom, but is toiling away all his skill and all his energy on the frivolities of an idiot's dream.

CHALMERS.

6.—ON THE WORKS AND ATTRIBUTES OF THE ALMIGHTY.

CONTEMPLATE the great scenes of nature, and accustom yourselves to connect them with the perfections of God. All vast and unmeasurable objects are fitted to impress the soul with awe. The mountain which rises above the neighbouring hills, and hides its head in the sky—the sounding, unfathomed, boundless deep—the expanse of Heaven, where above and around no limit checks the wondering eye—these objects fill and elevate the mind—they produce a solemn frame of spirit, which accords with the sentiment of religion.—From the contemplation of what is great and magnificent in nature, the soul rises to the Author of all. We think of the time which preceded the birth of the universe, when no being existed but God alone. While unnumbered systems arise in order before us, created by his power, arranged by his wisdom, and filled with his presence—the earth and the sea, with all that they contain, are hardly beheld amidst the immensity of his works. In the boundless subject the soul is lost. It is he who sitteth on the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers. He weigheth the mountains in scales. He taketh up the isles as a very little thing. Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him!

The face of nature is sometimes clothed with terror. The tempest overturns the cedars of Lebanon, or discloses the secrets of the deep. The pestilence wastes—the lightning consumes—the voice of the thunder is heard on high. Let these appearances be connected with the power of God. These are the awful ministers of his kingdom. The Lord reigneth, let the people tremble. Who would not fear thee, O King of nations! By the greatness of thy power thine enemies are constrained to bow.

MOODIE.

7.—THE INJUSTICE OF WAR.

THE contests of nations are both the offspring and the parent of injustice. The word of God ascribes the existence of war to the disorderly passions of men. "Whence come wars and fightings among you?" saith the apostle James; "come they not from your lusts that war in your members?" It is certain two nations cannot engage in hostilities but one party must be guilty of injustice; and if the magnitude of crimes is to be estimated by a regard to their consequences, it is difficult to conceive an action of equal guilt with the wanton violation of peace. Though something must generally be allowed for the complexness and intricacy of national claims, and the consequent liability to deception, yet where the guilt of an unjust war is clear and manifest, it sinks every other crime into insignificance. If the existence of war always implies injustice, in one at least of the parties concerned, it is also the fruitful parent of crimes. It reverses, with respect to its objects, all the rules of morality. It is nothing less than a temporary repeal of all the principles of virtue. It is a system out of which almost all the virtues are excluded, and in which nearly all the vices are incorporated. Whatever renders human nature amiable or respectable, whatever engages love or confidence, is sacrificed at its shrine. In instructing us to consider a portion of our fellow-creatures as the proper objects of enmity, it removes, as far as they are concerned, the basis of all society, of all civilisation and virtue; for the basis of these is the good will due to every individual of the species as being a part of ourselves. From this principle all the rules of social virtue emanate. Justice and humanity in their utmost extent are nothing more than the practical application of this great law. The sword, and that alone, cuts asunder the bond of consanguinity which unites man to man. As it immediately aims at the extinction of life, it is next to impossible, upon the principle that every thing may be lawfully done to him whom we have a right to kill, to set limits to military license; for when men pass from the dominion of reason to that of force, what-

ever restraints are attempted to be laid on the passions will be feeble and fluctuating. Though we must applaud, therefore, the attempts of the humane Grotius to blend maxims of humanity with military operations, it is to be feared they will never coalesce, since the former imply the subsistence of those ties which the latter suppose to be dissolved. Hence the morality of peaceful times is directly opposite to the maxims of war. The fundamental rule of the first is to do good; of the latter to inflict injuries. The former commands us to succour the oppressed; the latter to overwhelm the defenceless. The former teaches men to love their enemies; the latter to make themselves terrible even to strangers. The rules of morality will not suffer us to promote the dearest interest by falsehood; the maxims of war applaud it when employed in the destruction of others. That a familiarity with such maxims must tend to harden the heart, as well as to pervert the moral sentiments, is too obvious to need illustration. The natural consequence of their prevalence is an unfeeling and an unprincipled ambition, with an idolatry of talent and a contempt of virtue; whence the esteem of mankind is turned from the humble, the beneficent, and the good, to men who are qualified by a genius fertile in expedients, a courage that is never appalled, and a heart that never pities, to become the destroyers of the earth. While the philanthropist is devising means to mitigate the evils and augment the happiness of the world, a fellow-worker together with God, in exploring and giving effect to the benevolent tendencies of nature, the warrior is revolving, in the gloomy recesses of his mind, plans of future devastation and ruin. Prisons crowded with captives, cities emptied of their inhabitants, fields desolate and waste, are among his proudest trophies. The fabric of his fame is cemented with tears and blood; and if his name is wafted to the ends of the earth, it is in the shrill cry of suffering humanity, in the curses and imprecations of those whom his sword has reduced to despair.

ROBERT HALL.

8.—PRAYER.

MANY times good men pray, and their prayer is not a sin, yet it returns empty; because, although the man may be, yet the prayer is not, in proper disposition; and here I am to account to you concerning the collateral and accidental hindrances of the prayer of a good man. The first thing that hinders the prayer of a good man from obtaining its effects is a violent anger and a violent storm in the spirit of him that prays. For anger sets the house on fire, and all the spirits are busy upon trouble, and intend propulsion, defence, displeasure, or revenge; it is a short madness and an eternal enemy to discourse, and sober counsels, and fair conversation; it intends its own object with all the earnestness of perception or activity of design, and a quicker motion of a too warm and distempered blood; it is a fever in the heart and a calenture in the head, and therefore can never suffer a man to be in a disposition to pray. For prayer is an action, and a state of intercourse and desire, exactly contrary to the character of anger. Prayer is an action of likeness to the Holy Ghost, the spirit of gentleness and dove-like simplicity; an imitation of the holy Jesus, whose spirit is meekness; and a conformity to God, whose anger is always just and marches slowly, and is full of mercy; prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempest; prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts; it is the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness; and he that prays to God with an angry, that is, with a troubled and discomposed spirit, is like him that retires into a battle to meditate, and sets up his closet in the out-quarters of an army, and chooses a frontier garrison to be wise in. Anger is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer, and therefore is contrary to that attention which presents our prayers in a right line to God. For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made

irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings, till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing as if it had learned music and motion from an angel as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministries here below. So is the prayer of a good man when his affairs have required business, and his business was a matter of discipline, and his discipline was to pass upon a sinning person, or had a design of charity, his duty met with the infirmities of a man, and anger was its instrument, and the instrument became stronger than the prime agent, and raised a tempest, and overruled the man; and then his prayer was broken, and his thoughts were troubled, and his words went up towards a cloud, and his thoughts pulled them back again, and made them without intention, and the good man sighs for his infirmity, but must be content to lose the prayer, and he must recover it when his anger is removed, and his spirit is becalmed, and made even as the brow of Jesus, and smooth like the heart of God; and then it ascends to heaven upon the wings of the holy dove, and dwells with God till it returns, like the useful bee, laden with a blessing and the dew of heaven. JEREMY TAYLOR.

9.—ON THE STATE OF MAN BEFORE THE FALL.

THE understanding, the noblest faculty of the mind, was then sublime, clear, and aspiring, and as it were the soul's upper region, lofty and serene, free from the vapours and disturbances of the inferior affections. It was the leading, controlling faculty; all the passions wore the colours of reason; it did not so much persuade as command; it was not consul, but dictator. Discourse was then almost as quick as intuition; it was nimble in proposing, firm in concluding; it could sooner determine than now it can dispute. Like the sun, it had both light and agility; it knew no rest, but in motion; no quiet, but in activity. It did not so properly apprehend as irradiate the object;

not so much find as make things intelligible. It arbitrated upon the several reports of sense, and all the varieties of imagination; not like a drowsy judge, only hearing, but also directing their verdict. In short, it was vegeate, quick, and lively; open as the day, untainted as the morning, full of the innocence and sprightliness of youth; it gave the soul a bright and full view into all things; and was not only a window, but itself the prospect. Adam came into the world a philosopher, which sufficiently appeared by his writing the nature of things upon their names; he could view essences in themselves, and read forms without the comment of their respective properties; he could see consequents yet dormant in their principles, and effects yet unborn in the womb of their causes; his understanding could almost pierce into future contingents, his conjectures improving even to prophecy, or the certainties of prediction; till his fall he was ignorant of nothing, but sin; or at least it rested in the notion, without the smart of the experiment. Could any difficulty have been proposed, the resolution would have been as early as the proposal; it could not have had time to settle into doubt. Like a better Archimedes, the issue of all his inquiries was an *ευρηκα*, an *ευρηκα*, the offspring of his brain, without the sweat of his brow. Study was not then a duty, night-watchings were needless; the light of reason wanted not the assistance of a candle. This is the doom of fallen man, to labour in the fire, to see truth *in profundo*, to exhaust his time, and to impair his health, and perhaps to spin out his days, and himself, into one pitiful, controverted conclusion. There was then no poring, no struggling with memory, no straining for invention; his faculties were quick and expedite; they answered without knocking, they were ready upon the first summons; there was freedom and firmness in all their operations. I confess, it is as difficult for us, who date our ignorance from our first being, and were still bred up with the same infirmities about us with which we were born, to raise our thoughts and imaginations to those intellectual perfections that attended our nature in the time of innocence, as it is for a peasant bred up in the obscurities of a cottage to fancy in his mind the unseen splendours of a court. But by rating posi-

tives by their privitives, and other arts of reason, by which discourse supplies the want of the reports of sense, we may collect the excellency of the understanding then, by the glorious remainders of it now, and guess at the stateliness of the building by the magnificence of its ruins. All those arts, rarities, and inventions, which vulgar minds gaze at, the ingenious pursue, and all admire, are but the relics of an intellect defaced with sin and time. We admire it now only as antiquaries do a piece of old coin for the stamp it once bore, and not for those vanishing lineaments and disappearing draughts that remain upon it at present. And certainly that must needs have been very glorious, the decays of which are so admirable. He that is comely when old and decrepit surely was very beautiful when he was young. An Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of Paradise.

DR R. SOUTH.

10.—THE DEPARTED SPIRITS OF THE JUST ARE SPECTATORS
OF OUR CONDUCT ON EARTH.

FROM what happened on the Mount of Transfiguration, we may infer not only that the separated spirits of good men live and act, and enjoy happiness, but that they take some interest in the business of this world, and even that their interest in it has a connexion with the pursuits and habits of their former life. The virtuous cares which occupied them on earth follow them into their new abode. Moses and Elias had spent the days of their temporal pilgrimage in promoting among their brethren the knowledge and the worship of the true God. They are still attentive to the same great object; and, enraptured at the prospect of its advancement, they descend on this occasion to animate the labours of Jesus, and to prepare him for his victory over the powers of hell.

What a delightful subject of contemplation does this reflection open to the pious and benevolent mind! what a spring does it give to all the better energies of the heart! Your labours of love, your plans of beneficence, your swellings of satisfaction in the rising reputation of those whose virtues you

have cherished, will not, we have reason to hope, be terminated by the stroke of death. No! your spirits will still linger around the objects of their former attachment. They will behold with rapture even the distant effects of those beneficent institutions which they once delighted to rear; they will watch with a pious satisfaction over the growing prosperity of the country which they loved; with a parent's fondness, and a parent's exultation, they will share in the fame of their virtuous posterity; and, by the permission of God, they may descend at times as guardian angels, to shield them from danger, and to conduct them to glory.

Of all the thoughts that can enter the human mind, this is one of the most animating and consolatory. It scatters flowers around the bed of death. It enables us who are left behind, to support with firmness the departure of our best beloved friends; because it teaches us that they are not lost to us for ever. They are still our friends. Though they be now gone to another apartment in our Father's house, they have carried with them the remembrance and the feeling of their former attachments. Though invisible to us, they bend from their dwelling on high to cheer us in our pilgrimage of duty, to rejoice with us in our prosperity, and, in the hour of virtuous exertion, to shed through our souls the blessedness of heaven. FINLAYSON.

11.—RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE.

RELIGION, on account of its intimate relation to a future state, is every man's proper business, and should be his chief care. Of knowledge in general, there are branches which it would be preposterous in the bulk of mankind to attempt to acquire, because they have no immediate connexion with their duties, and demand talents which nature has denied, or opportunities which providence has withheld. But with respect to the primary truths of religion the case is different; they are of such daily use and necessity, that they form not the materials of mental luxury so properly as the food of the mind. In improving the character, the influence of general knowledge is

often feeble and always indirect; of religious knowledge the tendency to purify the heart is immediate, and forms its professed scope and design. "This is life eternal, to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." To ascertain the character of the supreme author of all things, to know, as far as we are capable of comprehending such a subject, what is his moral disposition, what the situation we stand in towards him, and the principles by which he conducts his administration, will be allowed by every considerate person to be of the highest consequence. Compared to this all other speculations sink into insignificance; because every event that can befall us is in his hands, and by his sentence our final condition must be fixed. To regard such an inquiry with indifference, is the mark not of a noble, but of an abject mind, which, immersed in sensuality, or amused with trifles, "deems itself unworthy of eternal life." To be so absorbed in worldly pursuits as to neglect future prospects, is a conduct that can plead no excuse until it is ascertained beyond all doubt or contradiction that there is no hereafter, and that nothing remains but that "we eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Even in that case, to forego the hope of immortality without a sigh; to be gay and sportive on the brink of destruction, in the very moment of relinquishing prospects, on which the wisest and the best in every age have delighted to dwell, is the indication of a base and degenerate spirit. If existence be a good, the eternal loss of it must be a great evil; if it be an evil, reason suggests the propriety of inquiring why it is so, of investigating the maladies by which it is oppressed. Amidst the darkness and uncertainty which hang over our future condition, Revelation, by bringing life and immortality to light, affords the only relief. In the Bible alone we learn the real character of the Supreme Being; his holiness, justice, mercy, and truth, the moral condition of man, considered in relation to Him, is clearly pointed out, the doom of impenitent transgressors denounced; and the method of obtaining mercy, through the interposition of a divine mediator, plainly revealed.

R. HALL.

12.—THE END OF THE YEAR.

ANOTHER year has now been added to an irrevocable account. It has passed into the record of Heaven—into the memory of God! The seal of eternity has been put upon it; so that it stands irreversible for ever; stands an unalterable portion of our everlasting existence. The awful force of this consideration comes peculiarly upon the moments and feelings, when we could wish some part of it altered. And think with what force it would come, if it were under a mere economy of divine *justice*. But then what a glorious appointment of the divine *mercy* is that which can reverse the effect—the actual consequence of the guilty portion of the past year—reverse it as to the appropriate and deserved retribution! But this doctrine of mercy must not be abused, and therefore another thing in our review of the past year should be to observe what there has been in it which ought not to be in another. Let a careful and even severe account be taken of those things; and then say whether it be not enough that the past year bears on its character such things for ever. Let them be strongly marked as what ought not to pass the dividing line between this year and the next; and let them be earnestly opposed when they shall come to do so. Would that an angel, as with a flaming sword, might stand on the border to repel them! The Almighty Spirit can do this for us.

Here may arise a further reflection in the form of a question; What would have been our situation if the whole of the year had *not* been given to us? Would less have sufficed as to the supreme purpose of life? Can we go back in thought to points and periods of it and say, there, in its earlier months—or there, at the middle, our time might have closed, and all would have been well? or, if near the end, or yesterday, or to-day, our time had closed, all had been well? But if there be not ground for an humble confidence that all would have been well, the year closes *ill*. And can there be a mightier admonition for the commencement of another year?

Another reflection may be on our further experience of mor-

tal life and the world. We have seen it—tried it—judged it—thus much. Has the estimate brightened upon us by experience? Have we obtained a practical refutation of the sacred oracles that have pronounced “Vanity” upon it? Now the results of experience should really stand for something in our views of this mortal state—and in the degree of our attachment to it. And besides, what should be the effect of this further knowledge of the nature and quality of this mortal state? At first we may be said to have had vital ties to the whole extent of this mortal life—we held to life by each year of the whole allotment. But each year withdrawn cuts that tie, like the cutting in succession of each of the spreading roots of a tree. The consumption of this last year has cut away another of these holds on life, these ties of connexion and interest. Now there should, in spirit and feeling, be a degree of detachment in proportion.

In whatever way we consider the subtraction of one year from our whole allotment, it is an important circumstance. It reduces to a narrower space the uncertainty of life’s continuance. It brings us nearer to see what we are likely to be *at* the end, and *after* the end. It has increased the religious danger, if there be danger. It tells us of too much that now can never be done. It has added very greatly to the weight of every consideration that ought to impel us to make the utmost of what may remain.

As the last reflection we may suggest, that the year departed may admonish us of the strange deceptiveness, the stealthiness of the flight of time. There have been a prodigious number of minutes and hours to look forward to, and each hour, at the time, did not seem to go so wonderfully fast; and yet how short a while they now seem to have been in all vanishing away. It will be so in what is to come. Each day will beguile us with this deception, if we are not vigilant; and will leave us still to do that which it should have done. Therefore every period and portion of it,—the ensuing year and each part of it, should be entered on with emphatically imploring our God to save us from spending it in vain.

FOSTER.

13.—THE PROMISES OF RELIGION TO THE YOUNG.

IN every part of Scripture, it is remarkable with what singular tenderness the season of youth is always mentioned, and what hopes are afforded to the devotion of the young. It was at that age that God appeared unto Moses when he fed his flock in the desert, and called him to the command of his own people. —It was at that age he visited the infant Samuel, while he ministered in the temple of the Lord, “in days when the word of the Lord was precious, and when there was no open vision.” It was at that age that his spirit fell upon David, while he was yet the youngest of his father’s sons, and when among the mountains of Bethlehem he fed his father’s sheep.—It was at that age, also, “that they brought young children unto Christ that he should touch them: and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said to them, Suffer little children to come unto me; and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.”

If these, then, are the effects and promises of youthful piety, rejoice, O young man, in thy youth!—rejoice in those days which are never to return, when religion comes to thee in all its charms, and when the God of nature reveals himself to thy soul, like the mild radiance of the morning sun, when he rises amid the blessings of a grateful world. If already Devotion hath taught thee her secret pleasures;—if, when Nature meets thee in all its magnificence or beauty, thy heart humbleth itself in adoration before the hand which made it, and rejoiceth in the contemplation of the wisdom by which it is maintained;—if, when Revelation unveils her mercies, and the Son of God comes forth to give peace and hope to fallen man, thine eye follows with astonishment the glories of his path, and pours at last over his cross those pious tears which it is a delight to shed;—if thy soul accompanieth him in his triumph over the grave, and entereth on the wings of faith into that heaven “where he sat down at the right hand of the Majesty on High,” and seeth the “society of angels and of the spirits of

just men made perfect," and listeneth to the "everlasting song which is sung before the throne:"—If such are the meditations in which thy youthful hours are passed, renounce not, for all that life can offer thee in exchange, these solitary joys. The world which is before thee,—the world which thine imagination paints in such brightness,—has no pleasures to bestow which can compare with these. And all that its boasted wisdom can produce has nothing so acceptable in the sight of Heaven, as this pure offering of thy infant soul.

In these days, "the Lord himself is thy shepherd, and thou dost not want. Amid the green pastures, and by the still waters" of youth, he now makes "thy soul to repose." But the years draw nigh, when life shall call thee to its trials; the evil days are on the wing, when "thou shalt say thou hast no pleasure in them;" and, as thy steps advance, "the valley of the shadow of death opens," through which thou must pass at last. It is then thou shalt know what it is to "remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." In these days of trial or of awe, "his spirit shall be with thee," and thou shalt fear no ill; and, amid every evil which surrounds thee, "he shall restore thy soul.—His goodness and mercy shall follow thee all the days of thy life;" and when at last "the silver cord is loosed, thy spirit shall return to the God who gave it, and thou shalt dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

ALISON.

14.—ON AUTUMN.

LET the young go out, in these hours, under the descending sun of the year, into the fields of nature. Their hearts are now ardent with hope,—with the hope of fame, of honour, or of happiness; and in the long perspective which is before them, their imagination creates a world where all may be enjoyed. Let the scenes which they now may witness moderate, but not extinguish their ambition:—while they see the yearly desolation of nature, let them see it as the emblem of mortal hope:—while they feel the disproportion between the powers

they possess and the time they are to be employed, let them carry their ambitious eye beyond the world:—and while, in these sacred solitudes, a voice in their own bosom corresponds to the voice of decaying nature, let them take that high decision which becomes those who feel themselves the inhabitants of a greater world, and who look to being incapable of decay.

Let the busy and the active go out, and pause for a time amid the scenes which surround them, and learn the high lesson which nature teaches in the hours of its fall. They are now ardent with all the desires of mortality;—and fame, and interest, and pleasure, are displaying to them their shadowy promises:—and, in the vulgar race of life, many weak and many worthless passions are too naturally engendered. Let them withdraw themselves for a time from the agitations of the world;—let them mark the desolation of summer, and listen to the winds of winter, which begin to murmur above their heads. It is a scene which, with all its power, has yet no reproach;—it tells them, that such is also the fate to which they must come;—that the pulse of passion must one day beat low;—that the illusions of time must pass;—and “that the spirit must return to Him who gave it.” It reminds them, with gentle voice, of that innocence in which life was begun, and for which no prosperity of vice can make any compensation;—and that angel who is one day to stand upon the earth, and to “swear that time shall be no more,” seems now to whisper to them, amid the hollow winds of the year, what manner of men they ought to be, who must meet that decisive hour.

There is an eventide in human life, a season when the eye becomes dim, and the strength decays, and when the winter of age begins to shed upon the human head its prophetic snow. It is the season of life to which the present is most analogous; and much it becomes, and much it would profit you, to mark the instructions which the season brings. The spring and the summer of your days are gone, and with them, not only the joys they knew, but many of the friends who gave them. You have entered upon the autumn of your being, and whatever may have been the profusion of your spring, or the warm intemperance of your summer, there is yet a season of stillness

and of solitude which the beneficence of Heaven affords you, in which you may meditate upon the past and the future, and prepare yourselves for the mighty change which you are soon to undergo.

If it be thus you have the wisdom to use the decaying season of nature, it brings with it consolations more valuable than all the enjoyments of former days. In the long retrospect of your journey, you have seen every day the shades of the evening fall, and every year the clouds of winter gather. But you have seen also, every succeeding day, the morning arise in its brightness, and in every succeeding year, the spring return to renovate the winter of nature. It is now you may understand the magnificent language of Heaven,—it mingles its voice with that of revelation,—it summons you, in these hours when the leaves fall, and the winter is gathering, to that evening study which the mercy of Heaven has provided in the book of salvation; and while the shadowy valley opens which leads to the abode of death, it speaks of that hand which can comfort and can save, and which can conduct to those “green pastures, and those still waters,” where there is an eternal spring for the children of God.

ALISON.

SPECIMENS OF MODERN ELOQUENCE.

1.—THE BRITISH MONARCHY.

THE learned professors of the rights of man regard prescription not as a title to bar all claims set up against old possession, but they look on prescription itself as a bar against the possessor and proprietor. They hold an immemorial possession to be no more than a long continued, and therefore an aggravated injustice. Such are their ideas, such their religion, and such their law. But as to our country and our race, as long as the well compacted structure of our church and state, the sanctuary, the holy of holies of that ancient law, defended by reverence, defended by power, a fortress at once and a temple, shall stand inviolate on the brow of the British Sion—as long as the British monarchy, not more limited than fenced by the orders of the state, shall, like the proud keep of Windsor, rising in the majesty of proportion, and girt with the double belt of its kindred and coeval towers—as long as this awful structure shall oversee and guard the subjected land, so long the mounds and dikes of the low Bedford Level will have nothing to fear from the pickaxes of levellers. As long as our sovereign lord the king, and his faithful subjects, the lords and commons of this realm—the triple cord which no man can break; the solemn sworn constitutional frankpledge of this nation, the firm guarantee of each other's being and each other's rights; the joint and several securities, each in its place and order, for every kind and every quality of property and of dignity—so long as these endure, so long the Duke of Bedford is safe, and we are all safe together—the high from the blights of envy and the spoliations of rapacity, the low from the iron hand of oppression and the insolent spurn of contempt. BURKE.

2.—PERORATION TO SHERIDAN'S SPEECH IN THE CASE OF WARREN HASTINGS.

JUSTICE, my Lords, is not the ineffective bauble of an Indian pagod; it is not the portentous phantom of despair;—it is not

like any fabled monster, formed in the eclipse of reason, and found in some unhallowed grove of superstitious darkness and political dismay: No, my Lords, in the happy reverse of all these, I turn from this disgusting caricature to the real image. Justice I have now before me, august and pure; the abstract idea of all that would be perfect in the spirits and the aspirations of men—where the mind rises, where the heart expands—where the countenance is ever placid and benign—where her favourite attitude is to stoop to the unfortunate—to hear their cry and to help them, to rescue and relieve, to succour and save; majestic from its mercy; venerable for its utility; uplifted without pride; firm without obduracy; beneficent in each preference; lovely though in her frown!

On that justice I rely; deliberate and sure, abstracted from all party purpose, and political speculations—not in words, but on facts. You, my Lords, who hear me, I conjure by those rights it is your best privilege to preserve; by that fame it is your best pleasure to inherit; by all those feelings which refer to the first term in the series of existence, the original compact of our nature—our controlling rank in the creation. This is the call on all to administer to truth and equity, as they would satisfy the laws and satisfy themselves with the most exalted bliss possible or conceivable for our nature—the self-approving consciousness of virtue, when the condemnation we look for will be one of the most ample mercies accomplished for mankind since the creation of the world. My Lords, I have done.

3.—EXTRACT FROM MR BURKE'S SPEECH ON CONCILIATION
WITH AMERICA.

MR SPEAKER,—The temper and character which prevail in our colonies, are, I am afraid, unalterable by any human art. We cannot, I fear, falsify the pedigree of this fierce people, and persuade them that they are not sprung from a nation in whose veins the blood of freedom circulates. The language in which they would hear you tell them this tale would detect the imposition; your speech would betray you. An Englishman is

the most unfit person on earth to argue another Englishman into slavery. . . .

My hold of the colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are the ties which, though light as air, are strong as links of iron. Let the colonies always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your government, they will cling and grapple to you, and no force under heaven will be of power to tear them from their allegiance. But let it be once understood that your government may be one thing and their privileges another; that these two things may exist without any mutual relation, the cement is gone, the cohesion is loosened, and every thing hastens to decay and dissolution. As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom, they will turn their faces towards you. The more they multiply, the more friends you will have; the more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience. Slavery they can have anywhere. It is a weed that grows in every soil. They may have it from Spain, they may have it from Prussia; but until you become lost to all feeling of your true interest and your natural dignity, freedom they can have from none but you. This is the commodity of price of which you have the monopoly. This the true act of navigation which binds you to the commerce of the colonies, and through them secures to you the commerce of the world. Deny them this participation of freedom, and you break that sole bond which originally made, and must still preserve, the unity of the empire. Do not entertain so weak an imagination as that your registers and your bonds, your affidavits and your sufferances, your coquets and your clearances, are what form the great securities of your commerce. Do not dream that your letters of office, and your instructions, and your suspending clauses, are the things that hold together the great contexture of this mysterious whole. These things do not make your government. Dead instruments, passive tools as they are, it is the

spirit of the English communion that gives all their life and efficacy to them. It is the spirit of the English constitution, which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies, every part of the empire, even down to the minutest member.

Is it not the same virtue which does every thing for you here in England? Do you imagine then that it is the land-tax act which raises your revenue? that it is the annual vote in the committee of supply which gives you your army? or that it is the mutiny bill which inspires it with bravery and discipline? No! surely not! It is the love of the people; it is their attachment to their government, from the sense of the deep stake they have in such a glorious institution, which gives you your army and your navy, and infuses into both that liberal obedience without which your army would be a base rabble, and your navy nothing but rotten timber. All this, I know well enough, will sound wild and chimerical to the profane herd of those vulgar and mechanical politicians who have no place among us; a sort of people who think that nothing exists but what is gross and material, and who, therefore, far from being qualified to be the directors of the great movement of empire, are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine. But to men truly initiated and rightly taught, these ruling and master principles, which, in the opinion of such men as I have mentioned, have no substantial existence, are in truth everything and all in all. Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom, and a great empire and little minds go ill together. If we are conscious of our situation, and glow with zeal to fill our places as becomes our station and ourselves, we ought to auspicate all our public proceedings on America with the old warning of the church, *sursum corda*. We ought to elevate our minds to the greatness of that trust to which the order of Providence has called us. By adverting to the dignity of this high calling, our ancestors have turned a savage wilderness into a glorious empire; and have made the most extensive, and the only honourable conquests, not by destroying, but by promoting the wealth, the number, the happiness of the human race. Let us get an American revenue, as we

have got an American empire. English privileges have made it all that it is; English privileges alone will make it all that it can be. In full confidence of this unalterable truth, I now lay the first stone of the temple of peace. BURKE.

4.—LORD LYTTTELTON'S SPEECH ON THE REPEAL OF THE ACT
CALLED THE JEW BILL, A. D. 1753.

SIR,—It has been hitherto the rare and envied felicity of his Majesty's reign, that his subjects have enjoyed such a settled tranquillity, such a freedom from angry religious disputes, as is not to be paralleled in any former times. The true Christian spirit of moderation, of charity, of universal benevolence, has prevailed in the people, has prevailed in the clergy of all ranks and degrees, instead of those narrow principles, those bigoted pleasures, that furious, that implacable, that ignorant zeal, which had often done so much hurt both to the church and the state. But from the ill understood, insignificant act of parliament you are now moved to repeal, occasion has been taken to deprive us of this inestimable advantage. It is a pretence to disturb the peace of the church, to infuse idle fear into the minds of the people, and make religion itself an engine of sedition. It behoves the piety, as well as the wisdom of parliament, to disappoint those endeavours. Sir, the very worst mischief that can be done to religion, is to pervert it to the purposes of faction. The most impious wars ever made were those called holy wars. He who hates another man for not being a Christian, is himself not a Christian. Christianity, Sir, breathes love, and peace, and good-will to man. A temper conformable to the dictates of that holy religion has lately distinguished this nation; and a glorious distinction it was! But there is latent, at all times, in the minds of the vulgar, a spark of enthusiasm; which, if blown by the breath of a party, may, even when it seems quite extinguished, be suddenly revived and raised to a flame. The act of last session for naturalizing Jews has very unexpectedly administered fuel to feed that flame. To what a height it may rise, if it should continue much longer, one

cannot easily tell; but, take away the fuel, and it will die of itself.

Sir, I trust and believe that, by speedily passing this bill, we shall silence that obloquy which has so unjustly been cast upon our reverend prelates (some of the most respectable that ever adorned our church) for the part they took in the act which this repeals. And it greatly concerns the whole community, that they should not lose that respect which is so justly due to them, by a popular clamour kept up in opposition to a measure of no importance in itself. But if the departing from that measure should not remove the prejudice so maliciously raised, I am certain that no further step you can take will be able to remove it; and, therefore, I hope you will stop here. This appears to be a reasonable and safe condescension, by which nobody will be hurt; but all beyond this would be dangerous weakness in government; it might open a door to the wildest enthusiasm, and to the most mischievous attacks of political disaffection working upon that enthusiasm. If you encourage and authorize it to fall on the synagogue, it will go from thence to the meeting-house, and in the end to the palace. But let us be careful to check its further progress. The more zealous we are to support Christianity, the more vigilant should we be in maintaining toleration. If we bring back persecution, we bring back the antichristian spirit of popery; and when the spirit is here, the whole system will soon follow. Toleration is the basis of all public quiet. It is a charter of freedom given to the mind, more valuable, I think, than that which secures our persons and estates. Indeed, they are inseparably connected together; for, where the mind is not free, where the conscience is enthralled, there is no freedom. Spiritual tyranny puts on the galling chains; but civil tyranny is called in to rivet and fix them. We see it in Spain, and many other countries; we have formerly both seen and felt it in England. By the blessing of God, we are now delivered from all kinds of oppression. Let us take care that they may never return.

5.—ARBITRARY POWER NOT GIVEN TO MAN.

MR HASTINGS has declared his opinion that he is a despotic prince; that he is to use arbitrary power, and that of course all his acts are covered with that shield. "I know," says he, "the constitution of Asia only from its practice." Will your Lordships submit to hear the corrupt practices of mankind made the principles of government? No; it will be your pride and glory to teach men intrusted with power, that, in their use of it, they are to conform to principles, and not to draw their principles from the corrupt practice of any man whatever. Was there ever heard, or could it be conceived, that a governor would dare to heap up all the evil practices, all the cruelties, oppressions, extortions, corruptions, briberies, of all the ferocious usurpers, desperate robbers, thieves, cheats, and jugglers, that ever had office from one end of Asia to another, and, consolidating all this mass of the crimes and absurdities of barbarous domination into one code, establish it as the whole duty of an English governor? I believe that, till this time, so audacious a thing was never attempted by man. He have arbitrary power! My Lords! the East India Company have not arbitrary power to give him—the King has no arbitrary power to give him; your Lordships have it not, nor the Commons, nor the whole legislature. We have no arbitrary power to give, because arbitrary power is a thing which neither any man can hold nor any man can give. No man can lawfully govern himself according to his own will, much less can one person be governed by the will of another. We are all born in subjection, all born equally, high and low, governors and governed, in subjection to one great immutable pre-existent law, prior to all our devices, and prior to all our contrivances, paramount to all our ideas, and all our sensations, antecedent to our very existence, by which we are knit and connected in the eternal frame of the universe, and out of which we cannot stir.

BURKE.

6.—EXTRACT FROM HENRY BROUGHAM'S SPEECH AT THE
LIVERPOOL ELECTION, 1812.

GENTLEMEN,—I feel it necessary after the fatigues of this long and anxious day to entreat, as I did on a former occasion, that you would have the goodness to favour me with as silent a hearing as possible, that I may not by over-exertion in my present exhausted state destroy that voice, which I hope I may preserve to raise in your defence once more hereafter. For this great town, for the country at large, whose cause we are upholding—whose fight we are fighting, for the whole manufacturing and trading interest—for all who love peace—all who have no profit in war,—I feel the deepest alarm lest our grand attempt may not prosper. All these feelings are in my heart at this moment—they are various—they are conflicting—they are painful—they are burthensome, but they are not overwhelming! and amongst them all, and I have swept round the whole range of which the human mind is susceptible, there is not one that bears the slightest resemblance to despair. I trust myself once more in your faithful hands—I fling myself again on you for protection—I call aloud to you to bear your own cause in your hearts—I implore of you to come forward in your own defence—for the sake of this vast town and its people—for the salvation of the middle and lower orders—for the whole industrious part of the whole country—I entreat you by your love of peace—by your hatred of oppression—by your weariness of burthensome and useless taxation—by yet another appeal to which those must lend an ear who have been deaf to all the rest—I ask it for your families—for your infants—if you would avoid such a winter of horrors as the last! It is coming fast upon you—already it is near at hand—yet a few short weeks and we may be in the midst of those unspeakable miseries, the recollection of which now rends your very souls. If there be one freeman amongst this immense multitude, who has not tendered his voice—and if he can be deaf to this appeal—if he can suffer the threats of our antagonists to frighten him away from the recollections of the last dismal winter—that

man will not vote for me. But if I have the happiness of addressing one honest man amongst you, who has a care left for his wife and children, or for other endearing ties of domestic tenderness, that man will lay his hand on his heart when I now bid him do so,—and, with those little threats of present spite ringing in his ears, he will rather consult his fears of greater evil, by listening to the dictates of his heart, when he casts a look towards the dreadful season through which he lately passed—and will come bravely forward to place those men in parliament, whose whole efforts have been directed towards the restoration of peace and the revival of trade.

Do not, Gentlemen, listen to those who tell you the cause of freedom is desperate;—they are the enemies of that cause and of you—but listen to me, for you know me—and I am one who has never yet deceived you;—I say then that *it will be* desperate if you make no exertions to retrieve it. I tell you that your languor alone can betray it—that it can be made desperate only through your despair. I am not a man to be cast down by temporary reverses, let them come upon me as thick and as swift and as sudden as they may. I am not he who is daunted by majorities in the outset of a struggle for worthy objects—else I should not now stand before you to boast of triumphs won in your cause. If your champions had yielded to the force of numbers, of gold, of power—if defeat could have dismayed them—then would the African Slave Trade never have been abolished—then would the cause of Reform, which now bids fair to prevail over its enemies, have been long ago sunk amidst the desertions of its friends—then would those prospects of peace have been utterly benighted, which I still devoutly cherish, and which even now brighten in our eyes—then would the Orders in Council, which I overthrew by your support, have remained a disgrace to the British name, and an eternal obstacle to our best interests. I no more despond now than I have done in the course of sacred and glorious contentions; but it is for you to say whether to-morrow shall not make it my duty to despair. To-morrow is your last day—your last efforts must then be made—if you put forth your strength, the day is your own—if you desert me, it is

lost. To win it, I shall be the first to lead you on, and the last to forsake you.

7.—THE TRUE POLICY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

GENTLEMEN,—The end which I have always had in view as the legitimate object of pursuit to a British statesman I can describe in one word. The language of the philosopher is diffusely benevolent. It professes the amelioration of the lot of all mankind. I hope that my heart beats as high towards other nations of the earth as that of any one who vaunts his philanthropy ; but I am contented to confess that the main object of my contemplation is the interest of England. Not that the interest of England can stand isolated and alone. The situation she holds forbids an exclusive selfishness ; her prosperity must contribute to the prosperity of other nations, her stability to the safety of the world. But it does not follow that we are called upon to mix ourselves on every occasion with a meddling activity in the concerns of the nations around us. There are men, actuated by noble principles and generous feelings, who would rush forward at once, from the sense of indignation at aggression, and deem that no act of injustice should be perpetrated from one end of the universe to the other, but that the sword of Great Britain ought to leap from its scabbard to avenge it. But, as it is the province of law to control the excess even of laudable feelings in individuals, so it is the duty of government to restrain within due bounds the ebullition of national impulses which it cannot blame. But while we thus control our feelings by our duty, let it not be said that we cultivate peace because we fear, or because we are unprepared for war ; on the contrary, if eight months ago the government proclaimed this country to be prepared for war, every month of peace that hath since passed has but made us so much the more capable of exertion. The resources created by peace are the means of war. In cherishing those resources, we accumulate our means. Our present repose is no more a proof of inability, than the state of inactivity in which I see those mighty ships float in these waters, is a proof

that they are devoid of strength, and incapable of being fitted out for action. You well know how soon one of these stupendous masses, now reposing on their shadows in perfect stillness, how soon, upon any call of patriotism, it would assume the likeness of an animated thing, instinct with life and motion—how soon it would ruffle up its swelling plumage—how quickly it would put forth all its beauty and its bravery, collect its scattered elements of strength, and awaken its dormant thunder. Such as is one of those magnificent machines springing from inaction into a display of its might—such is England herself—while apparently passive, she silently concentrates the power to be put forth on an adequate occasion. But Heaven forbid that that occasion should arise! After a war of a quarter of a century, sometimes single-handed, England now needs a period of tranquillity. Long may we be enabled to improve the blessings of our present situation, to cultivate the arts of peace, to give to commerce greater extension and new spheres of employment, and to confirm the prosperity now diffused throughout this island!

CANNING.

S.—SPEECH OF LORD CHATHAM, IN THE HOUSE OF PEERS, AGAINST THE AMERICAN WAR, AND AGAINST EMPLOYING THE INDIANS IN IT.

I CANNOT, my Lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my Lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment. It is not a time for adulation: the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelop it; and display, in its full danger and genuine colours, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty, as to give its support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon it? Measures, my Lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt! “But yesterday, and Britain might have stood against the world; now, none so poor as to

do her reverence :”—The people, whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against us, supplied with every military store, have their interest consulted, and their ambassadors entertained by our inveterate enemy—and ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honours the British troops than I do; I know their virtues and their valour; I know they can achieve anything but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of British America is an impossibility. You cannot, my Lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the *worst*; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot: your attempts will be for ever vain and impotent—doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms;—*Never, never, never!*—

But, my Lords, who is the man, that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the *tomahawk* and *scalping-knife* of the savage?—to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods?—to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My Lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. But, my Lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; “for it is perfectly allowable,” says Lord Suffolk, “to use all the means which God and nature have put into our hands.” I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this House, or in this country. My

Lords, I did not intend to encroach so much on your attention, but I cannot repress my indignation—I feel myself impelled to speak. My Lords, we are called upon as members of this House, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity!—"That God and nature have put into our hands!" What ideas of God and nature that noble Lord may entertain I know not; but I know, that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife! to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honour. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation.

I call upon that Right Reverend, and this most Learned Bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the Bishops, to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn;—upon the judges, to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your Lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the *Genius of the Constitution*. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble Lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain did he defend the liberty, and establish the religion of Britain, against the tyranny of Rome, if these worse than Popish cruelties, and Inquisitorial practices, are endured among us. To send forth the merciless cannibal, thirsting for blood! against whom?—your Protestant brethren!—to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name by the aid and instrumentality of these *horrible hounds of war*! Spain can no longer boast pre-eminence in barbarity. She armed herself with bloodhounds, to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico; we, more ruthless, loose these dogs of war against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that can sanctify hu-

manity. I solemnly call upon your Lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon this infamous procedure the indelible stigma of the Public Abhorrence. More particularly, I call upon the holy prelates of our religion to do away this iniquity; let them perform a lustration, to purify the country from this deep and deadly sin. My Lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor even reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving vent to my eternal abhorrence of such enormous and preposterous principles.

9.—EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF MR CANNING ON
PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

OTHER nations, excited by the example of the liberty which this country has long possessed, have attempted to copy our constitution; and some of them have shot beyond it in the fierceness of their pursuit. I grudge not to other nations that share of liberty which they may acquire; in the name of Heaven let them enjoy it. But let us warn them that they lose not the object of their desire by the very eagerness with which they attempt to grasp it. Inheritors and conservators of rational freedom, let us, while others are seeking it in restlessness and trouble, be a steady and a shining light to guide their course, not a wandering meteor to bewilder and mislead them.

Let it not be thought that this is an unfriendly or disheartening counsel to those who are either struggling under the pressure of harsh government, or exulting in the novelty of sudden emancipation. It is addressed much rather to those who, though cradled and educated amidst the sober blessings of the British constitution, pant for other schemes of liberty than those which that constitution sanctions—other than are compatible with a just equality of civil rights, or with the necessary restraints of social obligation; of some of whom it may

be said, in the language which Dryden puts into the mouth of one of the most extravagant of his heroes, that

“They would be free as nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.”

Noble and swelling sentiments! but such as cannot be reduced into practice. Grand ideas! but which must be qualified and adjusted by a compromise between the aspirings of individuals and a due concern for the general tranquillity, must be subdued and chastened by reason and experience, before they can be directed to any useful end. A search after abstract perfection in government may produce, in generous minds, an enterprise and enthusiasm to be recorded by the historian and to be celebrated by the poet, but such perfection is not an object of reasonable pursuit, because it is not an object of possible attainment; and never yet did a passionate struggle after an absolutely unattainable object fail to be productive of misery to an individual, of madness and confusion to a people. As the inhabitants of those burning climates, which lie beneath a tropical sun, sigh for the coolness of the mountain and the grove; so (all history instructs us) do nations which have basked for a time in the torrent blaze of an unmitigated liberty, too often call upon the shades of despotism, even of military despotism, to cover them—

“O quis me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
Sistat et urgenti ramorum protegat umbrâ”—

a protection which blights while it shelters; which dwarfs the intellect, and stunts the energies of man, but to which a wearied nation willingly resorts from intolerable heats, and from perpetual danger of convulsion.

Our lot is happily cast in the temperate zone of freedom: the climate best suited to the development of the moral qualities of the human race; to the cultivation of their faculties, and to the security as well as the improvement of their virtues—a clime not exempt indeed from the variations of the elements, but variations which purify while they agitate the

atmosphere that we breathe. Let us be sensible of the advantages which it is our happiness to enjoy. Let us guard with pious gratitude the flame of genuine liberty, that fire from heaven, of which our constitution is the holy depository; but let us not, for the chance of rendering it more intense and more radiant, impair its purity, or hazard its extinction.

10.—PERORATION OF MR GRATTAN'S SPEECH ON THE OPENING
OF THE IRISH PARLIAMENT, 1790.

SIR,—The evils which have taken place lead me to consider the resistance to the bills that would have prevented them—a pension bill and a place bill. The former was resisted the last session, because, as they on the part of government said, it was unnecessary; at that time they made it indispensable, held it up in traffic, had it at market, a resort against popular and constitutional measures, the prince, the nobles, and the people.

They resisted the place bill under similar circumstances. At the time of their resistance they were dividing boards, splitting sinecures, and multiplying offices; at one and the same time resisting the bill by their influence, and making it necessary by their transgressions. It was not an error in judgment, nor a knotty doubt on a puzzled point of speculation: no; it was a perfect conviction on the part of the ministers of the utility of such a measure, and a decided determination to commit the corruptions those bills would guard against; they were resisted by his Majesty's minister with malice prepense against the community. My friend, who failed, urged these bills with the arguments of a provident senator; but the minister is a thunderbolt in their favour. He is that public malefactor, who calls out for penal laws by the authority of the crimes in which he participates: "The evils against which you hesitate to provide, I am committing. I am creating places and multiplying pensions; and I am so doing for the reasons you doubt, corruption!" These are not his words; no; but they are the words of his offences.

But there are some penal measures which defy explanation. Why deprive the pensioner who got his pension with the approbation of government as compensation for office extinguished? Is compensation to be considered as a bribe for a vote? Why deprive the pensioner who got his pension to support hereditary honours? Is the prop of honour to be considered as a bribe? Why deprive the pensioner who got his pension on the address of one of the Houses of Parliament? Is that to be considered as a bribe? Are the nobility of this country to be subject to a letter missive, or a message from a clerk or runner, desiring that they will attend in their place, and vote to blemish their blood and save their pension? Such has been the conduct of your Reformer. This was the man; you remember his entry into the capital, trampling on the hearse of the Duke of Rutland, and seated in a triumphal car, drawn by public credulity; on the one hand fallacious hope, and on the other many-mouthed profession; a figure with two faces, one turned to the treasury, and the other presented to the people; and with a double tongue, speaking contradictory languages. This minister alights; justice looks up to him with empty hopes, and speculation faints with idle alarms: he finds the city a prey to an unconstitutional police—he continues it; he finds the country overburthened with a shameful pension list—he increases it; he finds the House of Commons swarming with placemen—he multiplies them; he finds the salary of the secretary increased to prevent a pension—he grants a pension; he finds the kingdom drained by absentee-employments, and by compensations to buy them home—he gives the best reversion in the country to an absentee—his brother! He finds the government, at different times, had disgraced itself by creating sinecures, to gratify corrupt affection—he makes two commissioners of the rolls, and gives one of them to another brother: he finds the second council to the commissioners put down, because useless—he revives it: he finds the boards of accounts and stamps annexed by public compact—he divides them: he finds three resolutions, declaring that seven commissioners are sufficient—he makes nine: he finds the country has suffered by some peculations in the ord-

nance—he increases the salary of officers, and gives the places to members—members of parliament!

What will you say now, when the viceroy shakes hands with the populace, and enfeoffs himself to the lowest popularity? He should not proceed on the principles of Punic faith or of Parthian flight. To retain the affections of the public on negative terms is difficult; but to attach them by injuries, to annex the delusion of the public to his person, and the plunder of the country to his family, is a monster in the history of ambition!

What shall we say to the public peculator? for he will triumph, and he will calculate, and he will set up the innocence of little peculations against the crimes of affected, and teasing, and little regulation.

What shall we say to the people? They looked for relief, because they were oppressed; and looked to Lord Buckingham for relief, because they were deceived; it is to relieve them that I wish to direct the attention of this session.

Sir, the prodigality of honours, places, and pensions, by the present ministers of the crown, was held to be so criminal, as to render the ordinary provisions in Great Britain insufficient, and extraordinary and unconstitutional restrictions admissible to disparage the second personage in these dominions; some of those ministers having committed in Ireland, in this particular, excesses far beyond those which falsehood presumed to prophesy; what measure of restraint shall they find? Show them a justice which they refused to the son of their prince, and resort only to constitutional provisions, such as may abolish these grievances, and guard the country against the danger of a repetition.

11.—PERORATION TO MR ERSKINE'S SPEECH ON THE
AGE OF REASON.

GENTLEMEN,—I have no objection to the most extended and free discussion upon doctrinal points of the Christian religion; and, though the law of England does not permit it, I do not dread the reasonings of Deists against the existence of Christianity itself, because, as it was said by its Divine author, if

it be of God, it will stand. An intellectual book, however erroneous, addressed to the intellectual world upon so profound and complicated a subject, can never work the mischief it is calculated to repress. Such works will only incite the minds of men, enlightened by study, to a closer investigation of a subject well worthy of their deepest and continued contemplation. The powers of the mind are given for human improvement in the progress of human existence. The changes produced by such reciprocations of lights and intelligences are certain in their progression, and make their way imperceptibly by the final and irresistible power of truth. If Christianity be founded in falsehood, let us become Deists in this manner, and I am contented. But this book has no such object and no such capacity;—it presents no arguments to the wise and enlightened; on the contrary, it treats the faith and opinions of the wisest with the most shocking contempt, and stirs up men, without the advantages of learning or sober thinking, to a total disbelief of every thing hitherto held sacred; and consequently to a rejection of all the laws and ordinances of the state, which stand only upon the assumption of their truth.

Gentlemen, I cannot conclude without expressing the deepest regret at all attacks upon the Christian religion by authors who profess to promote the civil liberties of the world. For under what other auspices than Christianity have the lost and subverted liberties of mankind in former ages been re-asserted? By what zeal, but the warm zeal of devout Christians, have English liberties been redeemed and consecrated? Under what other sanctions, even in our own days, have liberty and happiness been spreading to the uttermost corners of the earth? What work of civilisation, what commonwealth of greatness, has this bald religion of nature ever established? We see, on the contrary, those nations that have no other light than that of nature to direct them, sunk in barbarism, or slaves to arbitrary governments; whilst under the Christian dispensation the great career of the world has been slowly but clearly advancing, lighter at every step, from the encouraging prophecies of the Gospel, and leading, I trust, in the end, to universal and eternal happiness. Each generation of mankind can see

but a few revolving links of this mighty and mysterious chain ; but by doing our several duties in our allotted stations, we are sure that we are fulfilling the purposes of our existence. You, I trust, will fulfil yours this day.

12.—EXTRACT FROM CHARLES FOX'S CHARGE AGAINST
WARREN HASTINGS.

THE whole government of India rests upon responsibility. This is the grand object to which our attention should be directed. And, let me ask, how is it to be effected ? If, in every instance and at every point of time, you have not the means of enforcing this principle, it is not possible that the government of this country can be preserved in its purity in the East. You have no other hold of the people whom you send out to that part of the world, but by placing them in such a situation, that every thing they do is to be canvassed and inquired into, and if criminal punished with severity. If you lose sight of this for a moment your power of that country is gone. If a bad act is committed, what can you do ? You threaten, and you recall, you appoint committees, and prepare all the apparatus of punishment. This consumes time ; and with regard to that part of the world, thirteen months are thirteen years. Before this man can be recalled, something may happen which will be a set-off, and the whole may at once vanish away. The inquiry will be silenced, and affairs go on in the same wretched train in which they hitherto have been conducted.

I would have strict, literal, and absolute obedience to orders, in all those whom I intrusted with the administration of government in that country ; that we might know the ground upon which we were treading, and be able to form some judgment of the real state of our affairs in that part of our possessions. This House has already passed certain resolutions, and has pledged itself to see them put in execution ; an opportunity is now presented, the matter is now at issue, and, if it is suffered to fall to the ground without a spirited and firm examination, all inquiry may sleep for ever, and every idea of punishment be buried in oblivion.

SPECIMENS OF ANCIENT ELOQUENCE.

1.—THE VALUE OF LITERATURE.

BUT whence, you ask, the extraordinary interest I take in this man? Because to him I am indebted for that which recreates my spirits after the clamorous contentions of the Forum, and soothes my senses when stunned with the jarring discords of debate. Would it be possible, do you suppose, to meet the daily demand on our intellectual resources, arising from the infinite variety of causes in which we are engaged, unless our minds were enriched with the stores of learning, or could they sustain this long-continued tension of their powers without some indulgence in literary relaxation? For me, I glory in my devotion to these studies; be theirs the shame, who are so absorbed in profitless speculations, that they have never turned them to any purpose of public utility, or given to the world any visible result of their labours. But why should I blush at this avowal, whose time for a series of years has been so completely engrossed by my profession, that neither the seductions of ease, nor the solicitations of pleasure, nor even the demand for necessary repose, have for a moment withdrawn me from the service of my friends. Who then can censure me, or take reasonable umbrage at my conduct, if I dedicate to the revisal of my early studies only that portion of my time which is left to the unquestioned disposal of others—which by some is devoted to their private affairs, to the sports and spectacles of our festivals, to other amusements, or to mere repose of mind or body; that time, which others again expend in manly exercise, or waste in gaming and intemperance? And my claim to such indulgence is the more reasonable, as I thereby enhance the reputation of my professional ability, which, as far as it extends, has never yet been wanting to the exigencies of my friends—a trifling talent this perhaps in the estimation of many; but there are other things, and those avowedly the loftiest, and well do I know the hallowed fount from which

they are derived. For had I not, by deeply pondering the precepts of philosophy, and the lessons of the historian and the poet, imbued my mind with an early and intimate conviction, that nothing in life is worthy of strenuous pursuit but honour and renown, and for the attainment of these, the extremes of bodily torture, and all the terrors of exile and of death, ought to be regarded as trifles, never should I have engaged in such a series of deadly conflicts for your safety, nor have exposed myself to these daily machinations of the most profligate of mankind. But the literature, the wisdom, the consentaneous voice of antiquity, all teem with glorious examples—examples, which would have been for ever buried in oblivion, but for the redeeming light of letters. How many instances of heroic daring and devotedness are pictured on the Greek and Roman page, not for our study only, but also for our imitation! With these illustrious models incessantly before my eyes, I have laboured to form my mind and character, by intense meditation on their excellence.

From CICERO's Oration for the Poet Archias.

2.—THE ROMAN PEOPLE ADJURED BY THE EXAMPLE OF THEIR ANCESTORS TO AVENGE THE OUTRAGES COMMITTED BY MITHRIDATES.

THE slightest insult to a merchant or the captain of the smallest naval craft was enough to rouse your ancestors to war, what then ought to be your indignation at the simultaneous butchery of so many thousand Roman citizens at the bidding of this tyrant. Corinth, the brightest luminary of Greece, was threatened with extinction merely for having given a somewhat haughty reception to your ambassadors; and will you allow impunity to a despot who has dared to subject to the chain and to the scourge, and at last to a death of excruciating torture, a consular ambassador of the Roman people? Your ancestors would not brook the slightest infringement of the liberty of a Roman citizen, and will you not avenge his blood? A merely verbal insult to the sacred character of an ambassador invoked their

vengeance, and shall the torture and death of an ambassador himself appeal in vain to yours? Beware, Romans, lest, as it was most honourable in your ancestors to bequeath to you so magnificent a monument of national glory, beware lest you incur proportionate disgrace in failing to guard and preserve the inviolability of this glorious bequest.

CICERO'S *Oration for the Manilian Law.*

3.—THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF C. POMPEY.

AND now what language can do justice to the military prowess of Cneius Pompey! What form of panegyric can be devised worthy of him, unknown to you, or not familiar to the universe! For the qualifications of a commander are not confined within the narrow circle to which popular opinion restricts them—assiduity in business, intrepidity in danger, vigour in action, promptitude to achieve, and wisdom to provide; all which unite in this one man, and in a degree not to be found in all other commanders ever seen or heard of. Attest it Italy, the liberation of which the victorious Sylla himself attributed to his valour and assistance—attest it Sicily, rescued from the many dangers which encompassed it, not by the terror of his arms, but by the promptitude of his councils—attest it Africa, saturated with the blood of the countless hordes with which it was oppressed—attest it Gaul, over the bodies of whose slaughtered sons our legions entered Spain—attest it Spain herself, which has so often seen the overwhelming forces of his enemies subdued and prostrated by his victorious arm—again and again attest it Italy, which, when oppressed by the foul and devastating servile war, with outstretched arms entreated his return; at the mere rumour of his approach that war pined and sickened, as his arrival was its deathblow and extermination. In short, attest it every land and every distant tribe and nation—attest it every wave of the ocean, the wide expanse of waters, and every port and bay of its remotest shores.

And to what must we attribute the quickness of his opera-

tions, the incredible rapidity of his movements; for it is by no extraordinary propulsive power of the oar, no newly discovered art of navigation, nor by any novel agency of the winds of heaven that he is borne so rapidly to the remotest shores; but the customary causes of detention which operate with others have no influence with him. Avarice does not seduce to rapine, passion to licentious indulgence, the charms of nature do not detain for admiration, the splendid curiosities of art for inspection, not even exhaustion itself for necessary repose. Statuary, painting, in short all the ornamental arts of Greece, the objects of the incontrollable rapacity of others, have not power even to arrest his attention. Accordingly wherever he appears the inhabitants gaze upon him as on a being suddenly dropped from the skies, and not as an agent from the distant metropolis of the Roman empire. Now at length foreign nations begin to credit the boasted abstinence of our ancestors, from which they had hitherto withheld their assent as from a fabulous legend of antiquity. Now at length the splendour of the Roman name flashes conviction on their minds, and demonstrates the reasonableness of that decision by which their ancestors preferred submission to the just and tempered government of Rome to the uncontrolled command of other nations.

CICERO *on the Manilian Law.*

4.—THE BEGINNING OF THE FIRST PHILIPPIC OF DEMOSTHENES.

HAD we been convened, Athenians! on some new subject of debate, I had waited till most of your usual counsellors had declared their opinions. If I had approved of what was proposed by them, I should have continued silent; if not, I should then have attempted to speak my sentiments. But since those very points, on which those speakers have oftentimes been heard already, are at this time to be considered, though I have arisen first, I presume I may expect your pardon; for, if they on former occasions had advised the proper measures, you would not have found it needful to consult at present.

First then, Athenians! however wretched the situation of

our affairs at present seems, it must not by any means be thought desperate. What I am now going to advance may possibly appear a paradox; yet it is a certain truth, that our past misfortunes afford a circumstance most favourable to our future hopes. And what is that? even that our present difficulties are owing entirely to our total indolence and utter disregard of our own interest. For were we thus situated, in spite of every effort which our duty demanded, then indeed we might regard our fortunes as absolutely desperate. But now, Philip hath only conquered your supineness and inactivity; the state he hath not conquered. You cannot be said to be defeated; your force hath never been exerted.

If there is a man in this assembly, who thinks that we must find a formidable enemy in Philip, while he views on one hand the numerous armies which surround him, and on the other the weakness of our state, despoiled of so much of its dominions, I cannot deny that he thinks justly. Yet let him reflect on this; there was a time, Athenians! when we possessed Pydna, Potidæa, and Methone, and all that country round; when many of the states now subjected to him were free and independent, and more inclined to our alliance than to his. If Philip, at that time weak in himself and without allies, had desponded of success against you, he would never have engaged in those enterprises which are now crowned with success, nor could have raised himself to that pitch of grandeur at which you now behold him. But he knew well that the strongest places are only prizes laid between the combatants, and ready for the conqueror. He knew that the dominions of the absent devolve naturally to those who are in the field; the possessions of the supine to the active and intrepid. Animated by these sentiments he overturns whole nations. He either rules universally as a conqueror, or governs as a protector; for mankind naturally seek confederacy with such as they see resolved, and preparing not to be wanting to themselves.

If you, my countrymen, will now at length be persuaded to entertain the like sentiments; if each of you be disposed to approve himself a useful citizen, to the utmost that his station and abilities enable him; if the rich will be ready to con-

tribute, and the young to take the field; in one word, if you will be yourselves, and banish those hopes which every single person entertains, that the active part of public business may lie upon others, and he remain at his ease; you may then, by the assistance of the gods, recall those opportunities which your supineness hath neglected, regain your dominions, and chastise the insolence of this man.

But when, O my countrymen! will you begin to exert your vigour? Do you wait till roused by some dire event? till forced by some necessity? What then are we to think of our present condition? To free men, the disgrace attending on misconduct is, in my opinion, the most urgent necessity. Or say, is it your sole ambition to wander through the public places, each inquiring of the other, 'What new advices?' Can anything be more new than that a man of Macedon should conquer the Athenians, and give law to Greece? 'Is Philip dead?' 'No—but he is sick.' Pray, what is it to you whether Philip is sick or not? Supposing he should die, you would raise up another Philip, if you continue thus regardless of your interest.

Many, I know, delight more in nothing than in circulating all the rumours they hear as articles of intelligence. Some cry, Philip hath joined with the Lacedemonians, and they are concerting the destruction of Thebes. Others assure us, he hath sent an embassy to the king of Persia; others, that he is fortifying places in Illyria. Thus we all go about framing our several tales. I do believe, indeed, Athenians! that he is intoxicated with his greatness, and does entertain his imagination with many such visionary projects, as he sees no power rising to oppose him. But I cannot be persuaded that he hath so taken his measures, that the weakest among us (for the weakest they are who spread such rumours) know what he is next to do. Let us disregard their tales. Let us only be persuaded of this, that he is our enemy; that we have long been subject to his insolence; that whatever we expected to have been done for us by others, hath turned against us; that all the resource left us is in ourselves; and that, if we are not inclined to carry our arms abroad, we should be forced

to engage him at home. Let us be persuaded of these things, and then we shall come to a proper determination, and be no longer guided by rumours. We need not be solicitous to know what particular events are to happen. We may be well assured that nothing good can happen, unless we give due attention to our affairs, and act as becomes Athenians.

5.—HANNIBAL TO HIS SOLDIERS.

I KNOW not, soldiers, whether you or your prisoners be encompassed by fortune with the stricter bonds and necessities. Two seas enclose you on the right and left;—not a ship to flee to for escaping. Before you is the Po, a river broader and more rapid than the Rhone; behind you are the Alps, over which, even when your numbers were undiminished, you were hardly able to force a passage.—Here then, soldiers, you must either conquer or die, the very first hour you meet the enemy. But the same fortune which has laid you under the necessity of fighting, has set before your eyes those rewards of victory, than which no men are ever wont to wish for greater from the immortal gods. Should we by our valour recover only Sicily and Sardinia, which were ravished from our fathers, those would be no inconsiderable prizes. Yet, what are these? The wealth of Rome, whatever riches she has heaped together in the spoils of nations, all these, with the masters of them, will be yours. You have been long enough employed in driving the cattle upon the vast mountains of Lusitania and Celtiberia; you have hitherto met with no reward worthy of the labours and dangers you have undergone. The time is now come to reap the full recompense of your toilsome marches over so many mountains and rivers, and through so many nations, all of them in arms. This is the place which fortune has appointed to be the limits of your labours; it is here that you will finish your glorious warfare, and receive an ample recompense of your completed service. For I would not have you imagine, that victory will be as difficult as the name of a Roman war is great and sounding. It has often happened, that a despised enemy has given

a bloody battle, and the most renowned kings and nations have by a small force been overthrown. And if you but take away the glitter of the Roman name, what is there wherein they may stand in competition with you? For (to say nothing of your service in war for twenty years together, with so much valour and success) from the very Pillars of Hercules, from the ocean, from the utmost bounds of the earth, through so many warlike nations of Spain and Gaul, are you not come hither victorious? And with whom are you now to fight? With raw soldiers, an undisciplined army, beaten, vanquished, besieged by the Gauls the very last summer; an army unknown to their leader, and unacquainted with him.

Or shall I, who was born I might almost say, but certainly brought up, in the tent of my father, that most excellent general; shall I, the conqueror of Spain and Gaul, and not only of the Alpine nations, but, which is greater yet, of the Alps themselves; shall I compare myself with this half-year captain? a captain before whom should one place the two armies without their ensigns, I am persuaded he would not know to which of them he is consul?

On what side soever I turn my eyes, I behold all full of courage and strength; a veteran infantry, a most gallant cavalry; you, my allies, most faithful and valiant; you, Carthaginians, whom not only your country's cause, but the justest anger impels to battle. The hope, the courage of assailants, is always greater than that of those who act upon the defensive. With hostile banners displayed, you are come down upon Italy; you bring the war. Grief, injuries, indignities, fire your minds, and spur you forward to revenge.—First, they demanded me; that I, your general, should be delivered up to them; next, all of you who had fought at the siege of Saguntum; and we were to be put to death by the extremest tortures. Proud and cruel nation! every thing must be yours, and at your disposal! You are to prescribe to us with whom we shall make war, with whom we shall make peace! You are to set us bounds; to shut us up within hills and rivers; but you—you are not to observe the limits which yourselves have fixed? Pass not the Iberus. What next? Touch not the Saguntines; is Sagun-

tum upon the Iberus? move not a step towards that city. Is it a small matter, then, that you have deprived us of our ancient possessions, Sicily and Sardinia? you would have Spain too? Well, we shall yield Spain; and then—you will pass into Africa! Will pass, did I say?—this very year they ordered one of their consuls into Africa, the other into Spain. No, soldiers, there is nothing left for us but what we can vindicate with our swords. Come on, then,—be men. The Romans may with more safety be cowards; they have their own country behind them, have places of refuge to flee to, and are secure from danger in the roads thither; but for you there is no middle fortune between death and victory. Let this be but well fixed in your minds, and once again, I say, you are conquerors.

LIVY.

6.—THE SCYTHIAN AMBASSADORS TO ALEXANDER.

If your person were as gigantic as your desires, the world itself would not contain you. Your right hand would touch the east, and your left the west, at the same time. You grasp at more than you are equal to. From Europe you reach to Asia; from Asia you lay hold on Europe. And if you should conquer all mankind, you seem disposed to wage war with woods and snows, with rivers and wild beasts, and to attempt to subdue nature. But have you considered the usual course of things? Have you reflected, that great trees are many years in growing to their height, and are cut down in an hour? It is foolish to think of the fruit only, without considering the height you have to climb to come at it. Take care lest, while you strive to reach the top, you fall to the ground with the branches you have laid hold on. The lion when dead is devoured by ravens; and rust consumes the hardness of iron. There is nothing so strong, but it is in danger from what is weak. It will, therefore, be your wisdom, to take care how you venture beyond your reach. Besides, what have you to do with the Scythians, or the Scythians with you? We have never invaded Macedon; why should you attack Scythia? We inhabit vast deserts and pathless woods, where we do not want to hear of the name of

Alexander. We are not disposed to submit to slavery; and we have no ambition to tyrannize over any nation.—That you may understand the genius of the Scythians, we present you with a yoke of oxen, an arrow, and a goblet. We use these respectively in our commerce with friends and with foes. We give to our friends the corn, which we raise by the labour of our oxen. With the goblet we join with them in pouring drink-offerings to the gods; and with arrows we attack our enemies. We have conquered those who have attempted to tyrannize over us in our own country, and likewise the kings of the Medes and Persians, when they made unjust war upon us; and we have opened to ourselves a way into Egypt. You pretend to be the punisher of robbers, and are yourself the general robber of mankind. You have taken Lydia; you have seized Syria; you are master of Persia; you have subdued the Bactrians, and attacked India. All this will not satisfy you, unless you lay your greedy and insatiable hands upon our flocks and our herds. How imprudent is your conduct! You grasp at riches, the possession of which only increases your avarice. You increase your hunger by what should produce satiety; so that the more you have, the more you desire. But have you forgot how long the conquest of the Bactrians detained you? While you were subduing them, the Sogdians revolted. Your victories serve no other purpose, than to find you employment by producing new wars. For the business of every conquest is twofold,—to win and to preserve. And though you may be the greatest of warriors, you must expect that the nations you conquer will endeavour to shake off the yoke as fast as possible. For, what people chooses to be under foreign dominion? If you will cross the Tanais, you may travel over Scythia, and observe how extensive a territory we inhabit. But to conquer us is quite another business. Your army is loaded with the cumbrous spoils of many nations. You will find the Scythians, at one time, too nimble for your pursuit; and at another time, when you think we are fled far enough from you, you will have us surprise you in your camp. For the Scythians attack with no less vigour than they fly. Why should we put you in mind of the vastness of the country you

will have to conquer? The deserts of Scythia are commonly talked of in Greece; and all the world knows, that our delight is to dwell at large, and not in towns or plantations. It will therefore be your wisdom to keep with strict attention what you have gained. Catching at more, you may lose what you have. We have a proverbial saying in Scythia, That Fortune has no feet, and is furnished only with hands, to distribute her capricious favours, and with fins, to elude the grasp of those to whom she has been bountiful. You give yourself out to be a god, the son of Jupiter Hammon. It suits the character of a god to bestow favours on mortals, not to deprive them of what they have. But if you are no god, reflect on the precarious condition of humanity. You will thus show more wisdom, than by dwelling on those subjects which have puffed up your pride, and made you forget yourself. You see how little you are likely to gain by attempting the conquest of Scythia. On the other hand, you may, if you please, have in us a valuable alliance. We command the borders of both Europe and Asia. There is nothing between us and Bactria, but the river Tanais: and our territory extends to Thrace, which, as we have heard, borders on Macedon. If you decline attacking us in a hostile manner, you may have our friendship.—Nations which have never been at war are on an equal footing. But it is in vain that confidence is reposed in a conquered people. There can be no sincere friendship between the oppressors and the oppressed. Even in peace, the latter think themselves entitled to the rights of war against the former. We will, if you think good, enter into a treaty with you, according to our manner; which is, not by signing, sealing, and taking the gods to witness, as is the Grecian custom, but by doing actual services. The Scythians are not used to promise, but to perform without promising. And they think an appeal to the gods superfluous; for that those who have no regard for the esteem of men will not hesitate to offend the gods by perjury. You may therefore consider with yourself, whether you had better have a people of such a character, and so situated as to have it in their power either to serve you or to annoy you, according as you treat them, for allies, or for enemies. Q. CURTIUS.

RULES FOR READING VERSE.

On the Slides or Inflections of Verse.

1. THE first general rule for reading verse is, to give it that measured harmonious flow of sound which distinguishes it from prose, without falling into a bombastic, chanting pronunciation, which makes it ridiculous.

2. It will not be improper, before we read verse with its poetical graces, to pronounce it exactly as if it were prose: this will be depriving verse of its beauty, but will tend to preserve it from deformity: the tones of voice will be frequently different, but the inflections will be nearly the same.

3. But though an elegant and harmonious pronunciation of verse will sometimes oblige us to adopt different inflections from those we use in prose, it may still be laid down as a good general rule, that verse requires the same inflections as prose, though less strongly marked, and more approaching to monotones.

4. Wherever a sentence, or member of a sentence, would necessarily require the falling inflection in prose, it ought always to have the same inflection in poetry; for though, if we were to read verse prosaically, we should often place the falling inflection where the style of verse would require the rising, yet in those parts where a portion of perfect sense, or the conclusion of a sentence, necessarily requires the falling inflection, the same inflection must be adopted both in verse and prose.

5. In the same manner, though we frequently suspend the voice by the rising inflection in verse, where, if the composition were prose, we should adopt the falling, yet, wherever in prose the member or sentence would necessarily require the rising inflection, this inflection must necessarily be adopted in verse.

6. It may be observed, indeed, that it is in the frequent use of the rising inflection, where prose would adopt the falling, that the song of poetry consists; familiar, strong, argumentative subjects naturally enforce the language with the falling inflection, as this is the natural expression of activity, force, and precision; but grand, beautiful, and plaintive subjects slide naturally into the rising inflection, as this is expressive of awe, admiration, and melancholy, where the mind may be said to be passive; and it is this general tendency of the plaintive tone to assume the rising inflection, which inclines injudicious readers to adopt it at those pauses where the falling inflection is absolutely necessary, and for want of which the pronunciation degenerates into the whine, so much and so justly disliked; for it is very remarkable, that if, where the sense concludes, we are careful to preserve the falling inflection, and let the voice drop into the natural talking tone, the voice

may be suspended in the rising inflection on any other part of the verse, with very little danger of falling into the chant of bad readers.

On the Accent and Emphasis of Verse.

In verse, every syllable must have the same accent, and every word the same emphasis, as in prose.

In words of *two* syllables, however, when the poet transposes the accent from the *second* syllable to the *first*, we may comply with him, without occasioning any harshness in the verse;—but when, in such words, he changes the accent from the *first* to the *second* syllable, every reader who has the least delicacy of feeling will certainly preserve the common accent of these words on the *first* syllable.

In misaccented words of *three* syllables, perhaps the least offensive method to the ear of preserving the accent, and not entirely violating the quantity, would be to place an accent on the syllable immediately preceding that on which the poet has misplaced it, without dropping that which is so misplaced.

The same rule seems to hold good where the poet has placed the accent on the first and last syllable of a word, which ought to have it on the middle syllable.

Where a word admits of some diversity in placing the accent, it is scarcely necessary to observe, that the verse ought in this case to decide.

But when the poet has with great judgment contrived that his numbers shall be harsh and grating, in order to correspond with the ideas they suggest, the common accentuation must be preserved.

How the Vowels e and o are to be pronounced, when apostrophized.

THE vowel *e*, which in poetry is often cut off by an apostrophe in the word *the* and in unaccented syllables before *r*, as *dang'rous*, *gen'rous*, &c., ought always to be preserved in pronunciation, because the syllable it forms is so short as to admit of being sounded with the succeeding syllable, so as not to increase the number of syllables to the ear, or at least to hurt the melody.

The same observations, in every respect, hold good in the pronunciation of the preposition *to*, which ought always to be sounded long, like the adjective *two*, however it may be printed.

The adverb *even* must not be abbreviated in pronunciation.

On the Pause or Cæsura of Verse.

ALMOST every verse admits of a pause in or near the middle of the

line, which is called the Cæsura: this must be carefully observed in reading verse, or much of the distinctness, and almost all the harmony, will be lost.

Though the most harmonious place for the capital pause is after the fourth syllable, it may, for the sake of expressing the sense strongly and suitably, and even sometimes for the sake of variety, be placed at several other intervals.

The end of a line in verse naturally inclines us to pause; and the words that refuse a pause so seldom occur at the end of a verse, that we often pause between words in verse where we should not in prose, but where a pause would by no means interfere with the sense. This, perhaps, may be the reason why a pause at the end of a line in poetry is supposed to be in compliment to the verse, when the very same pause in prose is allowable, and perhaps eligible, but neglected as unnecessary: however this be, certain it is, that if we pronounce many lines in Milton, so as to make the equality of impressions on the ear distinctly perceptible at the end of every line; if, by making this pause, we make the pauses that mark the sense less perceptible, we exchange a solid advantage for a childish rhythm, and, by endeavouring to preserve the name of verse, lose all its meaning and energy.

On the Cadence of Verse.

In order to form a cadence at a period in rhyming verse, we must adopt the falling inflection with considerable force in the cæsura of the last line but one.

How to pronounce a Simile in Poetry.

A SIMILE in poetry ought always to be read in a lower tone of voice than that part of the passage which precedes it.

This rule is one of the greatest embellishments of poetic pronunciation, and is to be observed no less in blank verse than in rhyme.

General Rules.

WHERE there is no pause in the sense at the end of a verse, the last word must have exactly the same inflection it would have in prose.

Sublime, grand, and magnificent description in poetry requires a lower tone of voice, and a sameness nearly approaching to a monotone.

When the first line of a couplet does not form perfect sense, it is necessary to suspend the voice at the end of the line with the same inflection as would be employed in prose.

This rule holds good even where the first line forms perfect sense by

itself, and is followed by another forming perfect sense likewise, provided the first line does not end with an emphatic word which requires the falling slide.

But if the first line ends with an emphatical word requiring the falling slide, this slide must be given to it, but in a higher tone of voice than the same slide in the last line of the couplet.

When the first line of a couplet does not form sense, and the second line, either from its not forming sense, or from its being a question, requires the rising slide; in this case, the first line must end with such a pause as the sense requires, but without any alteration in the tone of the voice.

In the same manner, if a question requires the second line of the couplet to adopt the rising slide, the first ought to have a pause at the end; but the voice, without any alteration, ought to carry on the same tone to the second line, and to continue this tone almost to the end.

The same principles of harmony and variety induce us to read a *triplet* with a sameness of voice, or a monotone, on the end of the first line, the rising slide on the end of the second, and the falling on the last.

This rule, however, from the various sense of the triplet, is liable to many exceptions.—But, with very few exceptions, it may be laid down as a rule, that a *quatrain* or *stanza* of four lines of alternate verse, may be read with the monotone ending the first line, the rising slide ending the second and third, and the falling the last.

The plaintive tone, so essential to the delivery of elegiac composition, greatly diminishes the slides, and reduces them almost to monotones; nay, a perfect monotone, without any inflection at all, is sometimes very judiciously introduced in reading verse.

On Scanning.

A CERTAIN number of syllables connected form a foot. They are called *feet*, because it is by their aid that the voice, as it were, steps along through the verse, in a measured pace.

All feet used in poetry consist either of two or of three syllables, and are reducible to eight kinds; four of two syllables, and four of three, as follow:—

The hyphen — marks a long, and the breve ˘ a short syllable.

<i>Dissyllable.</i>		<i>Trisyllable.</i>	
A Trochee	— ˘	A Dactyl	— ˘ ˘
An Iambus	˘ —	An Amphibrach	˘ — ˘
A Spondee	— —	An Anapæst	˘ ˘ —
A Pyrrhic	˘ ˘	A Tribach	˘ ˘ ˘

POETRY.

1.—THE MONTH OF MARCH.

THE stormy March has come at last,
With wind and cloud and changing skies ;
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah ! passing few are they who speak,
Wild stormy month, in praise of thee ;
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou to northern lands again
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou hast joined the gentle train,
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

And, in thy reign of blast and storm,
Smiles many a long, bright sunny day,
When the changed winds are soft and warm,
And heaven puts on the blue of May.

Then sing along the gushing rills,
And the full springs, from frosts set free,
That, brightly leaping down the hills,
Are just set out to meet the sea.

The year's departing beauty hides
Of wintry storms the sullen threat ;
But in thy sternest frown abides
A look of kindly promise yet.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom on earth that lies
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

BRYANT.

2.—THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove !
Thou messenger of spring !
Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
 Thy certain voice we hear;
 Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
 Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
 I hail the time of flowers,
 And hear the sound of music sweet
 From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wandering through the wood,
 To pull the primrose gay,
 Starts the new voice of spring to hear,
 And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
 Thou flyest thy vocal vale,
 An annual guest in other lands
 Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
 Thy sky is ever clear;
 Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
 No winter in thy year.

Oh! could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
 We'd make, with joyful wing,
 Our annual visit o'er the globe,
 Companions of the spring.

LOGAN.

3.—THOU ART, O GOD.

The day is thine, the night also is thine: thou hast prepared the light and the sun. Thou hast set all the borders of the earth: thou hast made summer and winter. *Psalms* lxxiv. 16, 17.

THOU art, O God, the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see;
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from thee!
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day with farewell beam delays
 Among the opening clouds of even,

And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven ;
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

When night, with wings of stormy gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with a thousand eyes ;
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye ;
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things bright and fair are thine.

THOMAS MOORE.

4.—HORATIUS OFFERING TO DEFEND THE BRIDGE.

THEN outspake brave Horatius,
The captain of the gate :

" To every man upon the earth
" Death cometh soon or late.
" And how can man die better
" Than facing fearful odds,
" For the ashes of his fathers,
" And the temples of his gods.

" And for the tender mother
" Who dandled him to rest,
" And for the wife who nurses
" His baby at her breast.
" And for the holy maidens
" Who feed the eternal flame,
" To save them from false Sextus,
" That wrought the deed of shame ?

" Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
" With all the speed ye may ;

" I, with two more to help me,
 " Will hold the foe in play.
 " In yon strait path a thousand
 " May well be stopped by three ;
 " Now who will stand on either hand,
 " And keep the bridge with me ?"

Then outspake Spurius Lartius ;
 A Ramnian proud was he :
 " Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
 " And keep the bridge with thee."
 And outspake strong Herminius ;
 Of Titian blood was he :
 " I will abide on thy left side,
 " And keep the bridge with thee."

" Horatius," quoth the Consul,
 " As thou say'st, so let it be ;"
 And straight against that great array
 Forth went the dauntless three.
 For Romans in Rome's quarrel
 Spared neither land nor gold,
 Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
 In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party ;
 Then all were for the state ;
 Then the great man helped the poor.
 And the poor man loved the great ;
 Then lands were fairly portioned ;
 Then spoils were fairly sold ;
 The Romans were like brothers
 In the brave days of old.

MACAULAY.

5.—SKETCH OF CHATHAM.

A. PATRIOTS, alas ! the few that have been found
 Where most they flourish, upon English ground,
 The country's need have scantily supplied,
 And the last left the scene when Chatham died.

B. Not so—the virtue still adorns our age,
 Though the chief actor died upon the stage.

In him Demosthenes was heard again ;
 Liberty taught him her Athenian strain ;
 She clothed him with authority and awe,
 Spoke from his lips, and in his looks gave law.
 His speech, his form, his action, full of grace,
 And all his country beaming in his face,
 He stood, as some inimitable hand
 Would strive to make a Paul or Tully stand.
 No sycophant or slave, that dared oppose
 Her sacred cause, but trembled when he rose ;
 And every venal stickler for the yoke
 Felt himself crushed at the first word he spoke.

COWPER.

6.—SKETCHES OF BURKE AND GARRICK.

HERE lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
 We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much ;
 Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
 And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
 Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
 To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote ;
 Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
 And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining.
 Though equal to all things, for all things unfit ;
 Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit ;
 For a patriot too cool ; for a drudge disobedient,
 And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
 In short, 'twas his fate, unemployed or in place, Sir,
 To eat mutton cold and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies David Garrick, describe him who can,
 An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man ;
 As an actor, confessed without rival to shine ;
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line ;
 Yet with talents like these and excellent heart,
 The man had his failings—a dupe to his heart ;
 Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
 And beplastered with rouge his own natural red.
 On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting ;
 'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
 With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
 He turned and he varied full ten times a-day ;

Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
 If they were not his own by finessing and trick ;
 He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
 For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.
 Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came,
 And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame ;
 Till his relish grown callous almost to disease,
 Who peppered the highest was surest to please.
 But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
 If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
 Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave,
 What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave ;
 How did Grub-street reecho the shouts that you raised,
 While he was be-Rosciused and you were bepraised !
 But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
 To act as an angel and mix with the skies,
 Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill,
 Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will.
 Old Shakspeare, receive him with praise and with love,
 And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

GOLDSMITH.

7.—SLAVERY.

CANST thou, and honoured with a Christian name,
 Buy what is woman-born, and feel no shame ;
 Trade in the blood of innocence, and plead
 Expedience as a warrant for the deed ?
 So may the wolf, whom famine has made bold
 To quit the forest and invade the fold :
 So may the ruffian, who, with ghostly glide,
 Dagger in hand, steals close to your bedside ;
 Not he, but his emergence forced the door,
 He found it inconvenient to be poor.

COWPER.

8.—CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord !
 How sure is their defence !
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,
 Their help omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I passed unhurt,
And breathed in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweetened every soil,
Made every region please ;
The hoary Alpine hills it warmed,
And smoothed the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted eyes
Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep
In all its horrors rise !

Confusion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart,
When waves on waves, and gulfs in gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free ;
While in the confidence of prayer
My soul took hold on thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired,
Obedient to thy will ;
The sea, that roared at thy command,
At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness I'll adore ;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

ADDISON.

9.—TO THE SKYLARK.

HAIL to the blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven or near it,
Pourest thy full heart,
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire,
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be;
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee.
Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

Better than all measures
 Of delight and sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

Abridged from SHELLEY.

10.—HOPE, THE FRIEND OF THE BRAVE.

FRIEND of the brave! in peril's darkest' hour,
 Intrepid Virtue' looks to thee for power';
 To thee the heart its trembling homage yields,
 On stormy floods' and carnage-covered fields',
 When front to front the bannered hosts' combine,
 Halt ere they close', and form the dreadful line'.
 When all is still' on Death's devoted soil,
 The march-worn soldier' mingles for the toil';
 As rings his glittering tube', he lifts on high
 The dauntless brow', and spirit-speaking eye';
 Hails in his heart the triumph' yet to come,
 And hears the stormy music' in the drum'!

And such' thy strength-inspiring aid that bore
 The hardy Byron' to his native shore'—
 In horrid' climes, where Chiloe's tempests sweep
 Tumultuous murmurs o'er the troubled deep',
 'Twas his' to mourn misfortune's rudest' shock,
 Scourged by the winds', and cradled on the rock',
 To wake each joyless' morn, and search again
 The famished haunts of solitary' men;
 Whose race', unyielding as their native storm',
 Know not a trace' of Nature but the form';
 Yet, at thy' call, the hardy tar pursued',
 Pale', but intrepid', sad', but unsubdued',
 Pierced the deep woods', and, hāiling from afār,
 The mōon's pāle plānet and the northern star';

Paused at each dreary cry', unheard before',
 Hyænas' in the wild', and mermaids' on the shore';
 Till, led by thee o'er many a cliff sublime',
 He found a warmer' world, a milder' clime,
 A home' to rest', a shelter' to defend',
 Peace' and repose', a Briton' and a friend'! CAMPBELL.

11.—THE MORAL CHANGE ANTICIPATED BY HOPE.

HOPE! when I mourn, with sympathizing mind,
 The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind,
 Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see
 The boundless fields of rapture yet to be;
 I watch the wheels of Nature's mazy plan,
 And learn the future by the past of man.

Come, bright Improvement! on the car of Time,
 And rule the spacious world from clime to clime;
 Thy handmaid arts shall every wild explore,
 Trace every wave, and culture every shore.
 On Erie's banks, where tigers steal along,
 And the dread Indian chants a dismal song,
 Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,
 And bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk;
 There shall the flocks on thymy pasture stray,
 And shepherds dance at summer's opening day:
 Each wandering genius of the lonely glen
 Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men,
 And silent watch, on woodland heights around,
 The village curfew as it tolls profound.

Where barbarous hordes on Scythian mountains roam,
 Truth, Mercy, Freedom, yet shall find a home;
 Where'er degraded Nature bleeds and pines,
 From Guinea's coast to Sibir's dreary mines,
 Truth shall pervade the unfathomed darkness there,
 And light the dreadful features of despair.—
 Hark! the stern captive spurns his heavy load,
 And asks the image back that Heaven bestowed!
 Fierce in his eye the fire of valour burns,
 And, as the slave departs, the man returns.

CAMPBELL.

12.—ON THE DOWNFAL OF POLAND.

Oh! sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased a while,
 And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
 When leagued Oppression poured to Northern wars
 Her whiskered pandours and her fierce hussars,
 Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
 Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet horn:
 Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
 Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

Warsaw's last champion from her height surveyed,
 Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid,—
 Oh! Heaven! he cried,—my bleeding country save!—
 Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
 Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,
 Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
 By that dread name we wave the sword on high!
 And swear for her to live!—with her to die!

He said, and on the rampart-heights arrayed
 His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;
 Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
 Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
 Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
 Revenge, or death,—the watch-word and reply;
 Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
 And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm!

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
 From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew:—
 Oh! bloodiest picture in the book of Time.
 Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
 Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
 Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
 Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
 Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career;—
 Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
 And Freedom shrieked—as KOSCIUSKO fell!

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there,
 Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—
 On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
 His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below;

The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
 Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
 Hark! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
 A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
 Earth shook—red meteors flashed along the sky,
 And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry!

Oh! righteous Heaven! ere Freedom found a grave,
 Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save?
 Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where thy rod,
 That smote the foes of Zion and of God;
 That crushed proud Ammon, when his iron car
 Was yoked in wrath, and thundered from afar?
 Where was the storm that slumbered till the host
 Of blood-stained Pharaoh left their trembling coast;
 Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
 And heaved an ocean on their march below?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
 Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
 Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
 Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
 Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
 And make her arm puissant as your own!
 Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return
 The patriot TELL—the BRUCE OF BANNOCKBURN!

CAMPBELL.

13.—THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

OH! lives there, heaven, beneath thy dread expanse,
 One hopeless, dark idolater of Chance,
 Content to feed, with pleasures unrefined,
 The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind;
 Who, mouldering earthward, 'reft of every trust,
 In joyless union wedded to the dust,
 Could all his parting energy dismiss,
 And call this barren world sufficient bliss?
 There live, alas! of heaven-directed mien,
 Of cultured soul, and sapient eye serene,
 Who hail thee, Man! the pilgrim of a day,
 Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay,

Frail as the leaf in autumn's yellow bower,
Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower;
A friendless slave, a child without a sire,
Whose mortal life, and momentary fire,
Lights to the grave his chance-created form,
As ocean-wrecks illuminate the storm;
And, when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,
To night and silence sink for evermore!

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,
Lights of the world, and demi-gods of Fame?
Is this your triumph—this your proud applause—
Children of truth, and champions of her cause?
For this hath Science searched, on weary wing,
By shore and sea—each mute and living thing?
Launched with Iberia's pilot from the steep,
To worlds unknown, and isles beyond the deep?
Or round the cope her living chariot driven,
And wheeled in triumph through the signs of heaven?
Oh! star-eyed Science, hast thou wandered there,
To waft us home the message of despair?
Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,
Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit!
Ah me! the laurel'd wreath that Murder rears,
Blood-nursed, and watered by the widow's tears,
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,
As waves the night-shade round the sceptic head.
What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain?
I smile on death, if heaven-ward Hope remain!
But, if the warring winds of nature's strife
Be all the faithless charter of my life,
If chance awaked, inexorable power!
This frail and feverish being of an hour;
Doomed o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,
Swift as the tempest travels o'er the deep,
To know delight but by her parting smile,
And toil, and wish, and weep, a little while;
Then melt, ye elements, that formed in vain
This troubled pulse, and visionary brain!
Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom!
And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb!
Truth, ever lovely, since the world began,
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man,—

How can thy words from balmy slumber start
 Reposing Virtue, pillowed on the heart !
 Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder rolled,
 And that were true which Nature never told ;
 Let Wisdom smile not on her conquered field ;
 No rapture dawns, no treasure is revealed !
 Oh ! let her read, nor loudly, nor elate,
 The doom that bars us from a better fate ;
 But, sad as angels for a good man's sin,
 Weep to record, and blush to give it in !

CAMPBELL.

 14.—AFFLICTION.

AFFLICTION, one day as she harked to the war
 Of a stormy and struggling billow,
 Drew a beautiful form on the sand of the shore
 With the branch of a weeping willow.

Jupiter, struck with the noble plan,
 As he roamed on the verge of the ocean,
 Breathed on the figure, and, calling it man,
 Endued it with life and with motion.

A creature so glorious in mind and in frame,
 So stamped with each parent's impression,
 Between them a point of contention became,
 Each claiming the right of possession.
 He is mine, says Affliction, I gave him his birth,
 I alone am his cause of creation.

The materials were furnished by me, answered Earth ;
 I gave him, said Jove—animation.

The gods all assembled in solemn divan,
 After hearing each claimant's petition,
 Pronounced a definitive sentence on man,
 And thus settled his fate's disposition.

Let Affliction possess her own child till the woes
 Of life seem to hazard and goad it ;
 After death—give his body to Earth, whence it rose,
 And his spirit to Jove, who bestowed it. SHERIDAN.

15.—JERUSALEM.

JERUSALEM! Jerusalem! the blessing lingers yet
 On the City of the Chosen, where the Sabbath seal was set;
 And though her sons are scattered, and her daughters weep apart,
 While Desolation, like a pall, weighs down each faithful heart;
 As the plain beside the waters, as the cedar on the hills,
 She shall rise in strength and beauty when the Lord Jehovah wills:
 He has promised her protection, and the holy pledge is good,
 'Tis whispered through the olive groves, and murmured by the flood,
 As in the Sabbath stillness the Jordan's flow is heard,
 And by the Sabbath breezes the hoary trees are stirred.

MRS HALE'S *Rhyme of Life*.

16.—COMPENSATION.

LIBERAL, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand,
 Nor was perfection made for man below,
 Yet all her schemes with nicest art are planned,
 Good counteracting ill, and gladness woe.
 With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow,
 If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise;
 There plague and poison, lust and rapine grow;
 Here peaceful are the vales and pure the skies,
 And freedom fires the soul and sparkles in the eyes.

Then grieve not thou to whom the indulgent Muse
 Vouches a portion of celestial fire;
 Nor blame the partial fates, if they refuse
 The imperial banquet and the rich attire,
 Know thine own worth and venerate the lyre.
 Wilt thou debase the heart by God refined?
 No! let thy heaven-taught soul to heaven aspire,
 To fancy, freedom, harmony, resigned;
 Ambition's groveling crew for ever left behind.

O! how canst thou renounce the boundless store
 Of charms which Nature to her votary yields!
 The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
 The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields:

All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
 And all that echoes to the song of even,
 All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
 And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
 O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven!

BEATTIE.

17.—VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

THE festal blazes, the triumphal show,
 The ravished standard, and the captive foe,
 The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
 With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
 Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirled,
 For such the steady Roman shook the world;
 For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
 And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine.
 This power has praise, that virtue scarce can warm,
 Till fame supplies the universal charm;
 Yet reason frowns on war's unequal game,
 Where wasted nations raise a single name,
 And mortgaged states their grandsires' wreaths regret,
 From age to age in everlasting debt;
 Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right-convey,
 To rust on medals, or on stones decay.
 On what foundations rests the warrior's pride,
 How vain his hopes let Swedish Charles decide;
 A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
 No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
 O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
 Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain;
 No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
 War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field.
 Behold surrounding kings their power combine,
 And one capitulate and one resign;
 Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain:
 "Think nothing gained," he cries, "till nought remain,
 "On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
 "And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
 The march begins in military state,
 And nations on his eye suspended wait;

Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
 And winter barricades the realms of frost;
 He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay;
 Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day;
 The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
 And shows his miseries in distant lands,
 Condemned a needy suppliant to wait,
 While ladies interpose and slaves debate.
 But did not chance at length her error mend?
 Did no subverted empire mark his end?
 Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
 Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
 His fall was destined to a barren strand,
 A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
 He left the name at which the world grew pale,
 To point a moral or adorn a tale.

DR JOHNSON.

18.—THE DEATH OF MARMION.

WITH fruitless labour, Clara bound,
 And strove to staunch the gushing wound:
 The Monk, with unavailing cares,
 Exhausted all the Church's prayers.
 Ever, he said, that, close and near,
 A lady's voice was in his ear,
 And that the priest he could not hear,
 For that she ever sung,
 " In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
 " Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying!"
 So the notes rung;—
 " Avoid thee, Fiend!—with cruel hand,
 " Shake not the dying sinner's sand!—
 " O look, my son, upon yon sign
 " Of the Redeemer's grace divine;
 " O think on faith and bliss!—
 " By many a death-bed I have been,
 " And many a sinner's parting seen,
 " But never aught like this."—
 The war, that for a space did fail,
 Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,

And—STANLEY! was the cry;—
 A light on Marmion's visage spread,
 And fired his glazing eye:
 With dying hand, above his head
 He shook the fragment of his blade.
 And shouted "Victory!—"
 "Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
 Were the last words of Marmion.

SCOTT.

19.—HYMN OF THE HEBREW MAID.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
 Out from the land of bondage came,
 Her father's God before her moved,
 An awful guide in smoke and flame.
 By day, along the astonished lands,
 The cloudy pillar glided slow,
 By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
 Returned the fiery column's glow.
 Then rose the choral hymn of praise,
 And trump and timbrel answered keen;
 And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
 With priest's and warrior's voice between.
 No portents now our foes amaze,
 Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
 Our fathers would not know thy ways,
 And thou hast left them to their own.

But, present still, though now unseen!
 When brightly shines the prosperous day,
 Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen
 To temper the deceitful ray.
 And, oh! when stoops on Judah's path
 In shade and storm the frequent night,
 Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
 A burning and a shining light!

Our harps were left by Babel's streams.
 The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
 No censer round our altar beams,
 And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn;

But thou hast said the blood of goat,
 The flesh of rams, I will not prize ;
 A contrite heart, an humble thought,
 Are mine accepted sacrifice.

SCOTT.

20.—ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE BRITISH ARMY IN PORTUGAL
 TO ASSIST THE NATIVES IN EXPELLING THE FRENCH.

It was a dread, yet spirit-stirring sight !
 The billows foamed beneath a thousand oars,
 Fast as they land the red-cross ranks unite,
 Legions on legions brightening all the shores,
 Then banners rise, and cannon-signal roars,
 Then peals the warlike thunder of the drum,
 Thrills the loud fife, the trumpet-flourish pours,
 And patriot hopes awake, and doubts are dumb,
 For, bold in Freedom's cause, the bands of Ocean come !

A various host they came—whose ranks display
 Each mode in which the warrior meets the fight,
 The deep battalion locks its firm array,
 And meditates his aim the marksman light ;
 Far glance the lines of sabres flashing bright,
 Where mounted squadrons shake the echoing mead,
 Lacks not artillery breathing flame and night,
 Nor the fleet ordnance whirled by rapid steed,
 That rivals lightning's flash in ruin and in speed.

A various host—from kindred realms they came,
 Brethren in arms, but rivals in renown—
 For yon fair bands shall merry England claim,
 And with their deeds of valour deck her crown.
 Hers their bold port, and hers their martial frown,
 And hers their scorn of death in Freedom's cause,
 Their eyes of azure and their locks of brown,
 And the blunt speech that bursts without a pause,
 And free-born thoughts, which league the soldier with the laws.

And O ! loved warriors of the Minstrel's land !
 Yonder your bonnets nod, your tartans wave !
 The rugged form may mark the mountain-band,
 And harsher features, and a mien more grave ;
 But ne'er in battle-field throbb'd heart more brave

Than that which beats beneath the Scottish plaid,
 And when the pibroch bids the battle rave,
 And level for the charge your arms are laid,
 Where lives the desperate foe that for such onset staid !

Hark ! from yon stately ranks what laughter rings,
 Mingling wild mirth with war's stern minstrelsy,
 His jest while each blithe comrade round him flings,
 And moves to death with military glee :
 Boast, Erin, boast them ! tameless, frank, and free,
 In kindness warm, and fierce in danger known,
 Rough Nature's children, humorous as she :
 And HE, yon Chieftain—strike the proudest tone
 Of thy bold harp, green Isle !—the Hero is thine own.

SCOTT.

21.—FROM THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

KNOW ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
 Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
 Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
 Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime ?
 Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
 Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine ;
 Where the light wings of zephyr, oppressed with perfume,
 Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul* in her bloom ;
 Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
 And the voice of the nightingale never is mute ;
 Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
 In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,
 And the purple of Ocean is deepest in dye ;
 Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
 And all, save the spirit of man, is divine ?
 'Tis the clime of the East ; 'tis the land of the Sun—
 Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done ? †
 Oh ! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell
 Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell.

BYRON.

* The Rose.

† "Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,

"With whom Revenge is virtue."

YOUNG's *Revenge*.

22.—ON ANCIENT GREECE.

CLIME of the unforgotten brave !—
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave—
Shrine of the mighty ! can it be,
That this is all remains of thee ?
Approach, thou craven crouching slave—
Say, is not this Thermopylæ ?
These waters blue that round you lave,
Oh servile offspring of the free—
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this ?
The gulf, the rock of Salamis !
These scenes—their story not unknown—
Arise, and make again your own ;
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires,
And he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear,
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame ;
For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding Sire to Son,
Though baffled oft is ever won.
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,
Attest it many a deathless age !
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,
A mightier monument command,—
The mountains of their native land !
There points thy muse to stranger's eye
The graves of those that cannot die !
'T were long to tell, and sad to trace,
Each step from splendour to disgrace ;
Enough—no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell ;
Yes ! Self-abasement paved the way
To villain-bonds and despot sway.

BYRON.

23.—LOVE.

THEY sin who tell us love can die ;
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell ;
Earthly these passions, as of earth,
They perish where they have their birth,
But love is indestructible ;
Its holy flame for ever burneth ;
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth :
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppressed,
It here is tried and purified,
And hath in heaven its perfect rest :
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest time of love is there.
Oh ! when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then for pains and fears
The day of woe, the anxious night
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An overpayment of delight.

SOUTHEY.

24.—ALEXANDER THE GREAT. FROM THE TENTH BOOK
OF LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

DISDAINING what his father won before,
Aspiring still, and restless after more,
He left his home ; while fortune smoothed his way,
And o'er the fruitful East enlarged his sway.
Red Slaughter marked his progress as he past ;
The guilty sword laid human nature waste,
Discoloured Ganges' and Euphrates' flood,
With Persian this, and that with Indian blood.
He seemed in terror to the nations sent,

The wrath of Heaven, a star of dire portent,
And shook, like thunder, all the continent !

Nor yet content, a navy he provides,
To seas remote his triumphs now he guides,
Nor winds nor waves his progress could withstand ;
Nor Libya's scorching heat, and desert land,
Nor rolling mountains of collected sand.
Had Heaven but given him line, he had outrun
The farthest journey of the setting sun,
Marched round the poles, and drank discovered Nile
At his spring-head.—But winged fate the while
Comes on with speed, the funeral hour draws near :
Death only could arrest his mad career,
Who to his grave the world's sole empire bore,
With the same envy 't was acquired before ;
And wanting a successor to his reign,
Left all to suffer conquest once again.

HUGHES.

25.—THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And, louder than the bolts of Heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave !
Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few shall part where many meet !
The snow shall be their winding-sheet ;
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

CAMPBELL.

26.—TABLE TALK.

WHEN Cromwell fought for power, and while he reigned
The proud protector of the power he gained,
Religion harsh, intolerant, austere,
Parent of manners like herself severe,
Drew a rough copy of the Christian face,
Without the smile, the sweetness, or the grace :
But when the Second Charles assumed the sway,
And arts revived beneath a softer day,
Then, like a bow long forced into a curve,
The mind, released from too constrained a nerve,
Flew to its first position with a spring,
That made the vaulted roofs of Pleasure ring.
His court, the dissolute and hateful school
Of Wantonness, where vice was taught by rule,
Swarmed with a scribbling herd, as deep inlaid
With brutal vice as ever Circe made.
Nor ceased, till, ever anxious to redress
The abuses of her sacred charge, the press,

The Muse instructed a well-nurtured train
Of abler votaries to cleanse the stain.
In front of these came Addison. In him
Humour in holiday and sightly trim,
Sublimity and attic taste, combined,
To polish, furnish, and delight the mind.
Then Pope, as harmony itself exact,
In verse well disciplined, complete, compact,
Gave virtue and morality a grace,
That, quite eclipsing Pleasure's painted face,
Levied a tax of wonder and applause,
Even on the fools that trampled on their laws.
But he (his musical finesse was such,
So nice his ear, so delicate his touch)
Made poetry a mere mechanic art;
And every warbler has his tune by heart.
Nature imparting her satiric gift,
Her serious mirth, to Arbuthnot and Swift,
With droll sobriety they raised a smile
At Folly's cost, themselves unmoved the while.
Contemporaries all surpassed, see one;
Short his career indeed, but ably run;
Churchill, himself unconscious of his powers,
In penury consumed his idle hours;
Lifted at length, by dignity of thought
And dint of genius, to an affluent lot,
He laid his head in Luxury's soft lap,
And took, too often, there his easy nap.
Surly, and slovenly, and bold, and coarse,
Too proud for art, and trusting in mere force,
Spendthrift alike of money and of wit,
Always at speed, and never drawing bit,
He struck the lyre in such a careless mood,
And so disdained the rules he understood,
The laurel seemed to wait on his command,
He snatched it rudely from the Muses' hand.

COWPER.

27.—ODE TO THE DEPARTING YEAR (1795).

SPIRIT who sweepst the wild harp of Time!
 It is most hard, with an untroubled ear
 Thy dark inwoven harmonies to hear!
 Yet, mine eye fixed on Heaven's unchanging clime,
 Long had I listened, free from mortal fear,
 With inward stillness and submitted mind;
 When, lo! its folds far waving on the wind,
 I saw the train of the departing Year!
 Starting from my silent sadness,
 Then with no unholy madness,
 Ere yet the entered cloud foreclosed my sight,
 I raised the impetuous song, and solemnized his flight.

Hither, from the recent tomb,
 From the prison's direr gloom,
 From Distemper's midnight anguish;
 And thence, where Poverty doth waste and languish;
 Or where, his two bright torches blending,
 Love illumines Manhood's maze;
 Or where o'er cradled infants bending,
 Hope has fixed her wishful gaze.
 Hither, in perplexed dance,
 Ye Woes! ye young-eyed Joys! advance!
 By Time's wild harp, and by the hand
 Whose indefatigable sweep
 Raises its fateful strings from sleep,
 I bid you haste, a mixed tumultuous band!
 From every private bower,
 And each domestic hearth,
 Haste for one solemn hour;
 And with a loud and yet a louder voice,
 O'er Nature struggling in portentous birth,
 Weep and rejoice!
 Still echoes the dread Name that o'er the earth
 Let slip the storm, and woke the brood of Hell.
 And now advance in saintly jubilee
 Justice and Truth! They too have heard thy spell;
 They too obey thy name, divinest Liberty!

.

Departing Year! 'twas on no earthly shore
 My soul beheld thy vision! Where alone,
 Voiceless and stern, before the cloudy throne,
 Aye Memory sits; thy robe inscribed with gore,
 With many an unimaginable groan
 Thou storied'st thy sad hours! Silence ensued,
 Deep silence o'er the ethereal multitude,
 Whose locks with wreaths, whose wreaths with glories shone.
 Then, his eye wild ardours glancing,
 From the choired gods advancing,
 The Spirit of the Earth made reverence meet,
 And stood up, beautiful, before the cloudy seat.

The voice had ceased, the vision fled;
 Yet still I gasped and reeled with dread.
 And ever, when the dream of night
 Renews the phantom to my sight,
 Cold sweat-drops gather on my limbs;
 My ears throb hot; my eyeballs start;
 My brain with horrid tumult swims;
 Wild is the tempest of my heart;
 And my thick and struggling breath
 Imitates the toil of Death!
 No stranger agony confounds
 The Soldier on the war-field spread,
 When all foredone with toil and wounds,
 Death-like he dozes among heaps of dead!
 (The strife is o'er, the day-light fled,
 And the night-wind clamours hoarse!
 See! the starting wretch's head,
 Lies pillowed on a brother's corse!)

Not yet enslaved, not wholly vile,
 O Albion! O my mother isle!
 Thy valleys, fair as Eden's bowers,
 Glitter green with sunny showers;
 Thy grassy uplands' gentle swells
 Echo to the bleat of flocks;
 (Those grassy hills, those glittering dells,
 Proudly ramparted with rocks;)

And Ocean, 'mid his uproar wild,
 Speaks safety to his Island Child!

Hence for many a fearless age
 Has social Quiet loved thy shore ;
 Nor ever proud Invader's rage,
 Or sacked thy towers, or stained thy fields with gore.
COLERIDGE.

28.—THE NYMPH LAMENTING THE DEATH OF HER FAWN.

THE wanton troopers riding by
 Have shot my fawn, and it will die.
 Ungentle men ! they cannot thrive
 Who killed thee. Thou ne'er didst alive
 Them any harm ; alas ! nor could
 Thy death yet do them any good.
 I'm sure I never wished them ill ;
 Nor do I for all this ; nor will :
 But if my simple prayers may yet
 Prevail with Heaven to forget
 Thy murder, I will join my tears
 Rather than fail. But, O my fears !
 It cannot die so, Heaven's king
 Keeps register of every thing ;
 And nothing may we use in vain,
 Ev'n beasts must be with justice slain,
 Else men are made their deodands.
 Though they should wash their guilty hands
 In this warm life-blood, which doth part
 From thine, and wound me to the heart,
 Yet could they not be clean ; their stain
 Is dyed in such a purple grain,
 There is not such another in
 The world to offer for their sin.
 With sweetest milk and sugar first,
 I it at mine own fingers nursed ;
 And as it grew, so every day
 It waxed more white and sweet than they.
 It had so sweet a breath ! and oft
 I blushed to see its foot more soft
 And white, shall I say, than my hand ?
 Nay, any lady's of the land.
 It is a wondrous thing how fleet
 'Twas on those little silver feet,

With what a pretty skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race ;
And when 't had left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again and stay.
For it was nimbler much than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds.
I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness ;
And all the springtime of the year
It only loved to be there.
Among the beds of lilies, I
Have sought it oft where it should lie,
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes ;
For in the flaxen lilies' shade
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips ev'n seemed to bleed ;
And then to me 't would boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip ;
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill ;
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold.
Had it lived long it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.
Now my sweet fawn is vanished to
Whither the swans and turtles go ;
In fair Elysium to endure
With milkwhite lambs and ermines pure.
Oh ! do not run too fast, for I
Will but bespeak thy grave and die.

MARVELL.

29.—SUING FOR COURT FAVOUR.

FULL little knowest thou, that hast not tried,
What hell it is in suing long to bide ;
To lose good days that might be better spent,
To waste long nights in pensive discontent ;

To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow,
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow,
To have thy prince's grace, yet want her peers,
To have thy asking, yet wait many years;
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares,
To eat thy heart with comfortless despairs,
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to wait, to be undone.

SPENSER.

30.—OLD AGE AND DEATH.

THE seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;
So calm are we when passions are no more,
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, too certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal the emptiness which age describes.
The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new lights through chinks that time has made;
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

WALLER.

31.—THE BENEDICITE PARAPHRASED.

YE works of God, on him alone,
In earth his footstool, heaven his throne,
Be all your praise bestowed;
Whose hand the beauteous fabric made,
Whose eye the finished work surveyed,
And saw that all was good.

Ye angels, that with loud acclaim,
Admiring viewed the new-born frame,
And hailed the Eternal King,
Again proclaim your Maker's praise;
Again your thankful voices raise,
And touch the tuneful string.

Praise him, ye blessed ethereal plains,
 Where, in full majesty, he deigns
 To fix his awful throne:
 Ye waters that about him roll
 From orb to orb, from pole to pole,
 O make his praises known!

Ye mountains, that ambitious rise,
 And heave your summits to the skies,
 Revere his awful nod;
 Think how you once affrighted fled,
 When Jordan sought his fountain-head,
 And owned the approaching God.

Ye sons of men, his praise display,
 Who stamp't his image on your clay,
 And gave it power to move:
 Ye that in Judah's confines dwell,
 From age to age successive tell
 The wonders of his love.

Let Levi's tribe the lay prolong,
 Till angels listen to the song,
 And bend attentive down;
 Let wonder seize the heavenly train,
 Pleased while they hear a mortal strain
 So sweet, so like their own.

MERRICK.

32.—CONVERSATION.

THE emphatic speaker dearly loves to oppose,
 In contact inconvenient, nose to nose;
 As if the gnomon on his neighbour's phiz,
 Touched with the magnet, had attracted his.
 His whispered theme, dilated and at large,
 Proves after all a wind-gun's airy charge.
 He walked abroad, o'ertaken in the rain,
 Called on a friend, drank tea, stepp'd home again,
 Resumed his purpose, had a world of talk
 With one he stumbled on, and lost his walk.
 I interrupt him with a sudden bow,
 Adieu, dear Sir! lest you should lose it now.

I cannot talk with civet in the room,
A fine puss-gentleman that's all perfume;
The sight's enough—no need to smell a beau—
Who thrusts his nose into a raree show?
His odoriferous attempts to please
Perhaps might prosper with a swarm of bees;
But we that make no honey, though we sting,
Poets, are sometimes apt to maul the thing.

A graver coxcomb we may sometimes see,
Quite as absurd, though not so light as he;
A shallow brain behind a serious mask,
An oracle within an empty cask,
The solemn fop; significant and budge;
A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge;
He says but little, and that little said
Owes all its weight, like loaded dice, to lead.
His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But when you knock, it never is at home.
'Tis like a parcel sent you by the stage,
Some handsome present, as your hopes presage;
'Tis heavy, bulky, and bids fair to prove
An absent friend's fidelity and love;
But, when unpacked, your disappointment groans
To find it stuffed with brickbats, earth, and stones.

Some men employ their health, an ugly trick,
In making known how oft they have been sick,
And give us, in recitals of disease,
A doctor's trouble, but without the fees;
Relate how many weeks they kept their bed,
How an emetic or cathartic sped;
Nothing is slightly touched, much less forgot,
Nose, ears, and eyes seem present on the spot.
Now the distemper, spite of draught or pill,
Victorious seemed, and now the doctor's skill;
And now—alas, for unforeseen mishaps!
They put on a damp nightcap and relapse!
They thought they must have died, they were so bad;
Their peevish hearers almost wish they had. COWPER.

33.—THE TWO OWLS AND THE SPARROW.

Two formal Owls together sat,
Conferring thus in solemn chat :
How is the modern taste decayed !
Where's the respect to wisdom paid ?
Our worth the Grecian sages knew ;
They gave our sires the honour due :
They weighed the dignity of fowls,
And pried into the depth of Owls.
Athens, the seat of learned fame,
With general voice revered our name ;
On merit title was conferred,
And all adored the Athenian bird.

Brother, you reason well, replies
The solemn mate, with half-shut eyes ;
Right,—Athens was the seat of learning,
And truly wisdom is discerning.
Besides, on Pallas' helm we sit,
The type and ornament of wit ;
But now, alas ! we're quite neglected,
And a pert Sparrow's more respected.

A Sparrow, who was lodged beside,
O'erhears them soothe each other's pride,
And thus he nimbly vents his heat :
Who meets a fool must find conceit.
I grant you were at Athens graced,
And on Minerva's helm were placed ;
But every bird that wings the sky,
Except the Owl, can tell you why.
From hence they taught their schools to know
How false we judge by outward show ;
That we should never look on esteem,
Since fools as wise as you might seem.
Would ye contempt and scorn avoid,
Let your vainglory be destroyed :
Humble your arrogance of thought,
Pursue the ways by nature taught ;
So shall you find delicious fare,
And grateful farmers praise your care.

GAY.

34.—COURAGE IN POVERTY.

IN Anna's wars, a soldier, poor and old,
 Had dearly earned a little purse of gold :
 Tired with a tedious march, one luckless night
 He slept, poor dog ! and lost it, *every mite*.
 This put the man in such a desperate mind,
 Between revenge, and grief, and hunger joined,
 Against the foe, himself, and all mankind,
 He leaped the trenches, scaled a castle-wall,
 Tore down a standard, took the fort and all.
 "Prodigious well !" his great Commander cried,
 Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.
 Next pleased his Excellence a town to batter ;
 (Its name I know not, and 'tis no great matter),
 "Go on, my friend, (he cried), see yonder walls,
 "Advance and conquer ! go, where glory calls !
 "More honours, more rewards, attend the brave."
 Don't you remember what reply he gave ?
 "D'ye think me, noble General, such a sot ?
 "Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat."

POPE.

35.—PROLOGUE TO CATO ; 1713.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art ;
 To raise the genius, and to mend the heart ;
 To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
 Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold :
 For this the tragic muse first trod the stage,
 Commanding tears to stream through every age ;
 Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
 And foes to virtue wondered how they wept.
 Our author shuns, by vulgar springs, to move—
 The hero's glory, or the virgin's love ;
 In pitying love we but our weakness show,
 And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
 Here tears shall flow from a more generous cause,
 Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws :
 He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
 And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes ;

Virtue confessed in human shape he draws,
 What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was :
 No common object to your sight displays,
 But what with pleasure heaven itself surveys ;
 A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
 And greatly falling with a falling state !
 While Cato gives his little senate laws,
 What bosom beats not in his country's cause ?
 Who sees him act, but envies every deed ?
 Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed ?
 Even when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal cars,
 The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
 Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
 Showed Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state :
 As her dead father's reverend image past,
 The pomp was darkened and the day o'ercast ;
 The triumph ceased—tears gushed from every eye ;
 The world's great victor passed unheeded by ;
 Her last good man dejected Rome adored,
 And honoured Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.

Britons, attend : be worth like this approved,
 And show you have the virtue to be moved.
 With honest scorn the first famed Cato viewed
 Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdued ;
 Our scene precariously subsists too long
 On French translation and Italian song.
 Dare to have sense yourselves ; assert the stage,
 Be justly warmed with your own native rage :
 Such plays alone should please a British ear,
 As Cato's self had not disdained to hear.

POPE.

36.—CHARACTER OF VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

SOME of their chiefs were princes of the land ;
 In the first rank of these did Zimri stand ;
 A man so various, that he seemed to be
 Not one but all mankind's epitome ;
 Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
 Was every thing by starts and nothing long ;
 But, in the course of one revolving moon,
 Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon ;

Blest madman ! who would every hour employ
 With something new to wish or to enjoy.
 Railing and praising were his usual themes,
 And both, to show his judgment, in extremes.
 In squandering wealth was his peculiar art,
 Nothing went unrewarded but desert ;
 Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late,
 He had his jest, and they had his estate ;
 He laughed himself from court, then sought relief
 By forming parties, but could not be chief.
 For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
 On Absalom and wise Achitophel ;
 Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
 He left not faction, but of that was left.

DRYDEN.

37.—CHARACTER OF SHAFTESBURY.

OF these the false Achitophel was first,
 A name to all succeeding ages curst,
 For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
 Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit ;
 Restless, unfixed in principles and place,
 In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace ;
 A fiery soul which working out its way,
 Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
 And o'erinformed the tenement of clay.
 A daring pilot in extremity,
 Pleased with the danger when the waves went high
 He sought the storms, but for a calm unfit,
 Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
 Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
 And thin partitions do their bounds divide.
 In friendship false, implacable in hate,
 Resolved to ruin or to rule the state.
 To compass this the triple bond he broke,
 The pillars of the public safety shook,
 And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke ;
 Then, seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
 Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name.
 So easy still it proves, in factious times,
 With public zeal to cancel private crimes.

How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
 Where none can sin against the people's will!
 Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known,
 Since in another's guilt they find their own!
 Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge,
 The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
 In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
 With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean,
 Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress,
 Swift of despatch, and easy of access.
 Oh! had he been content to serve the crown
 With virtues only proper to the gown,
 David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
 And heaven had wanted one immortal song;
 But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand,
 And fortune's ice prefers to virtue's land.
 Achitophel, grown weary to possess
 A lawful fame and lazy happiness,
 Disdained the golden fruit to gather free,
 And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.

DRYDEN.

38.—THE ART OF CRITICISM.

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
 Appear in writing, or in judging ill;
 But, of the two, less dangerous is the offence
 To tire our patience, than mislead our sense:
 Some few in that, but numbers err in this;
 Ten censure wrong, for one who writes amiss.
 A fool might once himself alone expose;
 Now one in verse makes many more in prose.
 'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
 Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
 In Poets, as true Genius is but rare,
 True Taste as seldom is the Critic's share:
 Both must alike from Heaven derive their light;
 These born to judge, as well as those to write.
 Let such teach others who themselves excel,
 And censure freely who have written well.
 Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true;
 But are not Critics to their judgment too?

Yet, if we look more closely', we shall find
 Most have the seeds' of judgment in their mind:
 Nature affords at least a glimmering' light;
 The lines, though touched' but faintly, are drawn' right.
 Bût as the slightest skēch, if jūstly trāced,
 Is by ill-colouring' but the more disgraced',
 So by false learning' is good sense' defaced:
 Some are bewildered in the maze of schools',
 And some made coxcombs' Nature meant for fools'.
 In search of wit' these lose their common sense',
 And then turn Critics' in their own defence'.
 All fools have still an itching to deride',
 And fain would be upon the laughing' side.
 If Mævius scribble' in Apollo's spite,
 There are who judge' still worse than he can write.
 Some have, at first, for Wits', then Poets', past,
 Turned Critics' next, and proved plain Fools' at last.
 Some neither can for Wits' nor Critics' pass,
 As heavy mules' are neither horse' nor ass'.

POPE.

39.—HARMONY OF EXPRESSION.

BUT most by numbers judge a poet's song;
 And smooth or rough, with them is right or wrong:
 In the bright Muse though thousand charms conspire,
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
 Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
 Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there:
 These equal syllables alone require,
 Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;
 While expletives their feeble aid do join,
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line;
 While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes:
 Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
 In the next line it "whispers through the trees;"
 If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
 The reader's threatened (not in vain) with "sleep:"
 Then, at the last and only couplet, fraught
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,

A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.

Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow :
And praise the easy vigour of a line,
Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join.
True ease in writing comes from art, not chance ;
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense :
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows ;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow ;
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.

POPE.

40.—ON MAN.

LET us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us, and to die)
Expatriate free o'er all this scene of Man :
A mighty maze ! but not without a plan ;
A wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot ;
Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield !
The latent tracts, the giddy heights explore,
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar ;
Eye Nature's walks, shoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise ;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can ;
But vindicate the ways of God to Man.

Say first, of God above, or Man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know ?
Of Man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer ?
Through worlds unnumbered though the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.

He, who through vast immensity can pierce,
 See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
 Observe how system into system runs,
 What other planets circle other suns,
 What varied being peoples every star,
 May tell why Heaven has made us as we are.
 But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,
 The strong connexions, nice dependencies,
 Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
 Looked through? or can a part contain the whole?

Is the great chain that draws all to agree,
 And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?
 Presumptuous Man! the reason wouldst thou find,
 Why formed so weak, so little, and so blind?
 First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
 Why formed no weaker, blinder, and no less.
 Ask of thy mother Earth, why oaks are made
 Taller and stronger than the weeds they shade;
 Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
 Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove?

Of systems possible, if 'tis confest
 That wisdom infinite must form the best,
 Where all must fall, or not coherent be,
 And all that rises, rise in due degree;
 Then, in the scale of reasoning life, 'tis plain,
 There must be somewhere such a rank as Man:
 And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
 Is only this, if God has placed him wrong?

Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call
 May, must be right, as relative to all.
 In human works, though laboured on with pain,
 A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain:
 In God's, one single can its end produce;
 Yet serves to second too some other use.
 So Man, who here seems principal alone,
 Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
 Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
 'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.

When the proud steed shall know why Man restrains
 His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;

When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's God :
Then shall Man's pride and dulness comprehend
His actions', passions', being's use and end ;
Why doing, suffering, checked, impelled ; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not Man's imperfect, Heaven in fault ;
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought ;
His knowledge measured to his state and place ;
His time a moment, and a point his space.

POPE.

41.—UNIVERSAL ORDER.

ALL are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul ;
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame ;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow's in the stars, and blossoms in the trees ;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent ;
Spreads undivided, operates unspent ;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart ;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns ;
To him no high, no low, no great, no small ;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

Cease then, nor order imperfection name :
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point : This kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit.—In this or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear :
Safe in the hand of one disposing power,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee ;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see ;
All discord, harmony not understood ;
All partial evil, universal good ;
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.

POPE.

42.—CONCLUSION OF THE DUNCIAD.

SHE comes! she comes! the sable throne behold
 Of Night primeval, and of Chaos old!
 Before her, Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
 And all its varying rainbows die away.
 Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
 The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
 As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
 The sickening stars fade off the ethereal plain,
 As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppress,
 Closed one by one to everlasting rest;
 Thus, at her felt approach, and secret might,
 Art after Art goes out, and all is night.
 See skulking TRUTH, to her old cavern fled,
 Mountains of casuistry heaped o'er her head!
 PHILOSOPHY, that leaned on Heaven before,
 Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
 PHYSIC of METAPHYSIC begs defence,
 And METAPHYSIC calls for aid on SENSE!
 See MYSTERY to MATHEMATICS fly!
 In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
 RELIGION, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
 And unawares MORALITY expires.
 Nor public flame, nor private dares to shine:
 Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine!
 Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos! is restored;
 Light dies before thy uncreating word;
 Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall,
 And universal darkness buries all.

POPE.

43.—VICE AND VIRTUE.

FOOLS but too oft into the notion fall,
 That Vice or Virtue there is none at all.
 If white and black blend, soften, and unite
 A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
 Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;
 'Tis to mistake them costs the time and pain.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
 As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;

Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
 We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
 But where the extreme of Vice, was ne'er agreed :
 Ask where's the north ? at York, 'tis on the Tweed ;
 In Scotland, at the Orcades ; and there,
 At Greenland, Zembla, or I know not where.
 No creature owns it in the first degree,
 But thinks his neighbour farther gone than he ;
 E'en those who dwell beneath its very zone,
 Or never feel the rage or never own :
 What happier natures shrink at with affright,
 The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious every man must be,
 Few in the extreme, but all in the degree ;
 The rogue and fool by fits are fair and wise ;
 And e'en the best, by fits, what they despise.
 'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill ;
 For, Vice or Virtue, self directs it still ;
 Each individual seeks a several goal ;
 But Heaven's great view is one, and that the whole.

POPE.

44.—THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

WHAT hid'st thou in thy treasure caves and cells,
 Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main ?
 Pale glistening pearls and rainbow-coloured shells,
 Bright things which gleam unrecked of and in vain.
 Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea !

We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, thy depths have more ! What wealth untold,
 Far down, and shining through their stillness, lies !
 Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
 Won from ten thousand royal argosies,
 Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main !
 Earth claims not these again !

Yet more, thy depths have more ! Thy waves have rolled
 Above the cities of a world gone by !
 Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,
 Seaweed o'ergrown the halls of revelry.

Dash o'er them Ocean! in thy scornful play,
 Man yields them to decay.

Yet more! thy billows and thy depths have more!
 High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast,
 They hear not now the booming waters roar—
 The battle-thunders will not break their rest!
 Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!
 Give back the true and brave.

Give back the lost and lovely! Those for whom
 The place was kept at board and hearth so long;
 The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
 And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song!
 Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown—
 But all is not thine own!

To thee the love of woman hath gone down;
 Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
 O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown!
 Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the dead!
 Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee!
 Restore the Dead, thou Sea!

MRS HEMANS.

45.—ADDRESS TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

As it fell upon a day,
 In the merry month of May,
 Sitting in a pleasant shade,
 Which a grove of myrtles made;
 Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
 Trees did grow, and plants did spring;
 Every thing did banish moan,
 Save the Nightingale alone.
 She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
 Leaned her breast upon a thorn;
 And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
 That to hear it was great pity.
 Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry;
 Teru, teru, by and by.
 That to hear her so complain
 Scarce I could from tears refrain;

For her griefs so lively shown,
Made me think upon my own.
Ah! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain,
None take pity on thy pain;
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee,
Ruthless bears, they will not cheer thee.
King Pandion, he is dead;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead;
All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing!
Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,
Thou and I were both beguiled.
Every one that flatters thee,
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy like the wind,
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend,
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call,
And with such like flattering,
'Pity but he were a king.'
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
But if fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown;
They that fawned on him before
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need;
If thou sorrow, he will weep,
If thou wake, he cannot sleep,
Thus of every grief in heart,
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

BARNFIELD.

46.—FROM THE SPIRIT'S EPILOGUE IN COMUS.

To the Ocean now I fly,
 And those happy climes that lie,
 Where day never shuts his eye,
 Up in the broad fields of the sky.
 There I suck the liquid air,
 All amidst the gardens fair
 Of Hesperus, and his daughters three,
 That sing about the golden tree :
 Along the crisped shades and bowers
 Revels the spruce and jocund spring :
 The graces and the rosy-bosomed hours
 Thither all their bounties bring.
 But now my task is smoothly done,
 I can fly or I can run
 Quickly to the green earth's end,
 Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend,
 And from thence can soar as soon
 To the corners of the moon.
 Mortals, that would follow me,
 Love Virtue ; she alone is free,
 She can teach you how to climb
 Higher than the sphery chime ;
 Or if Virtue feeble were,
 Heaven itself would stoop to her.

MILTON.

 47.—EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
 As through an Alpine village passed
 A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
 A banner with the strange device,
 Excelsior !

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath
 Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
 And like a silver clarion rung
 The accents of that unknown tongue,
 Excelsior !

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright ;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior !

“ Try not the pass ! ” the old man said,
“ Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide ! ”
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior !

“ Beware the pine-tree’s withered branch !
“ Beware the awful avalanche ! ”
This was the peasant’s last good-night !
A voice replied far up the height,
Excelsior !

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior !

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner, with the strange device
Excelsior !

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior !

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

48.—FREEDOM.

OF old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet ;
Above her shook the starry lights,
She heard the torrents meet.

Within her palace she did rejoice,
 Self-gathered in her prophet-mind,
 But fragments of her mighty voice
 Came rolling on the wind.

Then stept she down thro' town and field
 To mingle with the human race,
 And part by part to man revealed
 The fulness of her face.

Grave mother of majestic works,
 From her isle-altar gazing down,
 Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,
 And, King-like, wears the crown.

Her open eyes desire the truth.
 The wisdom of a thousand years
 Is in them. May perpetual youth
 Keep dry their light from tears.

That her fair form may stand and shine,
 Make bright our days and light our dreams,
 Turning to scorn with lips divine
 The falsehood of extremes.

TENNYSON.

49.—THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
 And, still, where many a garden flower grows wild;
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich—with forty pounds a-year.
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race;
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place.
 Unskilful he to fawn or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour:
 Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.

His house was known to all the vagrant train;
 He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
 The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;

The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claim allowed :
The broken soldier, kindly bid to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away ;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride ;
And even his failings leaned to virtue's side ;
But, in his duty prompt, at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt her new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed, where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul :
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal each honest rustic ran ;
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed :
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given ;
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

GOLDSMITH.

50.—THE BEAUTIFUL, BUT STILL AND MELANCHOLY ASPECT OF
THE ONCE BUSY AND GLORIOUS SHORES OF GREECE.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled;
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress;
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where Beauty lingers),
And marked the mild angelic air—
The rapture of repose that's there—
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not—wins not—weeps not—now—
And but for that chill changeless brow,
Whose touch thrills with mortality,
And curdles to the gazer's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon—
Yes—but for these and these alone,
Some moments—ay—one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power,
So fair—so calm—so softly sealed
The first—last look—by death revealed!

Such is the aspect of this shore—
'Tis Greece—but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadlly fair,
We start—for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty, with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb—
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of feeling past away!
Spark of that flame—perchance of heavenly birth—
Which gleams—but warms no more its cherished earth!

BYRON.

51.—FROM THE TRAVELLER.

THUS, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here displayed. Their much-loved wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
Even liberty itself is bartered here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants and a den of slaves.
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.
Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!
Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes glide.
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combined,
Extremes are only in the master's mind.
Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashioned, fresh from Nature's hand;
Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
True to imagined right, above control;
While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

GOLDSMITH.

52.—TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MASTER, WILLIAM
SHAKSPEARE, AND WHAT HE HATH LEFT US.

To draw no envy, Shakspeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame ;
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man nor Muse can praise too much.
I therefore will begin :—Soul of the age !
The applause, delight, and wonder of our stage !
My Shakspeare, rise ! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further off to make thee room ;
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee I will not seek
For names, but call forth thundering Æschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To live again, to hear thy buskin tread
And shake the stage ; or when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but of all time,
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm.
Sweet Swan of Avon ! what a sight it were
To see thee in our water yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
That so did take Eliza and our James !
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there !
Shine forth, thou Star of Poets ! and with rage
Or influence chide or cheer the drooping stage,
Which since thy flight from hence hath mourned like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.

BEN JONSON.

53.—A SHIP SINKING.

HER giant form,
O'er wrathful surge, through blackening storm,
Majestically calm would go
'Mid the deep darkness white as snow !
But gently now the small waves glide
Like playful lambs o'er a mountain's side.
So stately her bearing, so proud her array,
The main she will traverse for ever and aye.
Many ports will exult at the gleam of her mast !
—Hush ! hush ! thou vain dreamer ! this hour is her last.

Five hundred souls in one instant of dread
Are hurried o'er the deck ;
And fast the miserable ship
Becomes a lifeless wreck.
Her keel hath struck on a hidden rock,
Her planks are torn asunder,
And down come her masts with a reeling shock,
And a hideous crash like thunder.
Her sails are draggled in the brine
That gladdened late the skies,
And her pendant that kissed the fair moonshine
Down many a fathom lies.
Her beauteous sides, whose rainbow hues
Gleamed softly from below,
And flung a warm and sunny flash
O'er the wreaths of murmuring snow,
To the coral rocks are hurrying down
To sleep amid colours as bright as their own.

Oh ! many a dream was in the ship
An hour before her death ;
And sights of home with sighs disturbed
The sleepers' long-drawn breath.
Instead of the murmur of the sea,
The sailor heard the humming tree
Alive through all its leaves,
The hum of the spreading sycamore
That grows before his cottage door,
And the swallow's song in the eaves.

His arms enclosed a blooming boy,
 Who listened with tears of sorrow and joy
 To the dangers his father had passed;
 And his wife—by turns she wept and smiled,
 As she looked on the father of her child
 Returned to her heart at last.

—He wakes at the vessel's sudden roll,
 And the rush of waters is in his soul.—

Now is the ocean's bosom bare,
 Unbroken as the floating air;
 The ship hath melted quite away,
 Like a struggling dream at break of day.
 No image meets my wandering eye
 But the new-risen sun and the sunny sky.
 Though the night-shades are gone, yet a vapour dull
 Bedims the wave so beautiful;
 While a low and melancholy moan
 Mourns for the glory that hath flown.

WILSON.

54.—SOLITUDE.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
 To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
 Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
 And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
 To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
 With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
 Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
 This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
 Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled.

But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
 To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
 And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
 With none who bless us, none whom we can bless
 Minions of splendour shrinking from distress!
 None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
 If we were not, would seem to smile the less
 Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought, and sued;
 This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!

BYRON.

55.—HAPPINESS THE REWARD OF VIRTUE.

BRING then these blessings to a strict account,
Make fair deductions, see to what they 'mount;
How much of other each is sure to cost;
How each for other oft is wholly lost;
How inconsistent greater goods with these;
How sometimes life is risked, and always ease;
Think, and if still these things thy envy call,
Say, wouldst thou be the man to whom they fall?
To sigh for ribbons, if thou art so silly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy!
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife!
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind!
Or, ravished with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell, damned to everlasting fame!
If all united thy ambition call,
From ancient story learn to scorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honoured, famed, and great,
See the false scale of happiness complete!
In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
How happy those to ruin, these betray:
Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose;
In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
And all that raised the hero, sunk the man.
Alas! not dazzled with their noontide ray,
Compute the morn and evening to the day:
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale, that blends their glory with their shame!
Know then this truth (enough for man to know),
Virtue alone is happiness below!
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears:
Good, from each object, from each place acquired,
For ever exercised, yet never tired;

Never elated, while one man's oppressed ;
 Never dejected, while another's blest ;
 And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
 Since, but to wish more virtue, is to gain.

POPE

56.—ODE ON THE FATE OF TYRANNY.

OPPRESSION dies ; the Tyrant falls ;
 The golden City bows her walls !
 Jehovah breaks the Avenger's rod.
 The Son of Wrath, whose ruthless hand
 Hurl'd Desolation o'er the land,
 Has run his raging race, has closed the scene of blood.
 Chiefs armed around behold their vanquished lord ;
 Nor spread the guardian shield, nor lift the loyal sword.

He falls, and earth again is free.
 Hark ! at the call of Liberty,
 All Nature lifts the choral song.
 The fir-trees, on the mountain's head,
 Rejoice through all their pomp of shade ;
 The lordly cedars nod on sacred Lebanon.
 Tyrant ! they cry, since thy fell force is broke,
 Our proud heads pierce the skies, nor fear the woodman's stroke.

Hell, from her gulf profound,
 Rouses at thine approach ; and, all around,
 Her dreadful notes of preparation sound.
 See, at the awful call,
 Her shadowy heroes all,
 Even mighty kings, the heirs of empire wide,
 Rising with solemn state and slow,
 From their sable thrones below,
 Meet, and insult thy pride.
 What, dost thou join our ghostly train,
 A flitting shadow light and vain ?
 Where is thy pomp, thy festive throng,
 Thy revel dance, and wanton song ?
 Proud king ! corruption fastens on thy breast,
 And calls her crawling brood, and bids them share the feast.

O Lucifer ! thou radiant star,
 Son of the Morn, whose rosy car
 Flamed foremost in the van of day ;
 How art thou fallen, thou King of Light,
 How fallen from thy meridian height !

Who saidst the distant poles shall hear me and obey.
 High, o'er the stars, my sapphire throne shall glow,
 And as Jehovah's self, my voice the heavens shall bow.

He spake, he died : distained with gore,
 Beside yon yawning cavern hoar,
 See where his livid corpse is laid.
 The aged pilgrim, passing by,
 Surveys him long with dubious eye,
 And muses on his fate, and shakes his reverend head.
 Just Heavens ! is thus thy pride imperial gone ?
 Is this poor heap of dust the King of Babylon ?

Is this the man whose nod
 Made the earth tremble ? whose terrific rod
 Levelled her loftiest cities ? Where he trod
 Famine pursued and frowned ;
 Till Nature, groaning round,
 Saw her rich realms transformed to deserts dry ;
 While at his crowded prison's gate,
 Grasping the keys of fate,
 Stood stern Captivity.
 Vain man ! behold thy righteous doom,
 Behold each neighbouring monarch's tomb ;
 The trophied arch, the breathing bust,
 The laurel shades their sacred dust ;
 While thou, vile outcast, on this hostile plain,
 Moulder'st a vulgar corpse among the vulgar slain.

No trophied arch, no breathing bust,
 Shall dignify thy trampled dust ;
 No laurel flourish o'er thy grave.
 For why, proud king ? thy ruthless hand
 Hurled Desolation o'er the land,
 And crushed the subject race, whom kings are born to save,
 Eternal infamy shall blast thy name ;
 And all thy sons shall share their impious father's shame.

Rise, purple Slaughter! furious, rise;
 Unfold the terror of thine eyes;
 Dart thy vindictive shafts around;
 Let no strange land a shade afford,
 No conquered nations call them lord;
 Nor let their cities rise to curse the goodly ground,
 For thus Jehovah swears; no name, no son,
 No remnant shall remain of haughty Babylon.

Thus saith the righteous Lord;
 My vengeance shall unsheath her flaming sword;
 O'er all thy realms my fury shall be poured.
 Where yon proud city stood,
 I'll spread the stagnant flood,
 And there the bittern in the sedge shall lurk,
 Moaning with sullen strain;
 While, sweeping o'er the plain,
 Destruction ends her work.
 Yes, on mine holy mountain's brow,
 I'll crush this proud Assyrian foe.
 The irrevocable word is spoke.
 From Judah's neck the galling yoke
 Spontaneous falls; she shines with wonted state;
 Thus by myself I swear, and what I swear is Fate. MASON.

57.—GRONGAR HILL.

SILENT Nymph, with curious eye,
 Who, the purple evening, lie
 On the mountain's lonely van,
 Beyond the noise of busy man,
 Painting fair the form of things,
 While the yellow linnet sings;
 Or the tuneful nightingale
 Charms the forest with her tale;
 Come, with all thy various hues,
 Come, and aid thy sister Muse.
 Now while Phœbus riding high,
 Gives lustre to the land and sky,
 Grongar Hill invites my song,
 Draw the landscape bright and strong;

Grongar, in whose mossy cells,
Sweetly musing Quiet dwells ;
Grongar, in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made,
So oft I have, the evening still,
As the fountain of a rill,
Sat upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head,
While strayed my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till Contemplation had her fill.

Now I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landscape lies below !
No clouds, no vapours intervene ;
But the gay, the open scene,
Does the face of Nature show
In all the hues of heaven's bow ;
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.

Below me trees unnumbered rise,
Beautiful in various dyes :
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew ;
The slender fir, that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs ;
And, beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phillis, queen of love,
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye.
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood ;
His sides are clothed with waving wood ;
And ancient towers crown his brow,
And cast an awful look below ;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps ;
So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode,
'Tis now the apartment of the toad ;

And there the fox securely feeds,
And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Concealed in ruins, moss, and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary mouldered walls.
Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state;
But transient is the smile of Fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers, how they run,
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun!
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endless sleep!
Thus is Nature's vesture wrought
To instruct our wandering thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay
To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower,
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each gives each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.

See, on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide,
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step, methinks, may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem;

So we mistake the Future's face,
Eyed through Hope's deluding glass.
As yon summits, soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which, to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear ;
Still we tread the same coarse way ;
The present's still a cloudy day.

Oh ! may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see !
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tamed, my wishes laid ;
For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul ;
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, even now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain turf I lie ;
While the wanton Zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings ;
While the waters murmur deep ;
While the shepherd charms his sheep ;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, even now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts ! be great who will ;
Search for peace with all your skill ;
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor :
In vain ye search, she is not there ;
In vain ye search the domes of Care !
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain heads,
Along with Pleasure close allied,
Ever by each other's side ;
And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

DYER.

58.—WORTH MAKES THE MAN.

WHAT nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
 The soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy,
 Is Virtue's prize; a better would you fix?
 Then give Humility a coach and six,
 Justice a conqueror's sword, or Truth a gown,
 Or Public Spirit its great cure—a crown.
 Oh! fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
 The lover and the love of human kind,
 Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
 Because he wants a thousand pounds a-year.
 Honour and shame from no condition rise,
 Act well your part, there all the honour lies;
 Fortune in men has some small difference made,
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
 The cobbler aproned, and the parson gowned,
 The friar hooded, and the monarch crowned.
 "What differ more," you cry, "than crown and cowl?"
 I'll tell you, friend—a wise man and a fool.
 You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
 Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
 Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow,
 The rest is all but leather and prunella.
 Go! if your ancient but ignoble blood
 Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
 Go! and pretend your family is young,
 Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
 What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
 Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

59.—ON THE PLAIN OF MARATHON.

WHERE'ER we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground;
 No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
 But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
 And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
 Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
 The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon:

Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold
 Defies the power which crushed thy temples gone :
 Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares grey Marathon.

The sun, the soil, but not the slave, the same ;
 Unchanged in all except its foreign lord—
 Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame
 The battle-field, where Persia's victim horde
 First bowed beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword,
 As on the morn to distant Glory dear,
 When Marathon became a magic word ;
 Which uttered, to the hearer's eye appear
 The camp, the host, the fight, the conqueror's career,

The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow ;
 The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear ;
 Mountains above, Earth's, Ocean's plain below ;
 Death in the front, Destruction in the rear !
 Such was the scene—what now remaineth here ?
 What sacred trophy marks the hallowed ground,
 Recording Freedom's smile and Asia's tear ?
 The rifled urn, the violated mound,
 The dust thy courser's hoof, rude stranger ! spurns around.

Yet to the remnants of thy splendour past
 Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearied, throng ;
 Long shall the voyager, with the Ionian blast,
 Hail the bright clime of battle and of song ;
 Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue
 Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore ;
 Boast of the aged ! lesson of the young !
 Which sages venerate and bards adore,
 As Pallas and the Muse unveil their awful lore.

The parted bosom clings to wonted home,
 If aught that's kindred cheer the welcome hearth ;
 He that is lonely hither let him roam,
 And gaze complacent on congenial earth.
 Greece is no lightsome land of social mirth ;
 But he whom Sadness sootheth may abide,
 And scarce regret the region of his birth,
 When wandering slow by Delphi's sacred side,
 Or gazing o'er the plains where Greek and Persian died.

BYRON.

60.—THE SIEGE OF CORINTH.

ALP felt his soul become more light
Beneath the freshness of the night.
Cool was the silent sky, though calm,
And bathed his brow with airy balm :
Behind, the camp—before him lay,
In many a winding creek and bay
Lepanto's gulf; and, on the brow,
Of Delphi's hill, unshaken snow,
High and eternal, such as shone
Through thousand summers brightly gone,
Along the gulf, the mount, the clime ;
It will not melt, like man, to time :
Tyrant and slave are swept away,
Less formed to wear before the ray ;
But that white veil, the lightest, frailest,
Which on the mighty mount thou hailest,
While tower and tree are torn and rent,
Shines o'er its craggy battlement ;
In form a peak, in height a cloud,
In texture like a hovering shroud,
Thus high by parting Freedom spread,
As from her fond abode she fled,
And lingered on the spot, where long
Her prophet-spirit spake in song.
Oh ! still her step at moments falters
O'er withered fields, and ruined altars,
And fain would wake, in souls too broken,
By pointing to each glorious token :
But vain her voice, till better days
Dawn in those yet remembered rays
Which shone upon the Persian flying,
And saw the Spartan smile in dying.

Not mindless of these mighty times
Was Alp, despite his flight and crimes ;
And through this night, as on he wandered,
And o'er the past and present pondered,
And thought upon the glorious dead
Who there in better cause had bled,

He felt how faint and feebly dim
 The fame that could accrue to him,
 Who cheered the band, and waved the sword,
 A traitor in a turbaned horde;
 And led them to the lawless siege,
 Whose best success were sacrilege.
 Not so had those his fancy numbered,
 The chiefs whose dust around him slumbered;
 Their phalanx marshalled on the plain,
 Whose bulwarks were not then in vain.
 They fell devoted, but undying;
 The very gale their names seemed sighing:
 The waters murmured of their name;
 The woods were peopled with their fame;
 The silent pillar, lone and gray,
 Claimed kindred with their sacred clay;
 Their spirits wrapt the dusky mountain,
 Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain,
 The meanest rill, the mightiest river
 Rolled mingling with their fame for ever.
 Despite of every yoke she bears,
 That land is glory's still and theirs!
 'Tis still a watchword to the earth:
 When man would do a deed of worth
 He points to Greece, and turns to tread,
 So sanctioned, on the tyrant's head:
 He looks to her, and rushes on
 Where life is lost, or freedom won.

BYRON.

 61.—CHRISTIAN AND HIS COMRADES AT OTAHEITE.

THE white man landed!—need the rest be told?
 The New World stretched its dusk hand to the Old;
 Each was to each a marvel, and the tie
 Of wonder warmed to better sympathy.
 Their union grew: the children of the storm
 Found beauty linked with many a dusky form;
 While these in turn admired the paler glow,
 Which seemed so white in climes that knew no snow.
 The chase, the race, the liberty to roam,
 The soil where every cottage showed a home;

The cava feast, the yam, the cocoa's root
Which bears at once the cup, and milk, and fruit;
The bread-tree, which, without the ploughshare, yields
The unreaped harvest of unfurrowed fields,—
These, with the luxuries of seas and woods,
The airy joys of social solitudes,
Tamed each rude wanderer to the sympathies
Of those who were more happy, if less wise.
Here, in this grotto of the wave-worn shore,
They passed the Tropic's red meridian o'er;
Nor long the hours—they never paused o'er time,
Unbroken by the clock's funereal chime,
Which deals the daily pittance of our span,
And points and mocks with iron laugh at man.
What deemed they of the future or the past?
The present, like a tyrant, held them fast:
Their hour-glass was the sea-sand, and the tide,
Like her smooth billow, saw their moments glide.—
And let not this seem strange: the devotee
Lives not in earth, but in his ecstasy;
Around him days and worlds are heedless driven,
His soul is gone before his dust to heaven.
Is love less potent? No—his path is trod,
Alike uplifted gloriously to God;
Or linked to all we know of heaven below,
The other better self, whose joy or woe
Is more than ours; the all-absorbing flame
Which, kindled by another, grows the same,
Wrapt in one blaze; the pure, yet funeral pile,
Where gentle hearts, like Bramins, sit and smile.
How often we forget all time, when lone,
Admiring Nature's universal throne,
Her woods, her wilds, her waters, the intense
Reply of *hers* to our intelligence!
Live not the stars and mountains? Are the waves
Without a spirit? Are the dropping caves
Without a feeling in their silent tears?
No, no;—they woo and clasp us to their spheres,
Dissolve this clog and clod of clay before
Its hour, and merge our soul in the great shore.
Strip off this fond and false identity!—
Who thinks of self, when gazing on the sky? •

And who, though gazing lower, ever thought,
 In the young moments ere the heart is taught
 Time's lesson, of man's baseness or his own?
 All Nature is his realm, and Love his throne.

BYRON.

62.—SONNET. THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US.

THE world is too much with us; late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
 Little we see in Nature that is ours;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
 The sea that bears her bosom to the moon,
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
 For this, for every thing, we are out of tune;
 It moves us not! Great Heaven! I'd rather be
 A pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
 Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea,
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

WORDSWORTH.

63.—SONNET COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

EARTH hath not any thing to show more fair;
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty;
 This city now doth like a garment wear
 The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields and to the sky,
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep,
 In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt a calm so deep!
 The river glideth at his own sweet will;
 Dear Heaven! the very houses seem asleep:
 And all that mighty heart is lying still.

WORDSWORTH.

64.—HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
 Thou tamer of the human breast,
 Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
 The bad affright, afflict the best !
 Bound in thy adamantine chain,
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,
 And purple tyrants vainly groan,
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
 Virtue, his darling child, designed,
 To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
 And bade to form her infant mind.
 Stern rugged nurse ! thy rigid lore
 With patience many a year she bore ;
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
 And from her own she learned to melt at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
 Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
 And leave us leisure to be good.
 Light they disperse ; and with them go
 The summer friend, the flattering foe ;
 By vain Prosperity received,
 To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom, in sable garb arrayed,
 Immersed in rapturous thought profound,
 And Melancholy, silent maid,
 With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
 Still on thy solemn steps attend ;
 Warm Charity, the general friend,
 With Justice, to herself severe,
 And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh ! gently on thy suppliant's head,
 Dread Goddess, lay thy chastening hand !
 Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
 Nor circled with the vengeful band,

(As by the impious thou art seen,)
 With thundering voice and threatening mien,
 With screaming Horror's funeral cry—
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, O Goddess, wear,
 Thy milder influence impart;
 Thy philosophic train be there,
 To soften, not to wound, my heart.
 The generous spark extinct revive;
 Teach me to love and to forgive;
 Exact my own defects to scan,
 What others are, to feel; and know myself a man.

GRAY.

BLANK VERSE.

1.—RETIREMENT.

'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
 To peep at such a world; to see the stir
 Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
 To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
 At a safe distance, where the dying sound
 Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear.
 Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
 The globe and its concerns, I seem advanced
 To some secure and more than mortal height,
 That liberates and exempts me from them all.
 It turns submitted to my view, turns round
 With all its generations; I behold
 The tumult, and am still. The sound of war
 Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me;
 Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn the pride
 And avarice, that make man a wolf to man;
 Hear the faint echo of those brazen throats,
 By which he speaks the language of his heart,
 And sigh, but never tremble at the sound.
 He travels and expatiates, as the bee

From flower to flower, so he from land to land;
 The manners, customs, policy, of all
 Pay contribution to the store he gleans;
 He sucks intelligence in every clime,
 And spreads the honey of his deep research
 At his return—a rich repast for me.
 He travels, and I too. I tread his deck,
 Ascend his topmast, through his peering eyes
 Discover countries, with a kindred heart
 Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes;
 While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
 Runs the great circuit, and is still at home. COWPER.

2.—FROM MILTON'S COMUS.

WAS I deceived, or did a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
 I did not err, there does a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
 And casts a gleam over this tufted grove:
 I cannot halloo to my brothers, but
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
 I'll venture; for my new-enlivened spirits
 Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.
 Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that livest unseen
 Within thy airy shell,
 By slow Meander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroidered vale,
 Where the love-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That liketh thy Narcissus are?
 O, if thou have
 Hid them in some flowery cave,
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere!
 So mayst thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies.
Comus. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?

Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air
 To testify his hidden residence :
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings
 Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
 At every fall smoothing the raven down
 Of darkness till it smiled ! I have oft heard
 My mother Circe with the Syrens three,
 Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
 Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs ;
 Who, as they sung, would take the prisoned soul
 And lap it in Elysium : Scylla wept,
 And chid her barking waves into attention,
 And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause .
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lulled the sense,
 And in sweet madness robbed it of itself ;
 But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
 I never heard till now.

3.—ON SLAVERY.

O FOR a lodge in some vast wilderness,
 Some boundless contiguity of shade,
 Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
 Of unsuccessful or successful war,
 Might never reach me more ! My ear is pained,
 My soul is sick with every day's report
 Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.
 There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart—
 It does not feel for man ; the natural bond
 Of brotherhood is severed as the flax
 That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
 He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
 Not coloured like his own ; and, having power
 To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause,
 Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey !
 Lands intersected by a narrow frith
 Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
 Make enemies of nations, who had else
 Like kindred drops been mingled into one.

Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys ;
 And, worse than all, and most to be deplored,
 As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
 Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
 With stripes, that Mercy with a bleeding heart
 Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast !
 Then what is man ? And what man, seeing this,
 And having human feelings, does not blush
 And hang his head, to think himself a man ?
 I would not have a slave to till my ground,
 To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
 And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
 That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.
 No : dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
 Just estimation prized above all price,
 I had much rather be myself the slave,
 And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
 We have no slaves at home—then why abroad ?
 And they themselves, once ferried o'er the wave
 That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.
 Slaves cannot breathe in England ; if their lungs
 Receive our air, that moment they are free ;
 They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
 That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
 And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
 And let it circulate through every vein
 Of all your empire, that where Britain's power
 Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too. COWPER.

4.—DESPONDENCY REBUKED BY FAME.

ALAS ! what boots it with incessant care
 To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse !
 Fame is the spur which the clear spirit doth raise
 (That last infirmity of noble minds)
 To scorn delights, and live laborious days ;
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
 And slits the thin-spun life. " But not the praise,"

Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears ;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistening foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies ;
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove.
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect the meed. MILTON.

5.—ADDRESS TO EVENING.

COME, Evening, once again, season of peace ;
Return, sweet evening, and continue long !
Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
With matron step slow moving, while the Night
Treads on thy sweeping train ; one hand employed
In letting fall the curtain of repose
On bird and beast, the other charged for man
With sweet oblivion of the cares of day :
Not sumptuously adorned nor needing aid,
Like homely featured Night, of clustering gems ;
A star or two just twinkling on thy brow
Suffices thee ; save that the moon is thine
No less than hers ; not worn indeed on high
With ostentatious pageantry, but set
With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,
Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.
Come then, and thou shalt find thy votary calm,
Or make me so. Composure is thy gift :
And, whether I devote thy gentle hours
To books, to music, or the poet's toil,
I slight thee not, but make thee welcome still.

COWPER.

6.—DESCRIPTION OF EVENING.

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad ;
Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,

Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale ;
 She all night long her amorous descant sung ;
 Silence was pleased : now glowed the firmament
 With living sapphires ; Hesperus, that led
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
 Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

MILTON.

7.—PERSEVERANCE.

TIME hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
 Wherein he puts alms for Oblivion,
 A great-sized monster of ingritudes :
 Those scraps are good deeds past ; which are devoured
 As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
 As done : Perseverance, dear my lord,
 Keeps honour bright : To have done, is to hang
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail,
 In monumental mockery. Take the instant way ;
 For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
 Where one but goes abreast : Keep then the path ;
 For emulation hath a thousand sons,
 That one by one pursue : If you give way,
 Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
 Like to an entered tide, they all rush by,
 And leave you hindmost ;—
 Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
 Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
 O'errun and trampled on : Then what they do in present,
 Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours :
 For time is like a fashionable host,
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand ;
 And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,
 Grasps-in the comer : Welcome ever smiles,
 And Farewell goes out sighing. O, let not Virtue seek
 Remuneration for the thing it was ! For beauty, wit,
 High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
 To envious and calumniating time.

SHAKSPEARE.

8.—FOREST SCENERY.

(From Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude.)

THE noonday sun
 Now shone upon the forest, one vast mass
 Of mingling shade, whose brown magnificence
 A narrow vale embosoms. There huge caves,
 Scooped in the dark base of those airy rocks,
 Mocking its moans, respond and roar for ever.
 The meeting boughs and implicated leaves
 Wove twilight o'er the poet's path, as, led
 By love, or dream, or god, or mightier death,
 He sought in nature's dearest haunt some bank,
 Her cradle and his sepulchre. More dark
 And dark the shades accumulate—the oak,
 Expanding its immense and knotty arms,
 Embraces the light beech. The pyramids
 Of the tall cedar overarching frame
 Most solemn domes within, and far below,
 Like clouds suspended in an emerald sky,
 The ash and the acacia floating hang,
 Tremulous and pale. Like restless serpents clothed,
 In rainbow and in fire, the parasites,
 Starred with ten thousand blossoms, flow around
 The gay trunks.

SHELLEY.

9.—THE GOOD PREACHER AND THE CLERICAL COXCOMB.

WOULD I describe a preacher, such as Paul,
 Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,
 Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
 His master-strokes, and draw from his design.
 I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
 In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
 And plain in manner. Decent, solemn, chaste,
 And natural in gesture. Much impressed
 Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
 And anxious, mainly, that the flock he feeds
 May feel it too. Affectionate in look,
 And tender in address, as well becomes

A messenger of grace to guilty men.
Behold the picture!—Is it like?—Like whom?
The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
And then skip down again: pronounce a text,
Cry, hem! and, reading what they never wrote,
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene.

In man or woman, but far most in man,
And most of all in man that ministers
And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe
All affectation: 'tis my perfect scorn;
Object of my implacable disgust.
What!—will a man play tricks, will he indulge
A silly fond conceit of his fair form
And just proportion, fashionable mien
And pretty face, in presence of his God?
Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
As with the diamond on his lily hand,
And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
When I am hungry for the bread of life?
He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames
His noble office, and, instead of truth,
Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock.
Therefore, avaunt! all attitude and stare,
And start theatric, practised at the glass.
I seek divine simplicity in him
Who handles things divine; and all beside,
Though learned with labour, and though much admired
By curious eyes and judgments ill-informed,
To me is odious.

COWPER.

10.—CARDINAL WOLSEY'S SPEECH TO CROMWELL.

CROMWELL, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee:
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,

And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
 Found thee a way, out of his wrack, to rise in;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me:
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
 By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
 Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
 And—Prithee, lead me in:
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
 And my integrity to Heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal
 I served my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies!

SHAKSPEARE.

 11.—HUMAN LIFE.

REASON thus with life:

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
 That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
 Servile to all the skiey influences,
 That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
 Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
 For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
 And yet runn'st toward him still: Thou art not noble;
 For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
 Are nursed by baseness: Thou art by no means valiant;
 For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
 Of a poor worm: Thy best of rest is sleep,
 And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
 Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
 For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
 That issue out of dust: Happy thou art not:

For what thou hast not still thou striv'st to get;
 And what thou hast, forgett'st: Thou art not certain;
 For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
 After the moon: If thou art rich, thou art poor;
 For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
 Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
 And death unloads thee:

Thou hast nor youth, nor age;
 But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
 Dreaming on both: for all thy blessed youth
 Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
 Of palsied eld; and when thou art old, and rich,
 Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
 To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
 That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
 Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
 That makes these odds all even. SHAKSPEARE.

12.—FLATTERY UNWORTHY OF A POET.

FIE, sir! O fie! 'tis fulsome.
 Sir, there's a soil fit for that rank weed flattery
 To trail its poisonous and obscene clusters:
 A poet's soul should bear a richer fruitage—
 The aconite grew not in Eden. Thou,
 That thou, with lips tipt with the fire of heaven,
 Th' excursive eye, that in its earth-wide range
 Drinks in the grandeur and the loveliness,
 That breathes along this high-wrought world of man;
 That hast within thee apprehensions strong
 Of all that's pure and passionless and heavenly—
 That thou, a vapid and a mawkish parasite,
 Shouldst pipe to that witch Fortune's favourites!
 'Tis coarse—'tis sickly—'tis as though the eagle
 Should spread his sail-broad wings to flap a dunghill;
 As though a pale and withering pestilence
 Should ride the golden chariot of the sun;
 As one should use the language of the Gods
 To chatter loose and ribald brothelry. MILMAN'S *Fazio*.

13.—DESCRIPTION OF ADAM AND EVE.

Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
 Godlike erect, with native honour clad,
 In naked majesty seemed lords of all;
 And worthy seemed; for in their looks divine
 The image of their glorious Maker shone,
 Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
 (Severe, but in true filial freedom placed,)
 Whence true authority in men; though both
 Not equal, as their sex not equal seemed;
 For contemplation he, and valour formed:
 For softness she, and sweet attractive grace;
 He, for God only; she, for God in him:
 His fair large front, and eye sublime, declared
 Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung
 Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
 She, as a veil, down to the slender waist,
 Her unadorned golden tresses wore
 Dishevelled; but in wanton ringlets waved,
 As the vine curls her tendrils.

MILTON.

14.—SATAN'S REMORSE.

Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,—
 Said then the lost Archangel,—this the seat
 That we must change for Heaven? this mournful gloom,
 For that celestial light? Be it so, since He,
 Who now is sovereign, can dispose, and bid
 What shall be right! Farthest from him is best,
 Whom reason hath equalled, force hath made supreme
 Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
 Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail,
 Infernal world! and thou, profoundest hell,
 Receive thy new possessor!—one who brings
 A mind not to be changed by place or time:
 The mind is its own place, and in itself
 Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

What matter where, if I be still the same,
 And what I should be,—all but less than He
 Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
 We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built
 Here for his envy;—will not drive us hence:
 Here we may reign secure; and, in my choice
 To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:
 Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven.
 But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
 The associates and copartners of our loss,
 Lie thus astonished on the oblivious pool,
 And call them not to share with us their part
 In this unhappy mansion; or once more,
 With rallied arms, to try what may be yet
 Regained in heaven, or what more lost in hell?

So Satan spake, and him Beëlzebub
 Thus answered:—Leader of those armies bright,
 Which but the Omnipotent none could have foiled!
 If once they hear that voice,—their liveliest pledge
 Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft
 In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
 Of battle when it raged, in all assaults
 Their surest signal,—they will soon resume
 New courage and revive; though now they lie
 Groveling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,
 As we erewhile, astounded and amazed:
 No wonder, fallen such a pernicious height.

He scarce had ceased, when the superior fiend
 Was moving toward the shore: his ponderous shield,
 Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
 Behind him cast: the broad circumference
 Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
 Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
 At evening, from the top of Fesolè,
 Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
 Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.
 His spear,—to equal which the tallest pine,
 Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
 Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,—
 He walked with, to support uneasy steps
 Over the burning marle,—not like those steps
 On heaven's azure; and the torrid clime

Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.
Nathless he so endured, till on the beach
Of that inflamed sea he stood, and called
His legions, angel forms, who lay entranced
Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades,
High over-arched, imbower.

MILTON.

15.—AUTUMN EVENING SCENE.

BUT see the fading, many-coloured woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk and dun,
Of every hue, from wan declining green
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome muse,
Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
And give the season in its latest view.

Meantime, light-shadowing all, a sober calm
Fleeces unbounded ether; whose least wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current: while illumined wide,
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
And through their lucid veil his softened force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,
For those whom virtue and whom nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things;
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace,
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And through the saddened grove, where scarce is heard
One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.
Haply some widowed songster pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse.
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
Swelled all the music of the swarming shades,
Robbed of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit

On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock,
 With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
 And nought save chattering discord in their note.

The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
 A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
 Incessant rustles from the mournful grove,
 Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,
 And slowly circles through the waving air.
 But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
 Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;
 Till choked, and matted with the dreary shower,
 The forest walks, at every rising gale,
 Roll wide the withered waste, and whistle bleak.
 Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields,
 And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
 Their sunny robes resign.

THOMSON'S *Seasons*.

16.—ON DEATH.

WHERE the prime actors of the last year's scene,
 Their port so proud, their buskin, and their plume?
 How many sleep, who kept the world awake
 With lustre and with noise! Has Death proclaimed
 A truce, and hung his sated lance on high?
 'Tis brandished still; nor shall the present year
 Be more tenacious of her human leaf,
 Or spread of feeble life a thinner fall.

But needless *monuments* to wake the thought:
 Life's gayest scenes speak man's mortality,
 Though in a style more florid, full as plain,
 As mausoleums, pyramids, and tombs.
 What are our noblest ornaments, but deaths
 Turned flatterers of life, in paint or marble,
 The well-stained canvass, or the featured stone?
 Our fathers grace, or rather haunt, the scene:
 Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.

Professed *diversions*; cannot these escape?
 Far from it: these present us with a shroud,
 And talk of death, like garlands o'er the grave.
 As some bold plunderers, for buried wealth,

We ransack tombs for pastime ; from the dust
 Call up the sleeping hero ; bid him tread
 The scene for our amusement : How like gods
 We sit ; and, wrapped in immortality,
 Shed generous tears on wretches born to die ;
Their fate deploring, to forget our *own* !

Where is the dust that has not been alive ?
 The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors :
 From human mould we reap our daily bread.
 The globe around earth's hollow surface shakes,
 And is the ceiling of her sleeping sons.
 O'er devastation we blind revels keep ;
 Whole buried towns support the dancer's heel.

Nor man alone ; his breathing bust expires ;
 His tomb is mortal : empires die. Where now
 The Roman, Greek ? They stalk, an empty name !
 Yet few regard them in this useful light,
 Though half our learning is their epitaph.—
 When down thy vale, unlocked by midnight thought,
 That loves to wander in thy sunless realms,
 O Death ! I stretch my view,—what visions rise !
 What triumphs, toils imperial, arts divine,
 In withered laurels glide before my sight !
 What lengths of far-famed ages, billowed high
 With human agitation, roll along
 In unsubstantial images of air !
 The melancholy ghosts of dead renown,
 Whispering faint echoes of the world's applause,
 With penitential aspect, as they pass,
 All point at earth, and hiss at human pride,
 The wisdom of the wise and prancings of the great.

YOUNG.

17.—APOSTROPHE TO NIGHT.

THESE thoughts, O Night, are thine ;
 From thee they came, like lovers' secret sighs,
 While others slept. So Cynthia, poets feign,
 In shadows veiled, soft, sliding from her sphere,
 Her shepherd cheered, of her enamoured less
 Than I of thee. And art thou still unsung,

Beneath whose brow, and by whose aid I sing?
 Immortal Silence! where shall I begin?
 Where end? or how steal music from the spheres
 To soothe their goddess?

O majestic Night!

Nature's great ancestor! Day's elder born,
 And fated to survive the transient sun!
 By mortals and immortals seen with awe!
 A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,
 An azure zone thy waist; clouds, in heaven's loom,
 Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,
 In ample folds of drapery divine,
 Thy flowing mantle form, and heaven throughout
 Voluminously pour thy pompous train.
 Thy gloomy grandeurs—Nature's most august
 Inspiring aspect, claim a grateful verse;
 And, like a sable curtain starred with gold,
 Drawn o'er my labours past, shall close the scene.

18.—HYMN ON THE SEASONS.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father! these
 Are but the varied God. The rolling year
 Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
 Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
 Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
 Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
 And every sense, and every heart is joy.
 Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
 With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
 Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year:
 And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
 And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
 By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
 Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
 And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
 In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms
 Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled,
 Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
 Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world adore,
 And humblest Nature with thy northern blast.

Nature, attend ! join, every living soul
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join ; and, ardent, raise
One general song ! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes :
O talk of Him in solitary glooms !
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonished world, lift high to heaven
The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills ;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound ;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound His stupendous praise ; whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.

Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to Him ;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day ! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round ;
On Nature write with every beam His praise.
The thunder rolls : be hush'd the prostrate world ;
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills : ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound : the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys raise ; for the great Shepherd reigns ;
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake : a boundless song
Burst from the groves ! and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,

Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.

Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn ! In swarming cities vast,
Assembled men to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass ;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to heaven.

Or, if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove ;
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the blackening east ;
Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.

Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song ; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles ; 'tis nought to me :
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full ;
And where He vital breathes there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey ; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing : I cannot go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs and all their suns ;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in Light ineffable !
Come then, expressive Silence, muse his praise.

THOMSON.

DIALOGUES.

1.—LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

Wizard. LOCHIEL, Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;
Wo, wo to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine, oh Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead:
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,—
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

Lochiel. Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

Wizard. Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth,
From his home, in the dark-rolling clouds of the north?
Lo! the death-shot of foeman outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed,—for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyry, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,

Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn :
 Return to thy dwelling ! all lonely, return !
 For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
 And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

Lochiel. False Wizard, avaunt ! I have marshalled my clan,
 Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one !
 They are true to the last of their blood and their breath.
 And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
 Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock !
 Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock !
 But wo to his kindred, and wo to his cause,
 When Albin her claymore indignantly draws ;
 When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
 Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
 All plaided and plumed in their tartan array——

Wizard. ——Lochiel, Lochiel ! beware of the day !
 For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
 But man cannot cover what God would reveal ;
 'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
 And coming events cast their shadows before.
 I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
 With the blood-hounds that bark for thy fugitive king !
 Lo ! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
 Behold, where he flies on his desolate path !
 Now in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight :
 Rise, rise ! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight !
 'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors :
 Culloden is lost, and my country deplores !
 But where is the iron-bound prisoner ? Where ?
 For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
 Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
 Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn ?
 Ah no ! for a darker departure is near ;
 The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier ;
 His death-bell is tolling ! oh ! mercy, dispel
 Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell !
 Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
 And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims !
 Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
 Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
 With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale——

Lochiel. ——Down, soothless insulter ! I trust not the tale :

For never shall Albin a destiny meet,
 So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.
 Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
 Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
 Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
 While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
 Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
 With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
 And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
 Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

CAMPBELL.

2.—HOTSPUR AND SIR RICHARD VERNON, FROM THE FIRST PART
 OF HENRY THE FOURTH.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. Pray Heaven, my news be worth a welcome, Lord.
 The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
 Is marching hitherwards; with him, prince John.

Hot. No harm: what more?

Ver. And further, I have learned,
 The king himself in person hath set forth,
 Or hitherwards intended speedily,
 With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
 The nimble-footed madcap prince of Wales,
 And his comrades, that dashed the world aside,
 And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnished, all in arms,
 All plumed, like estridges that with the wind
 Bated,—like eagles having lately bathed;
 Glittering in golden coats, like images;
 As full of spirit as the month of May,
 And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
 Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
 I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
 His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly armed,
 Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat
 As if an angel dropped down from the clouds,
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
 And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more; worse than the sun in March,
 This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
 They come like sacrifices in their trim,
 And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,
 All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them:
 The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
 Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
 To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
 And yet not ours:—Come, let me take my horse,
 Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
 Against the bosom of the prince of Wales:
 Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
 Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse.—
 O, that Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more news:
 I learned in Worcester, as I rode along,
 He cannot draw his power these fourteen days.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be;
 My father and Glendower being both away,
 The powers of us may serve so great a day.
 Come, let us take a muster speedily:
 Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

SHAKSPEARE.

3.—FROM THE PLAY OF AS YOU LIKE IT.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
 That your poor friends must woo your company?
 What! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
 A motley fool; a miserable world!
 As I do live by food, I met a fool,
 Who laid him down and basked him in the sun,
 And railed on lady Fortune in good terms,
 In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.
 "Good morrow, fool," quoth I: "No, sir," quoth he,
 "Call me not fool, till Heaven hath sent me fortune:"
 And then he drew a dial from his poke:

And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
 Says, very wisely, "It is ten o'clock :
 " Thus we may see," quoth he, " how the world wags :
 " 'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine ;
 " And after one hour more, 't will be eleven ;
 " And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
 " And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
 " And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear
 The motley fool thus moral on the time,
 My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
 That fools should be so deep-contemplative ;
 And I did laugh, sans intermission,
 An hour by his dial.—O noble fool !
 A worthy fool ! Motley's the only wear.

Duke S. What fool is this ?

Jaq. O worthy fool !—One that hath been a courtier ;
 And says, if ladies be but young, and fair,
 They have the gift to know it : and in his brain,—
 Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
 After a voyage,—he hath strange places crammed
 With observation, the which he vents
 In mangled forms :—O, that I were a fool !
 I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit :
 Provided, that you weed your better judgments
 Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
 That I am wise. I must have liberty
 Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
 To blow on whom I please ; for so fools have :
 And they that are most galled with my folly,
 They most must laugh : And why, sir, must they so ?
 The *why* is plain as way to parish church :
 He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,
 Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
 Not to seem senseless of the bob : if not,
 The wise man's folly is anatomized
 Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
 Invest me in my motley ; give me leave
 To speak my mind, and I will through and through
 Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
 If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Enter ORLANDO with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke S. Art thou thus boldened, man, by thy distress ;
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty ?

Orl. You touched my vein at first ; the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility : yet am I inland bred,
And know some nurture. But, forbear, I say ;
He dies, that touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are answered.

Duke S. What would you have ? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Spéak you so gently ? Pardon me, I pray you ;
I thought that all things had been savage here ;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment : But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time ;
If ever you have looked on better days ;
If ever been where bells have knolled to church ;
If ever sat at any good man's feast ;
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear,
And know what 't is to pity, and be pitied ;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be :
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days ;
And have with holy bell been knolled to church ;
And sat at good men's feasts ; and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engendered :
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be ministered.

Orl. Then, but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,

And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limped in pure love; till he be first sufficed,
Oppressed with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go, find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye: and be blessed for your good comfort!

Duke S. Thou see'st, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school: and then, the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow: then, a soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: and then, the justice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

SHAKESPEARE.

4.—CORIOLANUS AND AUFIDIUS.

Cor. I PLAINLY, Tullus, by your looks perceive
You disapprove my conduct.

Auf. I mean not to assail thee with the clamour
Of loud reproaches and the war of words ;
But, pride apart, and all that can pervert
The light of steady reason, here to make
A candid, fair proposal.

Cor. Speak, I hear thee.

Auf. I need not tell thee, that I have performed
My utmost promise. Thou hast been protected ;
Hast had thy amplest, most ambitious wish ;
Thy wounded pride is healed, thy dear revenge
Completely sated ; and to crown thy fortune,
At the same time, thy peace with Rome restored.
Thou art no more a Volscian, but a Roman :
Return, return ; thy duty calls upon thee
Still to protect the city thou hast saved ;
It still may be in danger from our arms :
Retire : I will take care thou may'st with safety.

Cor. With safety ?—Heavens !—and think'st thou Coriolanus
Will stoop to thee for safety ?—No : my safeguard
Is in myself, a bosom void of fear.—
O, 'tis an act of cowardice and baseness,
To seize the very time my hands are fettered
By the strong chain of former obligation,
The safe, sure moment to insult me.—Gods !
Were I now free, as on that day I was
When at Corioli I tamed thy pride,
This had not been.

Auf. Thou speak'st the truth : it had not.
O, for that time again ! Propitious gods,
If you will bless me, grant it ! Know, for that,
For that dear purpose, I have now proposed
Thou should'st return : I pray thee, Marcius, do it ;
And we shall meet again on nobler terms.

Cor. Till I have cleared my honour in your council,
And proved before them all, to thy confusion,
The falsehood of thy charge ; as soon in battle
I would before thee fly, and howl for mercy,
As quit the station they've assigned me here.

Auf. Thou canst not hope acquittal from the Volscians.

Cor. I do :—Nay, more, expect their approbation,
Their thanks. I will obtain them such a peace
As thou durst never ask ; a perfect union
Of their whole nation with imperial Rome,
In all her privileges, all her rights ;
By the just gods, I will.—What would'st thou more ?

Auf. What would I more, proud Roman ? This I would—
Fire the cursed forest, where these Roman wolves
Haunt and infest their nobler neighbours round them ;
Extirpate from the bosom of this land
A false, perfidious people, who, beneath
The mask of freedom, are a combination
Against the liberty of human kind ;—
The genuine seed of outlaws and of robbers.

Cor. The seed of gods.—'Tis not for thee, vain boaster,—
'Tis not for such as thou,—so often spared
By her victorious sword, to speak of Rome,
But with respect, and awful veneration.—
Whate'er her blots, whate'er her giddy factions,
There is more virtue in one single year
Of Roman story, than your Volscian annals
Can boast through all their creeping, dark duration.

Auf. I thank thy rage :—This full displays the traitor.

Cor. Traitor !—How now ?

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius !

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius : Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stolen name,
Coriolanus, in Corioli ?

You lords, and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betrayed your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,—
I say, your city,—to his wife and mother ;
Breaking his oath and resolution like
A twist of rotten silk ; never admitting
Counsel of the war : but at his nurse's tears
He whined and roared away your victory ;
That pages blushed at him, and men of heart
Looked wondering at each other.

Cor. Hearest thou, Mars ?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it.—Boy!—
Cut me to pieces, Volscians; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy!—
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dovecot, I
Fluttered your Volscians in Corioli;
Alone I did it:—Boy!—But let us part;
Lest my rash hand should do a hasty deed
My cooler thought forbids.

Auf. I court
The worst thy sword can do; while thou from me
Hast nothing to expect but sore destruction;
Quit then this hostile camp: once more I tell thee,
Thou art not here one single hour in safety.

Cor. O, that I had thee in the field,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, thy tribe,
To use my lawful sword!—

SHAKSPEARE.

5.—MASTER MATTHEW AND BOBADIL.

Mat. SAVE you, sir; save you, captain.

Bob. Gentle, Master Matthew! Is it you, sir? Please you to sit down.

Mat. Thank you, good captain; you may see I am somewhat audacious.

Bob. Not so, sir. I was requested to supper last night by a sort of gallants, where you were wished for, and drank to, I assure you.

Mat. Vouchsafe me, by whom, good captain?

Bob. Marry, by young Wellbred and others. Why, hostess, a stool here for this gentleman.

Mat. No haste, sir; 'tis very well.

Bob. It was so late ere we parted last night, I can scarce open my eyes yet; I was but new risen as you came. How passes the day abroad, sir? you can tell.

Mat. Faith, some half hour to seven. Now, trust me, you have an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat, and private!

Bob. Ay, sir: I pray you, Master Matthew, in any case, possess no gentleman of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging.

Mat. Who! I, sir? No.

Bob. Not that I need to care who know it, for the cabin is convenient; but in regard I would not be too popular and generally visited, as some are.

Mat. True, captain, I conceive you.

Bob. For, do you see, sir, by the heart of valour in me (except it be some peculiar and choice spirits, to whom I am extraordinarily engaged, as yourself, or so), I could not extend thus far.

Mat. O, sir, I resolve so.

Bob. I confess I love a cleanly and quiet privacy above all the tumult and roar of fortune. What new piece have you there? What! Go by, Hieronymo!

Mat. Ay, did you ever see it acted? Is't not well penned?

Bob. Well penned! I would fain see all the poets of these times pen such another play as that was! they'll prate and swagger, and keep a stir of art and devices, when (as I am a gentleman), read them, they are the most shallow, pitiful, barren fellows that live upon the face of the earth again.

Mat. Indeed; here are a number of fine speeches in this book. "O eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears!" There's a conceit! fountains fraught with tears. "O life, no life, but lively form of death!" Another, "O world, no world, but mass of public wrongs!" A third, "Confused and filled with murder and misdeeds!" A fourth, "O, the Muses!" Is't not excellent? Is't not simply the best that ever you heard, captain? Ha! how do you like it?

Bob. 'Tis good.

Mat. To thee, the purest object to my sense,

The most refined essence heaven covers,

Send I these lines, wherein I do commence

The happy state of turtle-billing lovers.

If they prove rough, unpolished, harsh, and rude,

Haste made the waste. Thus mildly I conclude.

Bob. Nay; proceed, proceed. Where's this?

Mat. This, sir? a toy o' mine own, in my nonage; the infancy of my muses! But when will you come and see my study? Good faith, I can show you some very good things I have done of late—— That boot becomes your leg passing well, captain, methinks.

Bob. So, so; it's the fashion gentlemen now use.

Mat. Troth, captain, and now you speak o' the fashion, Master Wellbred's elder brother and I are fallen out exceedingly: the other day I happened to enter into some discourse of a hanger,

which I assure you, both for fashion and workmanship, was most peremptorily beautiful and gentlemanlike; yet he condemned and cried it down for the most pied and ridiculous that ever he saw.

Bob. 'Squire Downright, the half-brother, was 't not?

Mat. Ay, sir, he.

Bob. Hang him, rook! he! why, he has no more judgment than a malt horse. By St George, I wonder you'd lose a thought upon such an animal! the most peremptory absurd clown of Christendom this day he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a gentleman and a soldier, I ne'er changed words with his like. By his discourse, he should eat nothing but hay. He was born for the manger, pannier, or packsaddle. He has not so much as a good phrase in his stomach, but all old iron and rusty proverbs! a good commodity for some smith to make hobnails of.

Mat. Ay, and he thinks to carry it away with his manhood still, where he comes. He brags he will give me the bastinado, as I hear.

Bob. How! he the bastinado! how came he by that word?

Mat. Nay, indeed, he said cudgel me: I termed it so, for my more grace.

Bob. That may be: for I was sure it was none of his word. But when—when said he so?

Mat. Faith, yesterday, they say: a young gallant, a friend of mine, told me so.

Bob. By the foot of Pharaoh, an' 'twere my case now, I should send him a chartel presently. The bastinado! A most proper and sufficient dependence warranted by the great Caranza. Come hither, you shall chartel him. I'll show you a trick or two you shall kill him with at pleasure: the first stoccata, if you will, by this air.

Mat. Indeed you have absolute knowledge i' the mystery, I have heard, sir.

Bob. Of whom? Of whom have you heard it, I beseech you?

Mat. Troth, I have heard it spoken of divers that you had very rare and un-in-one-breath-utterable skill, sir.

Bob. No, not I; no skill i' the earth: some small rudiments i' the science, as to know my time, distance, or so. I have profest it more for noblemen and gentlemen's use than mine own practice, I assure you. Hostess, accommodate us with another bedstaff here quickly; lend us another bedstaff; the woman does not understand the words of action. Look you, sir, exalt not your point above this state at any hand, and let your poniard maintain your defence; thus (give it to the gentleman and leave us); so, sir, come on! Oh, twine your

body more about, that you may fall to a more sweet, comely, gentlemanlike guard. So, indifferent. Hollow your body more, sir, thus. Now, stand fast on your left leg; note your distance: keep your due proportion of time—O, you disorder your point most irregularly.

Mat. How is the bearing of it now, sir?

Bob. O, out of measure, ill: a well-experienced hand would pass upon you at pleasure.

Mat. How mean you, sir, pass upon me?

Bob. Why, thus, sir, (make a thrust at me;) come in upon the answer, control your point, and make a full career at the body; the best practised gallants of the time name it the passado; a most desperate thrust, believe it!

Mat. Well, come on, sir.

Bob. Why, you do not manage your weapon with any facility or grace to invite me! I have no spirit to play with you; your dearth of judgment renders you tedious.

Mat. But one venue, sir.

Bob. Venue! fie, most gross denomination as ever I heard. O! the stoccata, while you live, sir, note that; come, put on your cloak, and we'll go to some private place where you are acquainted, some tavern, or so—and have a bit; I'll send for one of these fencers, and he shall breathe you by my direction, and then I will teach you your trick; you shall kill him with it at the first if you please. Why, I will learn you by the true judgment of the eye, hand, and foot, any enemy's point i' the world. Should your adversary confront you with a pistol, 'twere nothing by this hand; you should by the same rule control his bullet in a line, except it were hailshot and spread. What money have you about you, Master Matthew?

Mat. Faith, I have not past a two shillings, or so.

Bob. 'Tis somewhat with the least; but, come, we will have a bunch of radish and salt to taste our wine; and a pipe of tobacco to close the orifice of the stomach; and then we'll call upon young Wellbred. Perhaps we shall meet the Coridon, his brother, there, and put him to the question.

BEN JONSON'S *Every Man in his Humour*.

6.—PALEMON AND ARCITE, CAPTIVES IN GREECE.

Pal. How do you, noble cousin?

Arc. How do you, sir?

Pal. Why, strong enough to laugh at misery,
And bear the chance of war yet. We are prisoners
I fear for ever, cousin.

Arc. I believe it;
And to that destiny have patiently
Laid up my hour to come.

Pal. Oh, cousin Arcite,
Where is Thebes now? where is our noble country?
Where are our friends, and kindred? Never more
Must we behold those comforts; never see
The hardy youths strive for the games of honour,
Hung with the painted favours of their ladies,
Like tall ships under sail; then start amongst them,
And, as an east wind, leave them all behind us
Like lazy clouds, whilst Palemon and Arcite,
Even in the wagging of a wanton leg,
Outstript the people's praises, won the garlands,
Ere they have time to wish them ours. Oh, never
Shall we two exercise, like twins of Honour,
Our arms again, and feel our fiery horses
Like proud seas under us! Our good swords now,
(Better the red-eyed God of War ne'er wore)
Ravished our sides, like age, must run to rust,
And deck the temples of those gods that hate us;
These hands shall never draw them out like lightning,
To blast whole armies, more!

Arc. No, Palemon,
Those hopes are prisoners with us: Here we are,
And here the graces of our youth must wither
Like a too timely spring; here Age must find us,
And, which is heaviest, Palemon, unmarried;
No figures of ourselves shall we ere see,
To glad our age, and like young eagles teach them
Boldly to gaze against bright arms, and say
Remember what your fathers were, and conquer.
The fair-eyed maids shall weep our banishments,
And in their songs curse ever-blinded Fortune,

Till she for shame see what a wrong she has done
To Youth and Nature: This is all our world;
We shall know nothing here, but one another;
Hear nothing, but the clock that tells our woes;
The vine shall grow, but we shall never see it;
Summer shall come, and with her all delights,
But dead-cold Winter must inhabit here still!

Pal. 'Tis too true, Arcite! To our Theban hounds,
That shook the aged forest with their echoes,
No more now must we halloo; no more shake
Our pointed javelins, whilst the angry swine
Flies like a Parthian quiver from our rages,
Struck with our well-steeled darts! All valiant uses
(The food and nourishment of noble minds)
In us two here shall perish; we shall die,
(Which is the curse of honour!) lastly,
Children of Grief and Ignorance.

Arc. Yet, cousin,
Even from the bottom of these miseries,
From all that fortune can inflict upon us,
I see two comforts rising, two mere blessings,
If the gods please to hold here; a brave patience,
And the enjoying of our griefs together.
Whilst Palemon is with me, let me perish
If I think this our prison!

Pal. Certainly,
'Tis a main goodness, cousin, that our fortunes
Were twined together: 'Tis most true, two souls
Put in two noble bodies, let them suffer
The gall of hazard, so they grow together,
Will never sink; they must not; say they could,
A willing man dies sleeping, and all's done.

Arc. Shall we make worthy uses of this place,
That all men hate so much?

Pal. How, gentle cousin?

Arc. Let's think this prison a holy sanctuary
To keep us from corruption of worse men!
We are young, and yet desire the ways of Honour;
That, liberty and common conversation,
The poison of pure spirits, might, like women,
Woo us to wander from. What worthy blessing
Can, be but our imaginations

May make it ours? And here being thus together,
 We are an endless mine to one another;
 I am your heir, and you are mine; this place
 Is our inheritance; no hard oppressor
 Dare take this from us: Here, with a little patience,
 We shall live long, and loving; no surfeits seek us;
 The hand of War hurts none here, nor the seas
 Swallow their youth; were we at liberty,
 A wife might part us lawfully, or business;
 Quarrels consume us; envy of ill men
 Crave our acquaintance; I might sicken, cousin,
 Where you should never know it, and so perish
 Without your noble hand to close mine eyes,
 Or prayers to the gods: A thousand chances,
 Were we from hence, would sever us.

Pal. You have made me
 (I thank you, cousin Arcite!) almost wanton
 With my captivity: What a misery
 It is to live abroad, and every where!
 'Tis like a beast methinks! I find the court here,
 I'm sure a more content; and all those pleasures
 That woo the wills of men to vanity,
 I see through now; and am sufficient
 To tell the world, 'tis but a gaudy shadow,
 That old Time, as he passes by, takes with him.
 What had we been, old in the court of Creon,
 Where sin is justice, lust and ignorance
 The virtues of the great ones? Cousin Arcite,
 Had not the loving gods found this place for us,
 We had died as they do, ill old men unwept,
 And had their epitaphs, the people's curses!

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.—*The Two Noble Kinsmen.*

7.—THE QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

Cas. THAT you have wronged me, doth appear in this;
 You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella,
 For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
 Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
 Because I knew the man, were slighted of.

Bru. You wronged yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear its comment.

Bru. Yet let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the Ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for Justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man in all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you're not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is 't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more: Fret till your proud heart break;
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,

And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not!

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By Heaven I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not:—he was but a fool

That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath rived my heart;

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,

But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,

For Cassius is aweary of the world:

Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;

Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,

Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote,

To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep

My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,

And here my naked breast; within, a heart

Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:

If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;

I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:

Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,

When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better

Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;

Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.

O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,

That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;

Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,

And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,

When grief, or blood ill-tempered, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!—

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

SHAKSPEARE.

8.—MARINO FALIERO AND ANGIOLINA.

Doge. COME hither, child; I would a word with you.
Your father was my friend; unequal fortune
Made him my debtor for some courtesies
Which bind the good more firmly: when, oppressed
With his last malady, he willed our union,
It was not to repay me, long repaid
Before by his great loyalty in friendship;
His object was to place your orphan beauty
In honourable safety from the perils,
Which, in this scorpion nest of vice, assail
A lonely and undowered maid. I did not
Think with him, but would not oppose the thought
Which soothed his deathbed.

Ang. I have not forgotten
The nobleness with which you bade me speak,
If my young heart held any preference
Which would have made me happier; nor your offer
To make my dowry equal to the rank
Of aught in Venice, and forego all claim
My father's last injunction gave you.

Doge. Thus,
'T was not a foolish dotard's vile caprice
Which made me covetous of girlish beauty,
And a young bride. For the difference in our years
You knew it, choosing me, and chose; I trusted
Not to my qualities, nor would have faith
In such, nor outward ornaments of nature,
Were I still in my five and twentieth spring,
I trusted to the blood of Loredano
Pure in your veins; I trusted to the soul
God gave you—to the truths your father taught you—

To your belief in Heaven—to your mild virtues—
To your own faith and honour, for my own.

Ang. You have done well.—I thank you for that trust,
Which I have never for one moment ceased
To honour you the more for.

Doge. Where is honour,
Innate and precept-strengthened, 't is the rock
Of faith connubial: where it is not—where
Light thoughts are lurking, or the vanities
Of worldly pleasure rankle in the heart,
Or sensual throbs convulse it, well I know
'T were hopeless for humanity to dream
Of honesty in such infected blood,
Although 't were wed to him it covets most:
An incarnation of the poet's god
In all his marble chisell'd beauty, or
The demi-deity, Alcides, in
His majesty of superhuman manhood,
Would not suffice to bind where virtue is not;
It is consistency which forms and proves it:
Vice cannot fix, and virtue cannot change.
For vice must have variety, while virtue
Stands like the sun, and all which rolls around
Drinks life, and light, and glory from her aspect.

Ang. And seeing, feeling thus this truth in others,
(I pray you pardon me;) but wherefore yield you
To the most fierce of fatal passions, and
Disquiet your great thoughts with restless hate
Of such a thing as Steno?

Doge. You mistake me.
It is not Steno who could move me thus;
Had it been so, he should—but let that pass.

Ang. What is 't you feel so deeply then even now?

Doge. The violated majesty of Venice,
At once insulted in her lord and laws.

Ang. But he has been condemned into captivity.

Doge. For such as him a dungeon were acquittal;
And his brief term of mock-arrest will pass
Within a palace. But I've done with him;
The rest must be with you.

Ang. With me, my lord?

Doge. Yes, Angiolina. Do not marvel: I

Have let this prey upon me till I feel
My life can not be long; and fain would have you
Regard the injunctions you will find within
This scroll.—Fear not; they are for your advantage:
Read them hereafter at the fitting hour.

Ang. My lord, in life, and after life, you shall
Be honoured still by me: but may your days
Be many yet—and happier than the present!
This passion will give way, and you will be
Serene, and what you should be—what you were.

Doge. I will be what I should be, or be nothing!
But never more—oh! never, never more,
O'er the few days or hours which yet await
The blighted old age of Faliero, shall
Sweet quiet shed her sunset! Never more
Those summer shadows rising from the past
Of a not ill-spent nor inglorious life,
Mellowing the last hours as the night approaches,
Shall soothe me to my moment of long rest.
I had but little more to ask, or hope,
Save the regards due to the blood and sweat,
And the soul's labour through which I had toiled
To make my country honoured. As her servant—
Her servant, though her chief—I would have gone
Down to my fathers with a name serene
And pure as theirs; but this has been denied me.—
Would I had died at Zara!

Ang. Remember what you were.

Doge. It were in vain!

Joy's recollection is no longer joy,
While Sorrow's memory is a sorrow still.

Ang. At least, whate'er may urge, let me implore
That you will take some little pause of rest:
Your sleep for many nights has been so turbid,
That it had been relief to have awaked you,
Had I not hoped that Nature would o'erpower
At length the thoughts which shook your slumbers thus.
An hour of rest will give you to your toils
With fitter thoughts and freshened strength.

Doge. I cannot—

I must not, if I could; for never was
Such reason to be watchful: yet a few—

Yet a few days and dream-perturbed nights,
And I shall slumber well—but where?—no matter.
Adieu, my Angiolina.

Ang. Let me be
An instant—yet an instant your companion!
I cannot bear to leave you thus.

Doge. Come then,
My gentle child—forgive me; thou wert made
For better fortunes than to share in mine,
Now darkling in their close toward the deep vale
Where Death sits robed in his all-sweeping shadow.
When I am gone—it may be sooner than
Even these years warrant, for there is that stirring
Within—above—around, that in this city
Will make the cemeteries populous
As e'er they were by pestilence or war,—
When I *am* nothing, let that which I *was*
Be still sometimes a name on thy sweet lips,
A shadow in thy fancy, of a thing
Which would not have thee mourn it, but remember;—
Let us begone, my child—the time is pressing. BYRON.

9.—HESPERUS AND FLORIBEL, FROM THE BRIDE'S TRAGEDY.

Hes. SEE, here's a bower
Of eglantine with honeysuckles woven,
Where not a spark of prying light creeps in,
So closely do the sweets enfold each other.
'Tis Twilight's home. . . . So! I've a rival here;
What's this that sleeps so sweetly on your neck?

Flor. Jealous so soon, my Hesperus? Look then,
It is a bunch of flowers I pulled for you:
Here's the blue violet, like Pandora's eye,
When first it darkened with immortal life.

Hes. Sweet as thy lips. Fie on those taper fingers,
Have they been brushing the long grass aside,
To drag the daisy from its hiding-place,
Where it shuns light, the Danaë of flowers,
With gold uphoarded on its virgin lap?

Flor. And here's a treasure that I found by chance,
A lily of the valley; low it lay

Over a mossy mound, withered and weeping,
As on a fairy's grave.

Hes. Of all the posy
Give me the rose, though there's a tale of blood
Soiling its name. In elfin annals old
'Tis writ, how Zephyr, envious of his love,
(The love he bare to Summer, who since then
Has weeping visited the world,) once found
The baby Perfume cradled in a violet;
The felon winds, confederate with him,
Bound the sweet slumberer with golden chains
Pulled from the wreathed laburnum, and together
Deep cast him in the bosom of a rose,
And fed the fettered wretch with dew and air. BEDDOES.

10.—HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

And. Too daring prince!—Ah! whither dost thou run?
Ah! too forgetful of thy wife and son!
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be?
A widow I, a helpless orphan he!
For sure such courage length of life denies;
And thus must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.

Hec. Andromache! my soul's far better part,
Why with untimely sorrow heaves thy heart?
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
Till fate condemn me to the silent tomb.

And. Greece in her single heroes strove in vain:
Now hosts oppose thee—and thou must be slain.
Oh! grant me, gods! ere Hector meets his doom,
All I can ask of Heaven—an early tomb!
So shall my days in one sad tenor run,
And end with sorrows as they first begun.
No parent now remains my griefs to share,
No father's aid, no mother's tender care;
Yet, while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethren, all in thee!
Alas! my parents, brethren, kindred, all
Once more will perish, if my Hector fall
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy dangers share—
Oh! prove a husband's and a parent's care.

Hec. My early youth was bred to warlike pains ;
My soul impels me to the martial plains.
Still foremost let me stand to guard the throne,
To save my father's honours and my own.

And. That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy.
Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy :
Thou from this tower defend the important post ;
There Agamemnon points his dreadful host :
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have given,
Or led by hopes, or dictated from Heaven.
Let others in the field their arms employ ;
But stay, my Hector, here, and guard his Troy.

Hec. How would the sons of Troy, in arms renowned,
And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground,
Attaint the lustre of my former name,
Should Hector basely quit the field of fame !
No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home ;
There guide the spindle and direct the loom.
Me glory summons to the martial scene ;
The field of combat is the sphere for men.

Hec. [*Solus.*] Yet come it will ; the day decreed by fates !
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates !)
The day, when thou, imperial Troy ! must bend,
Must see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
And yet, no dire presage so wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Nor Priam's hoary hairs defiled with gore,
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore,
As thine, Andromache !—Thy griefs I dread !
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led.—
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Pressed with a load of monumental clay ;
Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep.

POPE'S *Homer's Iliad.*

11.—CATO'S SENATE.

Cato. FATHERS, we once again are met in council,
Cæsar's approach has summoned us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our resolves.

How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?
 Success still follows him, and backs his crimes.
 Pharsalia gave him Rome: Egypt has since
 Received his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.
 Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,
 And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands
 Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree
 What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
 And envies us even Libya's sultry deserts.
 Fathers, pronounce your thoughts: are they still fixed
 To hold it out and fight it to the last?
 Or are your hearts subdued at length, and wrought
 By time and ill success to a submission?
 Sempronius, speak.—

Sempronius. My voice is still for war.
 Gods! can a Roman senate long debate
 Which of the two to choose, slavery or death?
 No; let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
 And, at the head of our remaining troops,
 Attack the foe, break through the thick array
 Of his thronged legions, and charge home upon him.
 Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
 May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
 Rise, fathers, rise! 'tis Rome demands your help;
 Rise, and revenge her slaughtered citizens,
 Or share their fate! the corpse of half her senate
 Manure the fields of Thessaly, while we
 Sit here deliberating in cold debates
 If we should sacrifice our lives to honour,
 Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
 Rouse up, for shame! our brothers of Pharsalia
 Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—To battle!
 Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,
 And Scipio's ghost walks unrevenged amongst us!

Cato. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
 Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason:
 True fortitude is seen in great exploits
 That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides:
 All else is towering frenzy and distraction.
 Are not the lives of those who draw the sword
 In Rome's defence intrusted to our care?
 Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter

Might not the impartial world with reason say,
We lavished at our deaths the blood of thousands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?
Lucius, we next would know what 's your opinion.

Lucius. My thoughts, I must confess, are turned on peace.
Already have our quarrels filled the world
With widows and with orphans: Scythia mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
Lie half-unpeopled by the feuds of Rome:
'Tis time to sheathe the sword, and spare mankind.
It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers,
The gods declare against us, and repel
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,
(Prompted by blind revenge and wild despair,)
Were to refuse the awards of Providence,
And not to rest in Heaven's determination.
Already have we shown our love to Rome;
Now let us show submission to the gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
But free the commonwealth; when this end fails.
Arms have no further use: our country's cause,
That drew our swords, now wrests them from our hands,
And bids us not delight in Roman blood,
Unprofitably shed: what men could do
Is done already: heaven and earth will witness,
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

Semp. This smooth discourse, and mild behaviour, oft
Conceal a traitor—Something whispers me
All is not right—Cato, beware of Lucius.

Cato. Let us appear nor rash nor diffident:
Immoderate valour swells into a fault;
And fear, admitted into public councils,
Betrays like treason. Let us shun them both.
Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
Are grown thus desperate: we have bulwarks round us;
Within our walls are troops inured to toil
In Afric's heats, and seasoned to the sun;
Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at its young prince's call.
While there is hope, do not distrust the gods;
But wait at least till Cæsar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'T will never be too late

To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.
 Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time?
 No, let us draw her term of freedom out
 In its full length, and spin it to the last.
 So shall we gain still one day's liberty;
 And let me perish, but in Cato's judgment,
 A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty,
 Is worth a whole eternity of bondage.

ADDISON.

SPEECHES.

1.—SPEECH OF HENRY V. TO HIS SOLDIERS AT THE SIEGE OF HARFLEUR.

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
 Or close the wall up with our English dead!
 In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
 As modest stillness and humility:
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tiger;
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favoured rage:
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
 Let it pry through the portage of the head,
 Like the brass cannon.
 Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
 To its full height! On, on, you noblest English,
 Whose blood is fetched from fathers of war proof!
 Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
 Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
 And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
 Follow your spirit: and upon this charge,
 Cry—God for Harry! England! and St George!

SHAKSPEARE.

2.—ZANGA'S REASONS FOR HATING ALONZO.

'TIS twice five years since that great man
 (Great let me call him, for he conquered me)
 Made me the captive of his arm in fight.
 He slew my father, and threw chains o'er me,
 While I with pious rage pursued revenge.
 I then was young; he placed me near his person,
 And thought me not dishonoured by his service.
 One day (may that returning day be night,
 The stain, the curse, of each succeeding year!)
 For something, or for nothing, in his pride
 He struck me: (while I tell it, do I live?)
 He smote me on the cheek—I did not stab him,
 For that were poor revenge.—E'er since, his folly
 Hath striven to bury it beneath a heap
 Of kindnesses, and thinks it is forgot.
 Insolent thought! and like a second blow!
 Has the dark adder venom? So have I
 When trod upon. Proud Spaniard, thou shalt feel me!
 By nightly march he purposed to surprise
 The Moorish camp; but I have taken care
 They shall be ready to receive his favour.
 Failing in this, a cast of utmost moment,
 Would darken all the conquests he has won.—
 Be propitious, O Mahomet, on this important hour,
 And give at length my famished soul revenge! YOUNG.

3.—FALCONBRIDGE TO KING JOHN.

ALL Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out
 But Dover Castle; London hath received,
 Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:
 Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
 To offer service to your enemy;
 And wild amazement hurries up and down
 The little number of your doubtful friends.
 But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
 Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
 Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,

Govern the motions of a kingly eye :
 Be stirring as the time ; be fire with fire ;
 Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
 Of bragging horror : so shall inferior eyes,
 That borrow their behaviours from the great,
 Grow great by your example, and put on
 The dauntless spirit of resolution.
 Away ; and glister like the god of war,
 When he intendeth to become the field :
 Show boldness and aspiring confidence.
 What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
 And fright him there ? and make him tremble there ?
 O, let it not be said ! Forage, and run
 To meet displeasure further from the doors ;
 And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.

SHAKSPEARE.

4.—MARINO FALIERO TO THE CONSPIRATORS.

YOU see me here,
 As one of you hath said, an old, unarmed,
 Defenceless man ; and yesterday you saw me
 Presiding in the hall of ducal state,
 Apparent sovereign of our hundred isles,
 Robed in official purple, dealing out
 The edicts of a power which is not mine,
 Nor yours, but of our masters—the patricians.
 Why I was there you know, or think you know ;
 Why I am here, he who hath been most wronged,
 He who among you hath been most insulted,
 Outraged, and trodden on, until he doubt
 If he be worm or no, may answer for me,
 Asking of his own heart, what brought him here ?
 You know my recent story, all men know it,
 And judge of it far differently from those
 Who sate in judgment to heap scorn on scorn.
 But spare me the recital—it is here,
 Here at my heart the outrage—but my words,
 Already spent in unavailing plaints,
 Would only show my feebleness the more,
 And I come here to strengthen even the strong,

And urge them on to deeds, and not to war
With woman's weapon; but I need not urge you.
Our private wrongs have sprung from public vices,
In this—I cannot call it commonwealth
Nor kingdom, which hath neither prince nor people,
But all the sins of the old Spartan state
Without its Virtues—temperance and valour.

You are met

To overthrow this monster of a state,
This mockery of a government, this spectre,
Which must be exorcised with blood,—and then
We will renew the times of truth and justice,
Condensing in a fair free commonwealth
Not rash equality but equal rights,
Proportioned like the columns to the temple,
Giving and taking strength reciprocal,
And making firm the whole with grace and beauty,
So that no part could be removed without
Infringement of the general symmetry.
Haply had I been what the senate sought,
A thing of robes and trinkets—they had ne'er
Fostered the wretch who stung me. What I suffer
Has reached me through my pity for the people;
That many know, and they who know not yet
Will one day learn: meantime, I do devote,
Whate'er the issue, my last days of life—
My present power such as it is—not that
Of Doge, but of a man who has been great
Before he was degraded to a Doge,
And still has individual means and mind;
I stake my fame (and I had fame)—my breath—
(The least of all, for its last hours are nigh)
My heart—my hope—my soul—upon this cast!
Such as I am, I offer me to you
And to your chiefs, accept me or reject me,
A prince who fain would be a citizen
Or nothing, and who has left his throne to be so.

BYRON'S *Doge of Venice*.

5.—HENRY V.'S SPEECH AT AGINCOURT.

WHAT'S he that wishes more men from England?
My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin:
If we are marked to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
No, no, my lord, wish not a man from England:
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, throughout my host,
That he who hath no stomach to this fight
May straight depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company.
This day is called the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a-tiptoe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that outlives this day, and sees old age,
Will, yearly on the vigil, feast his neighbours,
And say—to-morrow is Saint Crispian:
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars.
Old men forget, yet shall not all forget,
But they'll remember, with advantages,
What feats they did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household-words,—
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Glos'ter,—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered:
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this time to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he, to-day, that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother; be he e'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition;
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispian's day.

SHAKSPEARE.

6.—RICHARD II. TO SIR STEPHEN SCROOP ON RECEIVING THE
NEWS OF THE REVOLT OF HIS SUBJECTS.

Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill.
Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart-blood warmed, that sting my heart!
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

—Of comfort no man speak;

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors and talk of wills:
And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all, are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death;
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—
How some have been deposed; some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed:
Some poisoned by their wives, some sleeping kill'd;
All murdered: For within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court; and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp,—
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be feared, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable,—and, humoured thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle walls, and—farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood

With solemn reverence ; throw away respect,
 Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
 For you have but mistook me all this while :
 I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
 Need friends :—Subjected thus,
 How can you say to me—I am a king? SHAKSPEARE.

7.—HOW DOUGLAS LEARNED THE ART OF WAR.

BENEATH a mountain's brow, the most remote
 And inaccessible by shepherds trod,
 In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hand,
 A hermit lived ; a melancholy man,
 Who was the wonder of our wandering swains.
 Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,
 Did they report him ; the cold earth his bed,
 Water his drink, his food the shepherds' alms.
 I went to see him, and my heart was touched
 With reverence and with pity. Mild he spake,
 And, entering on discourse, such stories told,
 As made me oft revisit his sad cell :
 For he had been a soldier in his youth ;
 And fought in famous battles, when the peers
 Of Europe, by the bold Godfredo led,
 Against the usurping infidel displayed
 The blessed cross, and won the Holy Land.
 Pleased with my admiration, and the fire
 His speech struck from me, the old man would shake
 His years away, and act his young encounters.
 Then, having showed his wounds, he 'd sit him down,
 And all the livelong day discourse of war.
 To help my fancy, in the smooth green turf,
 He cut the figures of the marshalled host :
 Described the motions and explained the use
 Of the deep column and the lengthened line,
 The square, the crescent, and the phalanx firm :
 For all that Saracen or Christian knew
 Of war's vast art was to this hermit known.

Unhappy man !

Returning homewards by Messina's port,
 Loaded with wealth and honours bravely won,

A rude and boisterous captain of the sea
 Fastened a quarrel on him. Fierce they fought :
 The stranger fell ; and with his dying breath
 Declared his name and lineage. Mighty God !
 The soldier cried, my brother ! Oh ! my brother !

—They exchanged forgiveness,
 And happy, in my mind, was he that died ;
 For many deaths has the survivor suffered.
 In the wild desert on a rock he sits,
 Or on some nameless stream's untrodden banks,
 And ruminates all day his dreadful fate.
 At times, alas ! not in his perfect mind,
 Holds dialogues with his loved brother's ghost ;
 And oft, each night, forsakes his sullen couch
 To make sad orisons for him he slew.

HOME.

8.—OTHELLO'S APOLOGY.

MOST potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
 My very noble and approved good masters ;
 That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
 It is most true ; true, I have married her ;
 The very head and front of my offending
 Hath this extent ; no more. Rude am I in speech,
 And little blessed with the set phrase of peace ;
 For, since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
 Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have used
 Their dearest action in the tented field ;
 And little of this great world can I speak,
 More than pertains to feats of broils and battles ;
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause
 In speaking for myself. Yet, by your patience,
 I will a round unvarnished tale deliver
 Of my whole course of love ; what drugs, what charms,
 What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
 (For such proceedings I am charged withal)
 I won his daughter with.—

Her father loved me, oft invited me,
 Still questioned me the story of my life,
 From year to year ; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
 That I have past.

I ran it through, even from my boyish days
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances ;
Of moving accidents by flood and field ;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach ;
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,
And with it all my travel's history ;
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts wild,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak.—All these to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline :
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse : which I observing.
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate ;
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not distinctively. I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffered. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :
She said, 'twas strange, indeed, 'twas passing strange ;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful——
She wished she had not heard it—yet she wished
That Heaven had made her such a man : she thanked me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. On this hint I spake :
She loved me for the dangers I had past ;
And I loved her, that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used.

SHAKSPEARE.

9.—CASSIUS AGAINST CÆSAR.

I CANNOT tell what you and other men
Think of this life ; but for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be

In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so indeed he did.
The torrent roared, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,
And stemming it, with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, Help me, Cassius, or I sink.
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye, whose bend does awe the world,
Did lose its lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, Give me some drink, Titinius,
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.
Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,

But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
 Brutus and Cæsar: What should be in that Cæsar?
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
 Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meat does this our Cæsar feed,
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was famed with more than with one man?
 When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,
 That her wide walls encompassed but one man?
 O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
 There was a Brutus once, that would have brooked
 The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
 As easily as a king.

SHAKESPEARE.

 10.—ADDRESS OF ION.

ARGIVES! I have a boon
 To crave of you;—whene'er I shall rejoin
 In death the father from whose heart in life
 Stern fate divided me, think gently of him!
 For ye who saw him in his full-blown pride,
 Knew little of affections crushed within,
 And wrongs which frenzied him; yet never more
 Let the great interests of the state depend
 Upon the thousand chances that may sway
 A piece of human frailty! Swear to me
 That ye will seek hereafter in yourselves
 The means of sovereign rule:—our narrow space,
 So happy in its confines, so compact,
 Needs not the magic of a single name
 Which wider regions may require to draw
 Their interests into one; but, circled thus,
 Like a blessed family by simple laws,
 May tenderly be governed; all degrees

Moulded together as a single form
 Of nymph-like loveliness, which finest chords
 Of sympathy pervading, shall suffuse
 In times of quiet with one bloom, and fill
 With one resistless impulse, if the hosts
 Of foreign power should threaten. Gracious gods!
 In whose mild service my glad youth was spent,
 Look on me now;—and if there is a power,
 As at this solemn time I feel there is,
 Beyond ye, that hath breathed through all your shapes
 The spirit of the beautiful that lives
 In earth and heaven;—to ye I offer up
 This conscious being, full of life and love
 For my dear country's welfare. TALFOURD.

11.—THE DUKE ARANZA TO JULIANA, FROM
 THE HONEY-MOON.

I'LL have no glittering gewgaws stuck about you
 To stretch the gaping eyes of idiot wonder,
 And make men stare upon a piece of earth
 As on the star-wrought firmament—no feathers
 To wave as streamers to your vanity—
 Nor cumbrous silk, that, with its rustling sound,
 Makes proud the flesh that bears it. She's adorned
 Amply, that in her husband's eye looks lovely—
 The truest mirror that an honest wife
 Can see her beauty in!

Thus modestly attired,

A half-blown rose stuck in thy braided hair,
 With no more diamonds than those eyes are made of,
 No deeper rubies than compose thy lips,
 Nor pearls more precious than inhabit them;
 With the pure red and white, which that same hand
 Which blends the rainbow mingles in thy cheeks;
 This well-proportioned form (think not I flatter)
 In graceful motion to harmonious sounds,
 And thy free tresses dancing in the wind,
 Thou'lt fix as much observance as chaste dames
 Can meet without a blush.

TOBIN.

12.—SPEECH OF PRINCE EDWARD IN HIS DUNGEON.

DOTH the bright sun from the high arch of heaven,
In all his beauteous robes of fleckered clouds,
And ruddy vapours, and deep glowing flames,
And softly varied shades, look gloriously?
Do the green woods dance to the wind? the lakes
Cast up their sparkling waters to the light?
Do the sweet hamlets in their bushy dells
Send winding up to heaven their curling smoke
On the soft morning air?
Do the flocks bleat, and the wild creatures bound
In antic happiness? and mazy birds
Wing the mid air in lightly skimming bands?
Ay, all this is—men do behold all this—
The poorest man. Even in this lonely vault,
My dark and narrow world, oft do I hear
The crowing of the cock so near my walls,
And sadly think how small a space divides me
From all this fair creation. JOANNA BAILLIE.

13.—ORATION IN PRAISE OF CORIOLANUS.

I SHALL lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be uttered feebly.—At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'er-pressed Roman, and in the consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He proved the best man in the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak.—His pupil age,
Man-entered thus, he waxed like a sea;

And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
 He lurch'd all swords o' the garland. For this last,
 Before and in Corioli, let me say,
 I cannot speak him home: he stopped the fliers;
 And, by his rare example, made the coward
 Turn terror into sport. As weeds before
 A vessel under sail, so men obeyed,
 And fell below his stem. Alone he entered
 The mortal gate of the city; aidless came off,
 And with a sudden re-enforcement, struck
 Corioli like a planet: and till we called
 Both field and city ours, he never stood
 To ease his breast with panting.

SHAKSPEARE.

14.—EVE'S ADDRESS TO ADAM AFTER DREAMING THAT SHE HAD
 TASTED OF THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

O SOLE in whom my thoughts find all repose,
 My glory, my perfection! glad I see
 Thy face, and morn returned; for I this night
 (Such night till this I never passed) have dreamed,
 If dreamed, not, as I oft am wont, of thee,
 Works of day past, or morrow's next design;
 But of offence and trouble, which my mind
 Knew never till this irksome night. Methought
 Close at mine ear one called me forth to walk
 With gentle voice; I thought it thine: it said,
 Why sleep'st thou, Eve? now is the pleasant time,
 The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
 To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
 Tunes sweetest his love-laboured song: now reigns
 Full-orbed the moon, and with more pleasing light
 Shadowy sets off the face of things; in vain,
 If none regard: heaven wakes with all his eyes;
 Whom to behold but thee, nature's desire?
 In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment,
 Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.
 I rose, as at thy call, but found' thee not:
 To find thee I directed then my walk;

And on, methought, alone I passed through ways
That brought me on a sudden to the tree
Of interdicted knowledge: fair it seemed,
Much fairer to my fancy than by day:
And, as I wondering looked, beside it stood
One shaped and winged like one of those from heaven
By us oft seen: his dewy locks distilled
Ambrosia: on that tree he also gazed:
And, O fair plant, said he, with fruit surcharged,
Deigns none to ease thy load, and taste thy sweet.
Nor God, nor man? Is knowledge so despised?
Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?
Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
Longer thy offered good: why else set here?
This said, he paused not, but with venturous arm
He plucked, he tasted: me damp horror chilled
At such bold words, vouched with a deed so bold:
But he thus, overjoyed: O fruit divine,
Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus cropt!
Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve!
Partake thou also: happy though thou art,
Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst not be:
So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
Even to my mouth of that same fruit held part
Which he had plucked: the pleasant savoury smell
So quickened appetite, that I, methought,
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The earth outstretched immense, a prospect wide,
And various: wondering at my flight and change
To this high exaltation; suddenly .
My guide was gone; and I, methought, sunk down.
And fell asleep: but O, how glad I waked
To find this but a dream!

MILTON.

15.—THE PASSIONS, AN ODE.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell,

Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the Muse's painting.
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined;
Till once, 't is said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatched her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each (for madness ruled the hour)
Would prove his own expressive power.

First, Fear, his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid:
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made.
Next, Anger rushed, his eyes on fire;
In lightnings owned his secret stings.
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hands the strings.

With woful measures, wan Despair—
Low sullen sounds his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air:
'T was sad, by fits—by starts, 't was wild.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail.
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still through all her song:
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair:

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose.
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down;
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,

And blew a blast, so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of wo :
 And, ever and anon, he beat
 The doubling drum with furious heat.
And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,
 Dejected Pity at his side,
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien ;
While each strained ball of sight—seemed bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fixed ;
 Sad proof of thy distressful state.
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed :
 And, now, it courted Love ; now, raving, called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired ;
And, from her wild sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul :
 And, dashing soft, from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels joined the sound.
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
 Or o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
 (Round a holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace and lonely musing),
In hollow murmurs died away.

But, O, how altered was its sprightlier tone !
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known ;
 The oak-crowned Sisters, and their chaste-eyed Queen
Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
 Peeping from forth their alleys green :
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
And Sport leapt up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last, came Joy's ecstatic trial.
He, with viny crown advancing,

First to the lively pipe his hand addressed ;
 But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
 They would have thought, who heard the strain,
 They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
 Amid the festal-sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing ;
 While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
 Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round,
 (Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound),
 And he amidst his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings. COLLINS.

16.—ALEXANDER'S FEAST ; OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.
 AN ODE FOR ST CECILIA'S DAY.

'TWAS at the royal feast, for Persia won
 By Philip's warlike son.—
 Aloft, in awful state,
 The godlike hero sat
 On his imperial throne.
 His valiant peers were placed around,
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound ;
 So should desert in arms be crowned.
 The lovely Thais, by his side,
 Sat like a blooming Eastern bride,
 In flower of youth, and beauty's pride.—
 Happy, happy, happy pair !
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave—deserves the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high
 Amid the tuneful choir,
 With flying fingers touched the lyre :
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heavenly joys inspire.—
 The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blissful seats above ;
 Such is the power of mighty love.

A dragon's fiery form belied the god :
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
 When he to fair Olympia pressed,
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound :
A present deity ! they shout around ;
A present deity ! the vaulted roofs rebound.—
 With ravished ears
 The monarch hears ;
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet musician sung ;
Of Bacchus, ever fair, and ever young.
 The jolly god in triumph comes !
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums.
 Flushed with a purple grace,
 He shows his honest face.

Now give the hautboys breath—he comes ! he comes !
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain.
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure ;
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure.
 Rich the treasure ;
 Sweet the pleasure ;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain ;
Fought all his battles o'er again ;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise ;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
And, while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand, and checked his pride.—
 He chose a mournful muse
 Soft pity to infuse.
He sung Darius, great and good,
 By too severe a fate,
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high estate,
 And weltering in his blood.
Deserted in his utmost need

By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.—

With downcast look the joyless victor sat
Revolving, in his altered soul,
The various turns of fate below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled, to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move;
For pity melts the mind to love.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying.

If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, oh! think it worth enjoying!

Lovely Thais sits beside thee;

Take the good the gods provide thee.—

The many rend the skies with loud applause:
So love was crowned, but music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,

Gazed on the fair

Who caused his care,

And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,

Sighed and looked, and sighed again:

At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now, strike the golden lyre again;

A louder yet, and yet a louder strain:

Break his bands of sleep asunder,

And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark! hark!—the horrid sound

Has raised up his head,

As awaked from the dead;

And amazed he stares around.

Revenge, revenge! Timotheus cries—

See the furies arise!

See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in the air,
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!—
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand!
 These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
 And, unburied, remain
 Inglorious on the plain.
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew.
 Behold how they toss their torches on high!
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glittering temples of their hostile gods!—
 The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
 And the king seized a flambeau, with zeal to destroy:
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey;
 And, like another Helen—fired another Troy.

Thus long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
 While organs yet were mute;
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute
 And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage—or kindle soft desire.
 At last, divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame.
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let Old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown:
 He raised a mortal to the skies;
 She drew an angel down.

DRYDEN.

17.—SPEECH OF ROLLA.

MY brave associates—partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame!
 Can Rolla's words add vigour to the virtuous energies which inspire
 your hearts?—No;—*you* have judged as I have, the foulness of the

crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you.—Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate *their* minds and *ours*.—*They*, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule ;—*we*, for our country, our altars, and our homes.—*They* follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate ;—*we* serve a monarch whom we love,—a God whom we adore.—Whene'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress !—Whene'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship.—They boast, they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error !—Yes—*they* will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride.—They offer us their protection.—Yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them.—They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise.—Be our plain answer this : The throne *we* honour is the *people's* choice ;—the laws we reverence are our brave fathers' legacy ;—the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hope of bliss beyond the grave.—Tell your invaders this, and tell them too, we seek no change ; and, least of all, such change as *they* would bring us.

SHERIDAN'S *Pizarro*.

18.—VIRGINIUS APPEALING TO HIS FELLOW-CITIZENS TO RESCUE
HIS DAUGHTER FROM THE HANDS OF APPIUS.

Is this the daughter of a slave ? I know
 'Tis not with men as shrubs and trees, that by
 The shoot you know the rank and order of
 The stem. Yet who from such a stem would look
 For such a shoot. My witnesses are these—
 The relatives and friends of Numitoria,
 Who saw her, ere Virginia's birth, sustain
 The burden which a mother bears, nor feels
 The weight, with longing for the sight of it.
 Here are the ears that listened to her sighs
 In nature's hour of labour, which subsides
 In the embrace of joy—the hands, that when
 The day first looked upon the infant's face,
 And never looked so pleased, helped them up to it,
 And blessed her for a blessing. Here the eyes

That saw her lying at the generous
 And sympathetic fount, that, at her cry,
 Sent forth a stream of liquid living pearl
 To cherish her enamelled veins. The lie
 Is most unfruitful then, that takes the flower—
 The very flower our bed connubial grew—
 To prove its barrenness! Fellow-citizens
 Look not on Claudius, look on your Decemvir!
 He is the master claims Virginia!
 The tongues that told him she was not my child
 Are these—the costly charms he cannot purchase,
 Except by making her the slave of Claudius.

Look upon her, Romans!

Befriend her! succour her! see her not polluted
 Before her father's eyes!—He is but one;
 Tear her from Appius and his Lictors, while
 She is unstained! your hands! your hands! your hands.
SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

19.—CLARENCE'S DREAM.

METHOUGHT that I had broken from the Tower,
 And was embarked to cross to Burgundy;
 And in my company my brother Gloster:
 Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
 Upon the hatches; thence we looked toward England,
 And cited up a thousand heavy times,
 During the wars of York and Lancaster
 That had befallen us. As we paced along
 Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
 Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
 Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
 Into the tumbling billows of the main.
 O then methought what pain it was to drown!
 What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
 What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
 Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
 A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
 All scattered in the bottom of the sea.

Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 't were in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

And often did I strive
To yield the ghost : but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wandering air ;
But smothered it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

—My dream was lengthened after life ;
O, then began the tempest to my soul !
I passed, methought, the melancholy flood
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick ;
Who cried aloud,—“ What scourge for perjury
“ Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence ?”
And so he vanished : Then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood ; and he shrieked out aloud,—
“ Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,—
“ That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury ;—
“ Seize on him, furies, take him to your torment !”—
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environed me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I trembling waked, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell ;
Such terrible impression made my dream.
O, Brackenbury, I have done these things,—
That now give evidence against my soul,—
For Edward's sake ; and see how he requites me !—
O Heaven ! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone :
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children !—
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me ;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep. SHAKSPEARE.

20.—HAMLET'S ADVICE TO THE PLAYERS.

SPEAK the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier had spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand thus: but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Oh! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who (for the most part) are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise. Pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame neither; but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you *o'erstep not the modesty of Nature*: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing; whose end is—to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to Nature; to show Virtue her own feature, Scorn her own image,—and the very age and body of the 'Time, his form and pressure. Now, this overdone or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve: the censure of the which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. Oh! there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, that, neither having the accent of Christian, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

SHAKSPEARE.

SOLILOQUIES.

1.—HENRY THE FOURTH'S SOLILOQUY ON SLEEP.

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O Sleep! O gentle Sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness!
Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds; and leavest the kingly couch
A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And, in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafening clamours in the slippery clouds
That with the hurly death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial Sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low-lie-down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

SHAKSPEARE.

2.—LADY RANDOLPH'S SOLILOQUY.

YE woods and wilds, whose melancholy gloom
Accords with my soul's sadness, and draws forth
The voice of sorrow from my bursting heart,

Farewell a while : I will not leave you long ;
 For in your shades I deem some spirit dwells,
 Who, from the chiding stream or groaning oak,
 Still hears and answers to Matilda's moan.
 Oh Douglas ! Douglas ! if departed ghosts
 Are e'er permitted to review this world,
 Within the circle of that wood thou art,
 And, with the passion of immortals, hear'st
 My lamentation ; hear'st thy wretched wife
 Weep for her husband slain, her infant lost.
 My brother's timeless death I seem to mourn,
 Who perished with thee on this fatal day :
 To thee I lift my voice ; to thee address
 The plaint which mortal ear has never heard.
 O disregard me not ; though I am called
 Another's now, my heart is wholly thine.
 Incapable of change, affection lies
 Buried, my Douglas, in thy bloody grave.

HOME.

3.—CATO'S SOLILOQUY ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well !
 Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality ?
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
 Of falling into nought ? Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?—
 'T is the Divinity that stirs within us :
 'T is Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
 And intimates Eternity to man.
 Eternity !—thou pleasing—dreadful thought !
 Through what variety of untried being,
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass !
 The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me ;
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.—
 Here will I hold. If there's a Power above,
 (And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
 Through all her works), He must delight in virtue :
 And that which He delights in must be happy.
 But when ? or where ? This world was made for Cæsar ?

I'm weary of conjectures—this must end them.—

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Thus I am doubly armed. My death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end ;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.—
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years ;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

ADDISON.

4.—HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.

To be, or not to be, that is the question :
Whether 't is nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?—To die—to sleep—
No more ;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to—'t is a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die—to sleep—
To sleep !—perchance to dream—ay, there 's the rub.—
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause.—There 's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life :
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his *quietus* make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
(That undiscovered country, from whose bourn

No traveller returns) puzzles the will;
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of.
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all:
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.

SHAKSPEARE.

 5.—SAMSON AGONISTES.

THIS day a solemn feast the people hold
 To Dagon their sea-idol, and forbid
 Laborious works; unwillingly this rest
 Their superstition yields me; hence with leave
 Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
 This unfrequented place to find some ease,
 Ease to the body some, none to the mind,
 From restless thoughts, that like a deadly swarm
 Of hornets armed, no sooner found alone,
 But rush upon me thronging, and present
 Times past, what once I was, and what am now.
 —But chief of all,
 O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
 Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
 Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
 Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,
 And all her various objects of delight
 Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eased,
 Inferior to the vilest now become
 Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me;
 They creep, yet see; I dark in light exposed
 To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
 Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
 In power of others, never in my own;
 Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
 O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
 Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
 Without all hope of day!

O first created Beam, and thou great Word,
" Let there be light, and light was over all ;"
Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree ?
The sun to me is dark
And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
Since light so necessary is to life,
And almost life itself, if it be true
That light is in the soul,
She all in every part ; why was the sight
To such a tender ball as the eye confined,
So obvious and so easy to be quenched ?
And not as feeling through all parts diffused,
That she might look at will through every pore ?
Then had I not been thus exiled from light,
As in the land of darkness, yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death,
And buried, but O yet more miserable !
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave ;
Buried, yet not exempt,
By privilege of death and burial,
From worst of other evils, pains, and wrongs ;
But made hereby obnoxious more
To all the miseries of life,
Life in captivity
Among inhuman foes.
But who are these ? for with joint pace I hear
The tread of many feet steering this way ;
Perhaps my enemies, who come to stare
At my affliction, and perhaps to insult,
Their daily practice to afflict me more.

MILTON.

COMIC EXTRACTS.

1.—CONCLUSION OF PHIL. FUDGE'S LETTER TO HIS BROTHER TIM. FUDGE, ESQ., BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

AND now, my brother, guide, and friend,
This somewhat tedious scrawl must end.
I've gone into this long detail,
Because I saw your nerves were shaken,
With anxious fears lest I should fail
In this new loyal course I've taken.
But, bless your heart! you need not doubt—
We, Fudges, know what we're about.
Look round and say if you can see
A much more thriving family.
There's Jack, the doctor—night and day
Hundreds of patients so besiege him,
You'd swear that all the rich and gay
Fell sick on purpose to oblige him.
And while they think, the precious ninnies,
He's counting o'er their pulse so steady,
The rogue but counts how many guineas
He's fobbed for that day's work already.
I shan't forget th' old maid's alarm,
When, feeling thus Miss Sukey Flirt, he
Said, as he dropped her shrivelled arm,
Very bad this morning—only thirty.

Your dowagers, too, every one
So generous are, when they call him in,
That he might now retire upon
The rheumatisms of three old women.
Then, whatsoe'er your ailments are,
He can so learnedly explain 'em.
Your cold of course is a catarrh,
Your headach is a hemi-cranium.—
His skill, too, in young ladies' lungs,
The grace with which, most mild of men,
He begs them to put out their tongues,
Then bids them—put them in again!

In short, there's nothing now like Jack ;—
Take all your doctors, great and small,
Of present times and ages back,
Dear Doctor Fudge is worth them all.

So much for physic—then in law too,
Counsellor Tim ! to thee we bow ;
Not one of us gives more eclat to
The immortal name of Fudge than thou.
Not to expatiate on the art
With which you played the patriot's part
Till something good and snug should offer ;
Like one, who, by the way he acts
The *enlightening* part of candle-snuffer,
The manager's keen eye attracts,
And is promoted thence by him
To strut in robes like thee, my Tim.
Who shall describe thy powers of face,
Thy well-fee'd zeal in every case,
Or wrong or right—but ten times warmer
(As suits thy calling) in the former—
Thy glorious, lawyer-like delight
In puzzling all that's clear and right,
Which, though conspicuous in thy youth,
Improves so with a wig and band on
That all thy pride's to way-lay Truth,
And leave her not a leg to stand on—
Thy potent, prime, morality,—
Thy cases cited from the Bible,—
Thy candour, when it falls to thee
To help in trouncing for a libel ;—
“ Heaven knows, I, from my soul, profess
“ To hate all bigots and benighters !
“ Heaven knows that even to excess,
“ The sacred freedom of the press,
“ My only aim's to crush—the writers.”
These are the virtues, Tim, that draw
The briefs into thy bag so fast ;
And these, O Tim,—if law be law—
Will raise thee to the Bench at last.

I blush to see this letter's length,—
But 't was my wish to prove to thee

How full of hope, and wealth, and strength,
 Are all our precious family ;
 And, should affairs go on as pleasant
 As, thank the Fates, they do at present,—
 I hope ere long to see the day
 When England's wisest statesmen, judges,
 Lawyers, peers, will all be—Fudges !
 Good-bye—my paper's out so nearly
 I've only room for Yours sincerely.
MOORE'S *Fudge Family*.

2.—CONTEST BETWEEN THE NOSE AND EYES.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,
 The spectacles set them unhappily wrong ;
 The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
 To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the Lawyer, and argued the cause
 With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning,
 While chief-baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
 So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear,
 And your Lordship, he said, will undoubtedly find,
 That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
 Which amounts to possession time out of mind.

Then, holding the spectacles up to the court—
 Your Lordship observes they are made with a straddle
 As wide as the ridge of the Nose is,—in short,
 Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

Again, would your Lordship a moment suppose
 ('T is a case that has happened, and may be again),
 That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
 Pray who would or who could wear spectacles then ?

On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,
 With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
 That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
 And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.

Then shifting his side, as a lawyer knows how,
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes;
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his Lordship decreed, with a grave solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*,
That whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By day-light or candle-light—Eyes should be shut.

COWPER.

3.—THE MONKEY.

MONKEY, little merry fellow,
Thou art Nature's Punchinello;
Full of fun as Puck could be—
Harlequin might learn of thee!

In the very ark, no doubt,
You went frolicking about;
Never keeping in your mind
Drowned monkeys left behind!

Have you no traditions—none
Of the court of Solomon?
No memorial how ye went
With Prince Hiram's armament?

Look not at him, slily peep;
He pretends to be asleep;
Fast asleep upon his bed,
With his arm beneath his head.

Now that posture is not right,
And he is not settled quite;
There! that's better than before,
And the knave pretends to snore.

Ha! he is not half asleep;
See he slily takes a peep,
Monkey! though your eyes were shut,
You could see this little nut.

You shall have it, pigmy brother!
What, another! and another!

Nay your cheeks are like a sack—
Sit down and begin to crack.

There the little ancient man
Cracks as fast as crack he can!
Now good-bye, you merry fellow,
Nature's primest Punchinello. MARY HOWITT.

4.—LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN.

WHO has e'er been in London, that overgrown place,
Has seen "*Lodgings to Let*" stare him full in the face.
Some are good, and let dearly; while some, 't is well known,
Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.—

WILL WADDLE, whose temper was studious and lonely,
Hired lodgings that took Single Gentlemen only;
But WILL was so fat, he appeared like a tun,—
Or like two SINGLE GENTLEMEN rolled into ONE.

He entered his rooms, and to bed he retreated;
But, all the night long, he felt fevered and heated;
And, though heavy to weigh, as a score of fat sheep,
He was not, by any means, heavy to sleep.

Next night 't was the same!—and the next! and the next!
He perspired like an ox; he was nervous, and vexed;
Week passed after week, till by weekly succession,
His weakly condition was past all expression.

In six months his acquaintance began much to doubt him;
For his skin, "like a lady's loose gown," hung about him.
He sent for a Doctor, and cried, like a ninny,
"I have lost many pounds—make me well—there's a guinea."

The Doctor looked wise:—"a slow fever," he said;
Prescribed sudorifics,—and going to bed.
"Sudorifics in bed," exclaimed WILL, "are humbugs!
"I've enough of them there, without paying for drugs!"

WILL kicked out the Doctor:—but when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the Doctor don't *always* succeed;
So, calling his host—he said—"Sir, do you know,
"I'm the fat SINGLE GENTLEMAN, six months ago?"

"Look ye, Landlord, I think," argued WILL with a grin,
 "That with honest intentions you first *took me in* :
 "But from the first night—and to say it I'm bold—
 "I've been so very *hot*, that I'm sure I caught *cold*!"

Quoth the landlord,—“Till now, I ne'er had a dispute ;
 “I've let lodgings ten years,—I'm a *baker* to boot ;
 “In airing your sheets, sir, my wife is no sloven ;
 “And your bed is immediately—over my OVEN.”

“The OVEN!!!”—says Will ;—says the host, “Why this passion ?
 “In that excellent bed died three people of fashion.
 “Why so *crusty*, good sir ?”—“Zounds !” cried WILL in a taking,
 “Who would not be *crusty*, with half a year's *baking* ?”

WILL paid for his rooms :—cried the host, with a sneer,
 “Well, I see you've been *going away* half a year.”
 “Friend, we can't well agree ;—yet no quarrel”—WILL said :—
 “But I'd rather not *perish*, while you make your *bread*.”

COLMAN.

5.—THE WELL OF ST KEYNE.

A WELL there is in the west country,
 And a clearer one never was seen ;
 There is not a wife in the west country
 But has heard of the Well of St Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,
 And behind does an ash tree grow ;
 And a willow from the bank above,
 Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the Well of St Keyne,
 Joyfully he drew nigh ;
 For from cock-crow he had been travelling,
 And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
 For hot and thirsty was he ;
 And he sat down upon the bank,
 Under the willow tree.

There came a man from the neighbouring town,
 At the Well to fill his pail ;

By the well-side he rested it,
And he bade the stranger hail.

"Now, art thou a bachelor, stranger?" quoth he,
"For an if thou hast a wife,
"The happiest draught thou hast drunk this day,
"That ever thou didst in thy life.

"Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast,
"Ever here in Cornwall been?

"For an if she have I'll venture my life,
"She has drank of the Well of St Keyne."

"I have left a good woman who never was here,"
The stranger he made reply;

"But that my draught should be better for that,
"I pray you answer me why."

"St Keyne," quoth the Cornishman, "many a time
"Drank of this crystal Well;

"And before the angel summoned her
"She laid on the water a spell;—

"If the husband, of this gifted Well
"Shall drink before his wife,

"A happy man henceforth is he,
"For he shall be master for life.

"But if the wife should drink of it first,
"God help the husband then!"

The stranger stoop'd to the Well of St Keyne,
And drank of the water again.

"You drank of the Well, I warrant, betimes,"
He to the Cornishman said;

But the Cornishman smiled as the stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.

"I hastened as soon as the wedding was done,
"And left my wife in the porch;

"But i' faith she had been wiser than I,
"For she took a bottle to church."

SOUTHEY.

6.—THE NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.

A MAN in many a country town we know,
 Professing openly with Death to wrestle :
 Entering the field against the grimly foe,
 Armed with a mortar and a pestle.

Yet some affirm, no enemies they are ;
 But meet just like prize-fighters in a fair,
 Who first shake hands before they box,
 Then give each other plaguy knocks,
 With all the love and kindness of a brother.

So (many a suffering patient saith)
 Though the Apothecary fights with Death,
 Still they 're sworn friends to one another.

A member of the Æsculapian line,
 Lived at Newcastle-upon-Tyne ;
 No man could better gild a pill ;
 Or make a bill ;
 Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister ;
 Or draw a tooth out of your head ;
 Or chatter scandal by your bed ;
 Or spread a plaster.

His fame full six miles round the country ran,
 In short, in reputation he was *solus* !
 All the old women called him "a fine man !" —
 His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in *trade*,
 (Which oftentimes will genius fetter),
 Read works of fancy, it is said,
 And cultivated the *Belles Lettres*.

And why should this be thought so odd ?
 Can't men have taste who cure a phthisic ?
 Of poetry though patron god,
 Apollo patronizes physick.

Bolus loved verse, and took so much delight in 't,
 That his prescriptions he resolved to write in 't.

No opportunity he e'er let pass
 Of writing the directions on his labels,
 In dapper couplets, like *Gay's Fables* ;
 Or rather like the lines in *Hudibras*.

Apothecary's verse !—and where 's the treason ?
 'Tis simply honest dealing ;—not a crime ;
 When patients swallow physic without reason,
 It is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a patient lying at Death's door,
 Some three miles from the town, it might be four ;
 To whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article,
 In pharmacy, that 's called cathartical.
 And on the label of the stuff

He wrote this verse ;
 Which one would think was clear enough
 And terse,—
 “ *When taken,*
 “ *To be well shaken.*”

Next morning, early, Bolus rose ;
 And to the patient's house he goes
 Upon his pad,
 Who a vile trick of stumbling had :
 It was indeed a very sorry hack ;
 But that 's of course ;
 For what 's expected from a horse
 With an apothecary on his back ?

Bolus arrived, and gave a double tap,
 Between a single and a double rap.

Knocks of this kind
 Are given by gentlemen who teach to dance ;
 By fiddlers, and by opera-singers :
 One loud, and then a little one behind,
 As if the knocker fell by chance
 Out of their fingers.

The servant let him in, with dismal face,
 Long as a courtier's out of place—
 Portending some disaster ;
 John's countenance as rueful looked, and grim,
 As if the Apothecary had physicked him,
 And not his master.

" Well, how 's the patient ?" Bolus said.

John shook his head.

" Indeed ?—hum !—ha !—that 's very odd ;

" He took the draught ?"—John gave a nod.

" Well—how ?—What then ?—Speak out, you dunce !"—

" Why then," says John, " we *shook* him once."

" Shook him !—how ?" Bolus stammered out :

" We jolted him about."

" Zounds !—shake a patient, man—a shake won't do."

" No, sir—and so we gave him two."

" Two shakes !—odds curse !

" 'T would make the patient worse."

" It did so, sir—and so a third we tried."

" Well, and what then ?"—" Then, sir, my master—died."

COLMAN.

7.—JUSTICE AND THE OYSTER.

ONCE (says an author, where I need not say),
Two travellers found an oyster in their way ;
Both fierce, both hungry, the dispute grew strong,
While, scale in hand, dame Justice passed along ;
Before her each with clamour pleads the laws,
Explains the matter and would win the cause.
Dame Justice, weighing long the doubtful right,
Takes, opens, swallows it, before their sight.
The cause of strife, removed so rarely well,
There take, says Justice, take you each a shell.
We thrive at Westminster on fools like you ;
'T was a fat oyster, live in peace—adieu.

POPE

THE PASSIONS.

1.—CHEERFULNESS.

TRANQUILLITY appears by the composure of the countenance and general repose of the whole body, without the exertion of any one muscle. The countenance open, the forehead smooth, the eyebrows arched, the mouth just not shut, and the eyes passing with an easy motion from object to object, but not dwelling long upon any one. Cheerfulness adds a smile to tranquillity, and opens the mouth a little more.

EXAMPLE.

BUT, O, how altered was its sprightlier tone!
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call, to Fawn and Dryad known;
The oak-crowned Sisters, and their chaste-eyed Queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen
Peeping from forth their alleys green:
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
And Sport leapt up, and seized his beechen spear.

COLLINS.

THE wealth of nature in my hand,
One flail of virgin gold,—
My love above me like a sun,—
My own bright thoughts my wings,—
Through life I trust to flutter on
As gay as ought that sings.

R. M. MILNES.

2.—MIRTH.

MIRTH, or laughter, opens the mouth horizontally, raises the cheeks high, lessens the aperture of the eyes, and, when violent, shakes and convulses the whole frame, fills the eyes with tears, and occasions holding the sides from the pain the convulsive laughter gives them.

EXAMPLE.

A FOOL,—a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool;—a miserable world!—
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down, and basked him in the sun,
And railed on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.
“Good-morrow, fool,” quoth I: “No, sir,” quoth he,
“Call me not fool, till Heaven hath sent me fortune:”

And, then he drew a dial from his poke;
 And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
 Says, very wisely, "It is ten o'clock:
 Thus may we see," quoth he, "how the world wags:
 'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
 And after one hour more 't will be eleven;
 And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
 And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
 And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear
 The motley fool thus moral on the time,
 My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
 That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
 And I did laugh, sans intermission,
 An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
 A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

SHAKSPEARE'S *As You Like it*.

3.—RAILLERY.

RAILLERY, without animosity, puts on the aspect of cheerfulness; the countenance smiling, and the tone of voice sprightly.

EXAMPLE.

LET me play the fool
 With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
 And let my liver rather heat with wine,
 Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
 Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
 Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
 Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
 By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,
 (I love thee, and it is my love that speaks),
 There are a sort of men, whose visages
 Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
 And do a wilful stillness entertain,
 With purpose to be drest in an opinion
 Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
 As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,
 And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"
 I'll tell thee more of this another time;
 But fish not with this melancholy bait
 For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.
 Come, good Lorenzo,—fare ye well a while;
 I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

SHAKSPEARE'S *Merchant of Venice*.

4.—JOY.

JOY, when moderate, opens the countenance with smiles, and throws, as it were, a sunshine of delectation over the whole

frame; when it is sudden and violent, it expresses itself by clapping the hands, raising the eyes towards heaven, and giving such a spring to the body as to make it attempt to mount up as if it could fly: when joy is extreme, and goes into transport, rapture, and ecstasy, it has a wildness of look and gesture that borders on folly, madness, and sorrow.

EXAMPLE.

IMOINDA, oh! this separation
Has made you dearer, if it can be so,
Than you were ever to me: you appear
Like a kind star to my benighted steps,
To guide me on my way to happiness;
I cannot miss it now. Governor, friend,
You think me mad: but let me bless you all
Who any ways have been the instruments
Of finding her again. Imoinda's found!
And every thing that I would have in her.

SOUTHERN'S *Oroonoko*.

OH Joy! thou welcome stranger, twice three years
I have not felt thy vital beam; but now,
It warms my veins, and plays around my heart,
A fiery instinct lifts me from the ground,
And I could mount.

YOUNG.

5.—LOVE.

LOVE gives a soft serenity to the countenance, a languishing to the eyes, a sweetness to the voice, and a tenderness to the whole frame; when entreating, it clasps the hands, with intermingled fingers, to the breast; when declaring, the right hand, open, is pressed with force upon the breast exactly over the heart; it makes its approaches with the utmost delicacy, and is attended with trembling, hesitation, and confusion.

EXAMPLE.

'T WAS pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table; heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics.

SHAKESPEARE'S *All's Well*.

ALL the stars of heaven,
The deep blue noon of night, lit by an orb
Which looks a spirit, or a spirit's world—
The hues of twilight—the sun's gorgeous coming—

His setting indescribable, which fills
 My eyes with pleasant tears as I behold
 Him sink, and feel my heart float softly with him
 Along the western paradise of clouds—
 The forest shade—the green bough—the bird's voice,
 The vesper bird's, which seems to sing of love,
 And mingles with the song of cherubim,
 As the day closes over Eden's walls—
 All these are nothing to my eyes and heart,
 Like Adah's face; I turn from earth to heaven
 To gaze on it.

BYRON.

6.—PITY.

PITY shows itself in a compassionate tenderness of voice; a feeling of pain in the countenance, and a gentle raising and falling of the hands and eyes, as if mourning over the unhappy object. The mouth is open, the eyebrows are drawn down, and the features contracted or drawn together.

EXAMPLE.

As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
 After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
 Are idly bent on him that enters next,
 Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
 Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
 Did scowl on Richard; no man cried, God save him;
 No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
 But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
 Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
 His face still combating with tears and smiles,
 The badges of his grief and patience,
 That had not Heaven for some strong purpose steeled
 The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
 And barbarism itself have pitied him.

SHAKESPEARE.

7.—HOPE.

HOPE erects and brightens the countenance, spreads the arms with the hands open, as to receive the object of its wishes: the voice is plaintive, and inclining to eagerness; the breath drawn inwards more forcibly than usual, in order to express our desires the more strongly, and our earnest expectation of receiving the object of them.

EXAMPLE.

Auspicious hope! in thy sweet garden grow
 Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe;
 Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour,

The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower;
 There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
 What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring!
 What viewless forms the Æolian organ play,
 And sweep the furrowed lines of anxious thought away!

CAMPBELL.

8.—HATRED.

HATRED, or aversion, draws back the body as if to avoid the hated object; the hands at the same time thrown out spread, as if to keep it off. The face is turned away from that side towards which the hands are thrown out; the eyes looking angrily, and obliquely, the same way the hands are directed; the eyebrows are contracted, the upper lip disdainfully drawn up, and the teeth set; the pitch of the voice is low, but loud and harsh, the tone chiding, unequal, surly, and vehement, the sentences are short and abrupt.

EXAMPLE.

WHY, get thee gone! horror and night go with thee!
 Sisters of Acheron, go hand in hand,
 Go dance around the bower, and close them in;
 And tell them that I sent you to salute them.
 Profane the ground, and for the ambrosial rose
 And breath of jessamine, let hemlock blacken,
 And deadly nightshade poison all the air:
 For the sweet nightingale may ravens croak,
 Toads pant, and adders rustle through the leaves:
 May serpents, winding up the trees, let fall
 Their hissing necks upon them from above,
 And mingle kisses—such as I would give them.

YOUNG's *Revenge*.

9.—ANGER.

ANGER, when violent, expresses itself with rapidity, noise, harshness, and sometimes with interruption and hesitation, as if unable to utter with sufficient force. It wrinkles the brows, enlarges and heaves the nostrils, strains the muscles, clinches the fist, stamps with the foot, and gives a violent agitation to the whole body. The voice assumes the highest tone it can adopt consistently with force and loudness, though sometimes, to express anger with uncommon energy, the voice assumes a low and forcible tone.

EXAMPLE.

WHY have these banished and forbidden legs
 Dared once to touch a dust of England's ground?
 But more then, why, why have they dared to march
 So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
 Frightening her pale-faced villagers with war,
 And ostentation of despised arms?
 Comest thou because the anointed king is hence?
 Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
 And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
 Were I but now the lord of such hot youth
 As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,
 Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
 From forth the ranks of many thousand French;
 Oh, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
 Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
 And minister correction to thy fault!

SHAKSPEARE'S *Richard II.*

10.—REVENGE.

REVENGE expresses itself like malice (see page 411), but more openly, loudly, and triumphantly.

EXAMPLE.

IF it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated my enemies. And what's his reason? I am a Jew! Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Is he not fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter, as a Christian is? If you stab us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

SHAKSPEARE'S *Merchant of Venice.*

11.—REPROACH.

IN reproach, the brow is contracted, the lip turned up with scorn, the head shaken, the voice low, as if abhorring, and the whole body expressive of aversion.

EXAMPLE.

——Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward,
 Thou little valiant, great in villany!
 Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
 Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight
 But when her humorous ladyship is by
 To teach thee safety! thou art perjured too,
 And soothest up greatness. What a fool art thou,
 A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and swear,
 Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
 Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
 Been sworn my soldier? Bidding me depend
 Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
 And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
 Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
 And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.

SHAKSPEARE'S *King John*.

12.—FEAR AND TERROR.

FEAR, violent and sudden, opens wide the eyes and mouth, shortens the nose, gives the countenance an air of wildness, covers it with deadly paleness, draws back the elbows parallel with the sides, lifts up the open hands, with the fingers spread, to the height of the breast, at some distance before it, so as to shield it from the dreadful object. One foot is drawn back behind the other, so that the body seems shrinking from the danger, and putting itself in a posture for flight. The heart beats violently, the breath is quick and short, and the whole body is thrown into a general tremor. The voice is weak and trembling, the sentences are short, and the meaning confused and incoherent.

EXAMPLE.

NEXT him was Fear, all arm'd from top to toe,
 Yet thought himself not safe enough thereby,
 But feared each shadow moving to and fro;
 And his own arms when glittering he did spy,
 Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly;
 As ashes pale of hue, and wingy-heel'd;
 And evermore on danger fix'd his eye,
 'Gainst whom he always bent a brazen shield,
 Which his right hand unarmed fearfully did wield.

SPENSER.

You make me strange
 Even to the disposition that I owe,
 When now I think you can behold such sights,
 And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
 When mine are blanched with fear.

SHAKSPEARE.

13.—SORROW.

IN moderate sorrow, the countenance is dejected, the eyes are cast downward, the arms hang loose, sometimes a little raised, suddenly to fall again; the hands open, the fingers spread, and the voice plaintive, frequently interrupted with sighs. But when this passion is in excess, it distorts the countenance, as if in agonies of pain; it raises the voice to the loudest complainings, and sometimes even to cries and shrieks; it wrings the hands, beats the head and breast, tears the hair, and throws itself on the ground; and, like other passions in excess, seems to border on frenzy.

EXAMPLE.

SEEMS, madam! nay, it is: I know not seems.

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath;
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly: these indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within which passeth show,
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

SHAKSPEARE'S *Hamlet*.

14.—REMORSE.

REMORSE, or a painful remembrance of criminal actions or pursuits, casts down the countenance, and clouds it with anxiety, hangs down the head, shakes it with regret, just raises the eyes as if to look up, and suddenly casts them down again with sighs; the right hand sometimes beats the breast, and the whole body writhes as if with self-aversion. The voice has a harshness as in hatred, and inclines to a low and reproachful tone.

EXAMPLE.

OH, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of Nature marked,
Quoted, and signed, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:

But, taking note of thy abhorred aspect,
 Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
 Apt, liable to be employed in danger,
 I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
 And thou, to be endeared to a king,
 Mad'st it no conscience to destroy a prince.

SHAKSPEARE'S *King John*.

15.—DESPAIR.

DESPAIR, as in a condemned criminal, or one who has lost all hope of salvation, bends the eyebrows downwards, clouds the forehead, rolls the eyes frightfully, opens the mouth horizontally, bites the lips, widens the nostrils, and gnashes the teeth. The arms are sometimes bent at the elbows, the fists clinched hard, the veins and muscles swelled, the skin livid, the whole body strained and violently agitated; while groans of inward torture are more frequently uttered than words. If any words, they are few, and expressed with a sullen eager bitterness, the tone of the voice often loud and furious, and sometimes in the same note for a considerable time.

EXAMPLE.

K. Hen. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

Car. If thou be'st Death, I'll give thee England's treasure,
 Enough to purchase such another island,
 So thou wilt let me live and feel no pain.

K. Hen. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
 Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
 Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
 Can I make men live, whether they will or no?
 Oh! torture me no more, I will confess.—
 Alive again? then show me where he is,
 I'll give a thousand pounds to look upon him.—
 He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them—
 Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,
 Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!
 Give me some drink, and bid the apothecary
 Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. Hen. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
 Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
 O beat away the busy meddling fiend
 That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
 And from his bosom purge this black despair!

War. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin.

K. Hen. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!

Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—
He dies, and makes no sign: O God, forgive him!

SHAKESPEARE'S *Henry VI. 2d Part.*

16.—SURPRISE.

SURPRISE, wonder, or amazement, opens the eyes, and makes them appear very prominent. It sometimes raises them to the skies, but more frequently fixes them on the object; the mouth is open, and the hands are held up nearly in the attitude of fear; the voice is at first low, but so emphatical, that every word is pronounced slowly and with energy; when, by the discovery of something excellent in the object of wonder, the emotion may be called admiration; the eyes are raised, the hands lifted up, or clapped together, and the voice elated with expressions of rapture.

EXAMPLE.

GONE to be married! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood joined! Gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those provinces?
It is not so: thou hast mis-spoke, mis-heard!
Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be: thou dost but say 't is so.—
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

SHAKESPEARE'S *King John.*

17.—PRIDE.

PRIDE assumes a lofty look, bordering upon the aspect and attitude of anger. The eyes full open, but with the eyebrows considerably drawn down, the mouth pouting, mostly shut, and the lips contracted. The words are uttered with a slow, stiff, bombastic affectation of importance; the hands sometimes rest on the hips, with the elbows brought forward in the position called a-kimbo; the legs at a distance from each other, the steps large and stately.

EXAMPLE.

Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back;
 I am too high born to be propertied;
 To be a secondary at control,
 Or useful serving-man and instrument
 To any sovereign state throughout the world.
 Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
 Between this chastised kingdom and myself,
 And brought in matter that should feed this fire:
 And now 't is far too huge to be blown out
 With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
 You taught me how to know the face of right,
 Acquainted me with interest to this land;
 Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;
 And come you now to tell me, John hath made
 His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
 I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
 After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
 And now it is half conquered, must I back,
 Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
 Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
 What men provided, what munition sent,
 To under-prop this action? Is't not I
 That undergo this charge? Who else but I,
 And such as to my claim are liable,
 Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
 Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le Roy! as I have banked their towns?
 Have I not here the best cards for the game,
 To win this easy match played for a crown?
 And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
 No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

SHAKESPEARE'S *King John*.

18.—BOASTING.

IN confidence and courage, the head is erect, the breast projected, the countenance clear and open, the accents are strong, round, and not too rapid; the voice firm and even. Boasting exaggerates these appearances by loudness, blustering, and what is not unaptly called swaggering; the arms are placed a-kimbo, the foot stamped on the ground, the head drawn back with pride, the legs take large strides, and the voice swells into bombast.

EXAMPLE.

Captain Bobadil's Method of Defeating an Army.—I will tell you, Sir, by way of private and under seal, I am a gentleman; and live here obscure, and to myself: but, were I known to his Majesty and the

Lords, observe me, I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of his subjects in general, but to save the one-half, nay three-fourths of his yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?—Why thus, Sir:—I would select nineteen more to myself, throughout the land: gentlemen they should be; of good spirit, strong and able constitution. I would choose them by an instinct that I have. And I would teach these nineteen the special rules; as, your Punto, your Reverso, your Stoccata, your Imbroccata, your Passada, your Montonto, till they could all play very near, or altogether, as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong. We twenty would come into the field, the tenth of March or thereabout, and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not, in their honour, refuse us. Well—we would kill them: challenge twenty more—kill them: twenty more—kill them: twenty more—kill them too. And thus would we kill every man his ten a-day—ten a-day—that's ten score: ten score—that's two hundred: two hundred a-day—five days, a thousand: forty thousand—forty times five—five times forty—two hundred days, kill them all up by computation. And this I will venture my poor gentleman-like carcass to perform (provided there be no treason practised upon us) by fair and discreet manhood; that is, civilly—by the sword.

Every Man in his Humour.

19.—PERPLEXITY.

PERPLEXITY, irresolution, or anxiety, collects the body together as if for thoughtful consideration; the eyebrows are contracted, the head hanging on the breast, the eyes cast downwards, the mouth shut, the lips pursed together. Suddenly the whole body alters its aspect, as having discovered something, then falls into contemplation as before; the motions of the body are restless and unequal, sometimes moving quick, and sometimes slow; the pauses in speaking are long, the tone of the voice uneven, the sentences broken and unfinished.

EXAMPLE.

YES;—'t is Emilia:—by and by.—She's dead.
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death:
The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave.—Shall she come in? Were't good?
I think she stirs again:—No.—What's best to do?
If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife.

SHAKSPEARE'S *Othello*.

20.—MALICE.

THIS hateful disposition sets the jaws, or gnashes the teeth, sends blasting flashes from the eyes, stretches the mouth ho-

rizontally, clinches both the fists, and bends the elbows in a straining manner to the body. The tone of voice and expression are much the same as in anger, but not so loud.

EXAMPLE.

How like a fawning publican he looks !
 I hate him, for he is a Christian ;
 But more, for that, in low simplicity,
 He lends out money gratis, and brings down
 The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
 If I can catch him once upon the hip,
 I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
 He hates our sacred nation, and he rails,
 Even there where merchants most do congregate,
 On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
 Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe
 If I forgive him ! SHAKSPEARE'S *Merchant of Venice*.

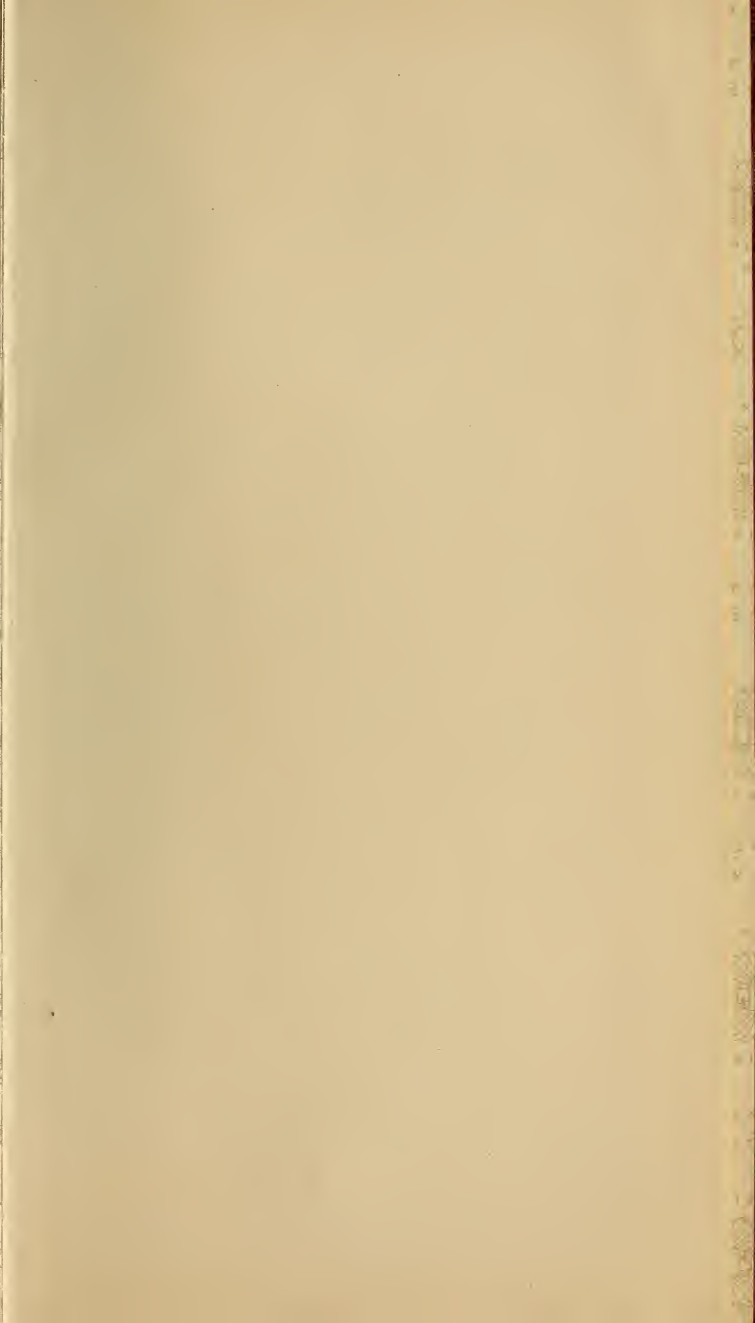
21.—JEALOUSY.

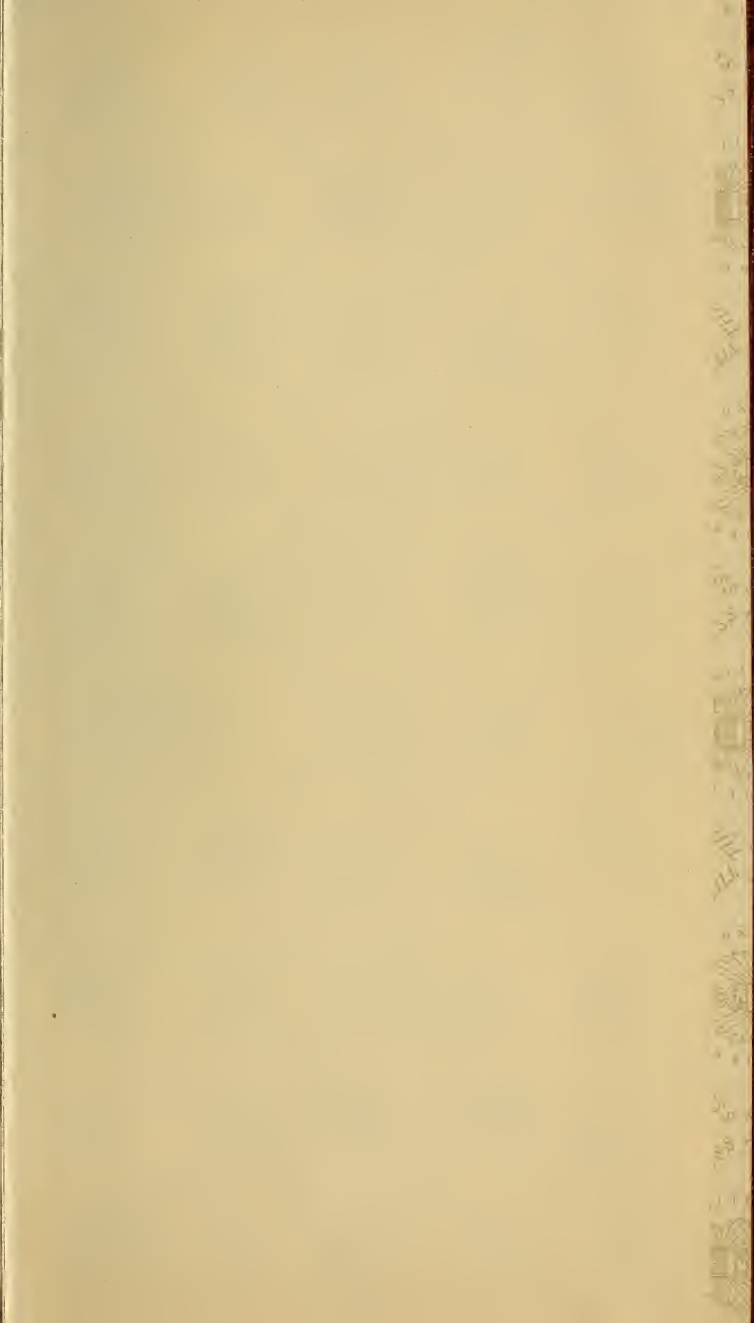
JEALOUSY shows itself by restlessness, peevishness, thoughtfulness, anxiety, and absence of mind. Sometimes it bursts out into piteous complaint and weeping ; then a gleam of hope, that all is yet well, lights up the countenance into a momentary smile. Immediately the face, clouded with a general gloom, shows the mind overcast again with horrid suspicions and frightful imaginations.

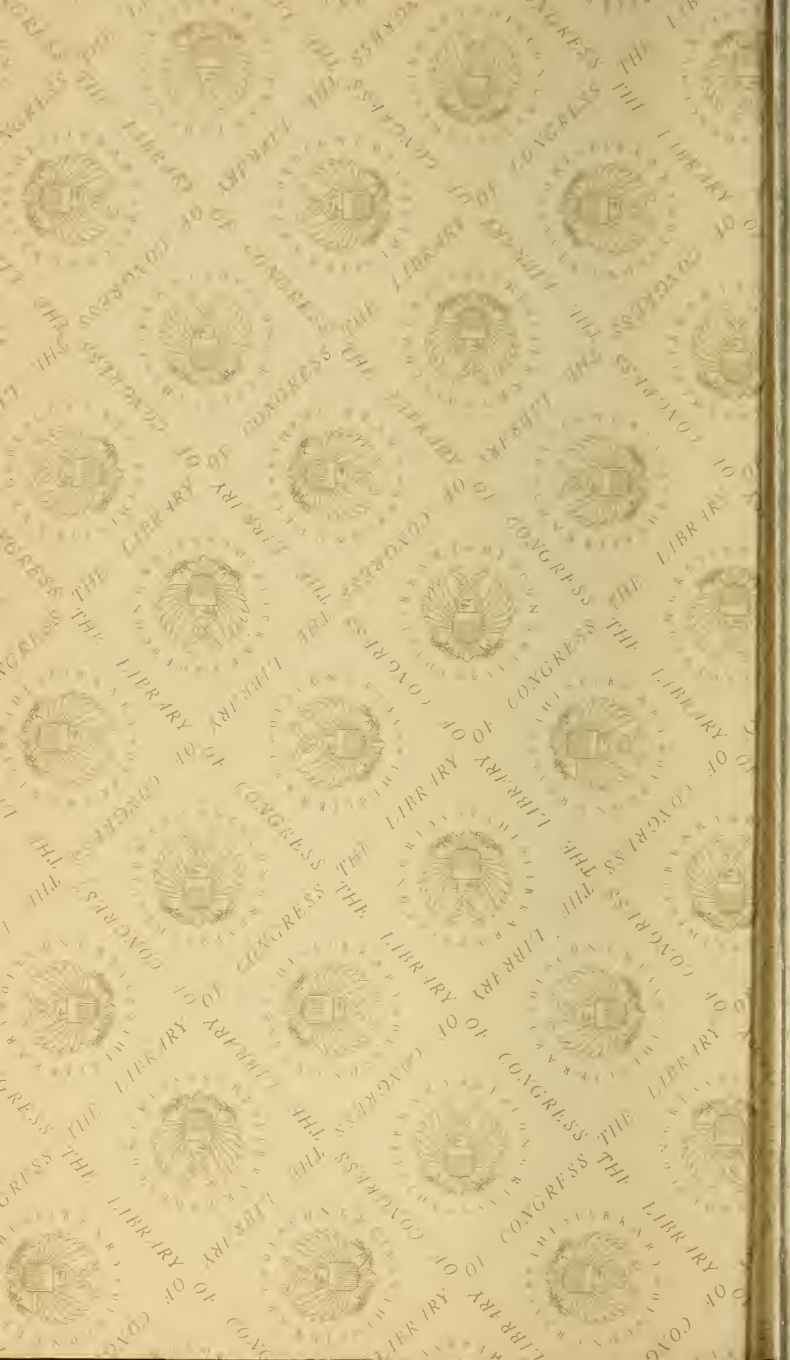
EXAMPLE.

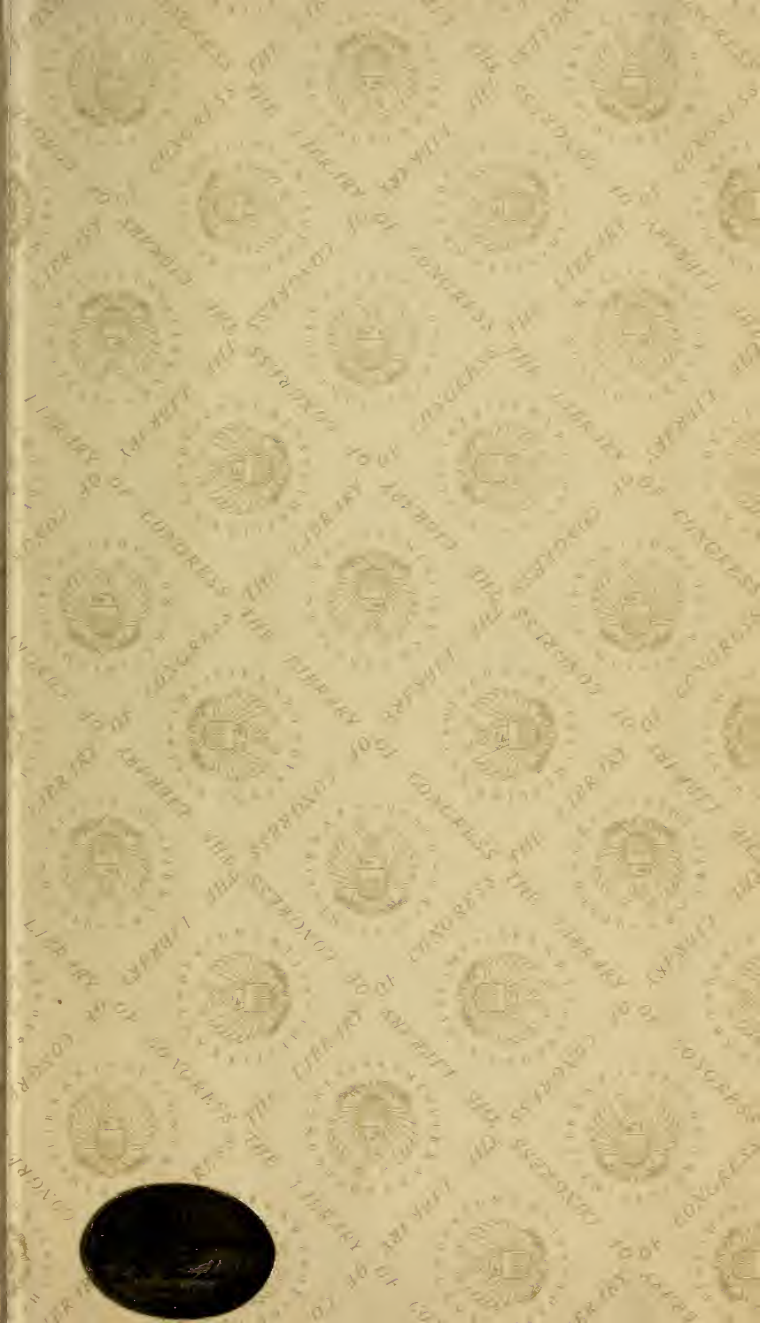
How blessed am I
 In my just censure !—in my true opinion !—
 Alack, for lesser knowledge !—How accursed
 In being so blessed ! There may be in the cup
 A spider steeped, and one may drink ; depart,
 And yet partake no venom ; for his knowledge
 Is not infected : but if one present
 The abhorred ingredient to his eye, make known
 How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
 With violent hefts.—I have drunk, and seen the spider !
 SHAKSPEARE'S *Winter's Tale*.

FINIS.









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